

Gen. U. S. Importers: Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.



Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.



WEAR RÉPLIQUE



DRIVE HIM WILD

Perfume, Spray Mist, Eau de Toilette.

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

THERE is something about covering a sports assignment that stirs memories of youth, fresh air, rising early to get some extra warm-up time before the game. Correspondent Peter Range had that sensation in Technicolor as he spent last week with the current issue's cover subject, Don Shula of the Miami Dolphins. Range, like many journalists a night person, had to switch to "Shulatime," which means attending Mass and having breakfast before sunup. "After three days," says Range, "I felt like a clean liver again."

Range was a Little League catcher back in Athens, Ga. He kept dropping pitches because the star hurler threw only blazing fastballs. Athens fans still call that pitcher Francis Tarkenton. Both youngsters were to switch to football, but Range's career stopped in high school. He was a second-string quarterback whom the coach sent in during one game out of a misguided sense of charity. The first pass was intercepted and the unintended receiver easily scored.

Range immediately turned to journalism.

Shula did not hold Range's noncombatant status against him. Their long, revealing conversations formed the core of Range's files to Writer Mark Goodman and Reporter-Researcher Paul Wittenman, two of our resident football addicts. "We resisted going on Shulatime," says Goodman. "Nights were made for writing, mornings for sleeping and afternoons for watching pro football."

For youngsters at all interested in technology, no development can compare in fascination with the U.S. space program. Also the on-scene audience at the last Apollo launch this week will be teen-agers from 76 foreign countries, chosen for their interest and talent in science or engineering. They are participants in the International Youth Science Tour organized by NASA and sponsored by a number of private organizations, including TIME.

The rest of the world will also be watching the end of a historic episode, and this week we provide detailed program notes for the drama in the form of a seven-part special section on space exploration. One article, reported by Correspondent Leo Janos, discusses how their experiences on the moon have affected the men who walked there. Correspondent Jerry Hannifin described the Apollo 17 flight plan, while Correspondent John Wilhelm assessed the scientific rewards of lunar exploration.

The three people responsible for producing the section—Senior Editor Leon Jaroff, Writer Frederic Golden and Reporter-Researcher Sydnor Vanderschmidt—have been covering the space program for years. They could not escape a feeling of loss now that manned missions are ending. "It is adventure of the highest sort," says Vanderschmidt. "It's one of the few things that raises us above the grubbiest that man seems to be making of much of his life."

Ralph P. Davidson

INDEX

Cover Story.....91	Economy.....100	People.....70
Color.....39	Environment.....98	Press.....82
	Law.....72	Religion.....97
Behavior.....78	Letters.....9	Space.....35
Books.....116	Milestones.....67	Sport.....91
Business.....106	Music.....86	Theater.....122
Cinema.....113	Nation.....22	World.....48

The Cover: Painting in acrylics by Don Moss.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 543 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James B. Shepley, President; Richard L. McNamara, Treasurer; Charles B. Beier, Secretary. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 100, No. 24 © 1972 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

TIME THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Founders: BARTON HADEN 1896-1929
HENRY R. LUCE 1898-1957

Editor-in-Chief: Hedley Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Heiskell
President: James R. Shepley
Chairman Executive Committee: James A. Linen
Editorial Director: Louis Banks
Group Vice President, Magazines: Arthur W. Keylor
Vice Chairman: Roy C. Larsen

MANAGING EDITOR

Henry Anatole Grunwald

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS

Edward J. Jamieson, Richard M. Seamon

SENIOR EDITORS

A. T. Baker, Laurence L. Barnett, Ruth Brink, John T. Elson, Timothy Foote, Otto Fiedler, Leon Jaroff, Marshall Loeb, Jason McManus, Christopher Porterfield, John M. Scott

ART DIRECTOR

John R. Glensman

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Edwin Bobwell, Celi Bryant, Gilbert Cant, George J. Church, Gerald Clarke, Spencer Davidson, William B. Eerley, Frederic Golden, Paul J. Harries, Robert Hughes, Geoffrey James, Timothy M. James, T. E. Kalem, Sten Kramer, Ray Kennedy, Jonathan Z. Larsen, Ed Magnuson, Lance Morrow, J. Sheppard, William L. Smith, Edwin G. Warner

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Virginia Adams, Christopher P. Andersen, William Bender, Patricia Blake, Jay Coats, Jon M. Fetter, J. L. Mangel, C. M. Gordon, Harriet Heck, Anne Hopkins, Robert T. Jones, Bob McCabe, Frank B. Merrick, Maya Mohi, Donald M. Morrison, Mark Nichols, James Randall, Clare M. Rosen, Robert Stewert, Peter Steiner, Mark Vishniak, Sam R. Washington, Jack E. White, Roger Wolcott

REPORTER-RESEARCHERS

Marjorie Pardy Vega (Chief), Leah Shanks Gordon (Deputy)
Department Heads: Priscilla B. Sadger, Maria Luisa Cuenca (Letters), Marta A. Fitzgerald, Dorothy Haystead, Raissa Silverman

Senior Staff: Jean Bergerud, Margaret G. Booth, Nancy McD. Chase, Anne Constable, Kathleen Cool, Patricia N. Gordon, Harriet Heck, Anne Hopkins, Nancy J. Ladd, Vera Kovarsky, Nancy Newman, Sue Rafferty, Clare M. Rosen, Erika K. Sanchez, Ellen Shields, Betty Sykes, F. Sydnor Vanderschmidt, John Williams, Rosemarie T. Zask

Senior Althea, Claire Barnett, Harriet Baumgarten, Patricia Becker, Peggy T. Bernan, Judith Creedy, Diana Cressie, Rosamund Draper, Mary Earle, Robert E. Golden, Rosalind Holmsten, George Horlitz, Marjorie K. Jan, Lea Jean, Amanda Macintosh, Gary McIntosh, Sara C. Medina, Alexandra Mezey, Deborah Murphy, Ursula Nadasy, Bridget O'Hare Forster, Hilary Orlow, Silvana, Genevieve Wilson, Paul A. Wittenman, Linda Young

OPERATIONS MANAGER: Eugene F. Coyle

PRODUCTION

Charles P. Jackson (Makeup Editor), John M. Cavanagh (Deputy), Production Staff: Alton L. Clinger, Manuel Delgado, August Lambory, Austin Metze. (Computer Composition) Robert W. Boyd Jr.

ART DEPARTMENT

Arturo Capenave, David Merrill (Assistant Art Directors), Rosemary L. Frank (Chief), Layout Staff: Bunyar Ramgopal, Anthony J. Libard, Leonard Schuler, Alan Washburn, Michael C. Witte. Maps and Charts: Jane Donovan, Vincent Puglisi, Joseph Arnon. Map Researchers: Isabel Lenkiewicz, Ning W. Lin.

PHOTOGRAPHY

John Darnall (Picture Editor), Arnold H. Drapkin (Color Editor), Deborah Pierce, Michele Stephenson (Assistant Picture Editors), Picture Researchers: Evelyn Martin, Mary Dunn, Alice Rose George, Francine M. Hyland, Antonette Kells, Rita Quinn, Carol Saines, Nancy L. Smith, Elizabeth Straker.

CORRESPONDENTS

Time-Life News Service

Murray J. Gott (Chief)

Benjamin W. Cate, R. Edward Jackson, Robert Parker (Deputies)

Senior Correspondents: John L. Steele, Champ Clark

Washington: Hugh Sidney, Richard L. Duncan, Bonnie Angelo, John J. Austin, David Beckwith, Walter Bennett, Jess Cook, Simmons Feinstone, Dean E. Fisher, Hays Gorty, Jerry Hannifin, Paul R. Hathaway, Samuel R. Iker, Neil MacNeil, William Mader, Lawrence M. Meyer, George Horlitz, Marjorie K. Jan, Lea Jean, Sullivan, Arthur White, William C. Gregory, H. Wierzycki, Joseph N. Boyce, Marguerite Michaels, Burton Price, Jack Simon, David Wood, Los Angeles: Timothy Tyler, John L. White, New York: Mark Clark, Marcia Gargay, Christopher Bryant, Mary Cullen, Ted White, William Lambert, William F. Norman, Jr., Richard N. Osting, James F. Simon, Sandy Smith, Stanley W. Steinfeld, James Wilwerth, Atlanta: Joseph J. Kane, Peter Range, Boston: Ruth Mahrtens Gaby, Philip Taubman, Detroit: Edwin Van Arman, K. L. Huff, Houston: Leo Janos, San Francisco: Karsten Procter.

United Nations: Friedel Ungerheuer

Europe: William Roderick, David B. Tinnin, London: Craig Prendergast, Jesse L. Birnbaum, Honor Barber, William McWhirter, Paris: Charles R. Eisenhardt, Paul Rest, Bonn: Brian W. Huxley, Guala Solte, Brussels: Roger Beard, Rome: James Bell, Wilson Wynn, Jerusalem: Marlin Levin, Eastern Europe: Strobe Talbott, Beirut: Gavin Scott, Moscow: John Shaw, Hong Kong: Rowan, David Alkon, Saigon: Stanley W. Cloud, Phnom Penh: Sean An, David DeVos, Barry Hillenbrand, Nairobi: Lee Griggs, Eric Robins, New Delhi: William Stewart, James Shepherd, Tokyo: Herman Nickel, S. Chang, London: Sydney, Ed Cline, Canada: James Lomont, Gary Stevens (Ottawa), James White (National Court), Robert Lewis (Toronto), John Blahnik, Vincent A. Carlin Jr. (Montreal), Peter V. Unger, South America: David C. Lee (Buenos Aires), Rudolph S. Rauch III (Rio de Janeiro), Mexico City: Bernard Diederich.

News Desk: Rosemary Byrnes, Cable Desk: Minnie Maguire, Administration: Marilyn Chinn, Emily Friedrich.

COPY DESK

Harriet Bachman (Chief), Joy Horden (Deputy), Madeline Butler, Susan Hahn, Katherine Mikol, Anne Weiss, Shirley Zimmerman.

EDITORIAL SERVICES

Paul Welch (Director), Norman Aron, Nicholas Cosline Jr., Peter Draz, George Burns, Doris O'Neill, Frederick L. Redpath.

PUBLISHER

Ralph P. Davidson

General Manager: Donald J. Barr

Assistant Publisher: Lane Farinberry

Circulation Director: George S. Wiedemann III

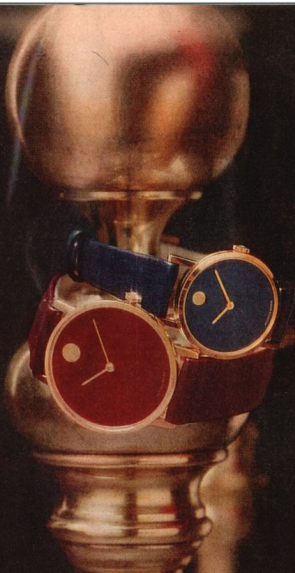
Business Manager: Louis B. Datt Jr.

ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR

Robert C. Barr

U.S. Advertising Sales Director: John C. Thomas Jr.

Associate U.S. Advertising Sales Director: Kenneth E. Clarke



THE FACE YOU'LL REMEMBER IN THE MORNING

Unforgettable. The fresh, clean face of Movado. In three morning glorious colors. Daybreak crimson, sky blue and tan. Inspired by the simple elegance of Movado's famed Museum Watch. Gold tone case with stainless steel back. What better way to celebrate each new day than the face of tomorrow? Women's, \$95. Men's, \$110.


MOVADO
Switzerland

We invite you to visit the Movado Collection at

C.D. Peacock

CHICAGO'S FIRST JEWELER ESTABLISHED 1837 • STATE AND MONROE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603

In the Suburbs: Woodfield

Oakbrook

Hubbard Woods

Old Orchard

River Oaks

THE AFTER DINNER CHRISTMAS GIFT.



Both 86 Proof

Now, this unique showcase Gift Package...the two world-famous liqueurs from France...Benedictine D.O.M. and B&B Liqueur in this two compartment bottle so each can be poured separately. Benedictine and B&B are also available in their very own festive package.



**From now on, we'd like you
to think of IBM office products
as input and output
word processing equipment.**

And there's a good reason why.

Most offices are not as productive as they could be.

Today, one big problem facing the office is the rising cost of handling an ever-increasing volume of necessary paperwork.

The average secretary, for example, simply can't get work out faster than the secretary of a generation ago. And yet, the cost of the typical one-page business letter has more than doubled, to the point where it's now in the \$4 to \$9 range.

In view of this, we have taken a hard

look at the question of office productivity, what contributes to it and what detracts from it. And we've found that one of the most critical areas is the way people think about their office equipment and how it functions.

Introducing a new way of thinking about office productivity.

When they look around an office, many businessmen view equipment as an individual typewriter here, an individual dictating machine there, a copying machine somewhere else, without thinking of them as part of a total communications system.

But the fact is, they are the compo-

nents of a system we call *word processing*. In word processing, ideas and words are the starting point and the typed page, ready for signature or distribution, is the result. And the more consciously office equipment is viewed as a part of a word processing system, the more readily it can be drawn together into an efficient system.

Introducing a new terminology.

With all this in mind, we are putting forth some new terminology that reflects the word processing aspect of office equipment more accurately than words like "dictating equipment" or "typewriter". A terminology which, hopefully, encourages a more comprehensive point of view.



First, there is *input*. Ideas and words in their raw form. Input is recorded on *input processing equipment*, such as IBM dictating machines or with something as simple as a stenographer's shorthand pad and pencil.

Second, there is *output*. The raw ideas and words put into finished distributable form. This is accomplished by means of *output processing equipment*, which can be as simple as an IBM typewriter or as sophisticated as the latest IBM magnetic keyboard typewriter and IBM copier.

Third, there is *throughput*. Total productivity, which can be measured in terms of efficiency or cost.

Introducing an expanded line of input processing equipment.

Since input processing equipment can by itself cut the time needed to get material out by more than 25 per cent, and since every office has its own needs, we are now making our input processing equipment available in more models, and more flexible ones, than ever before.

Our new Tone Input System permits an executive to call in from any push-button telephone anytime, anywhere. And an improved Dial Input System and Microphone Input System are also available along with portable and desk-top input units.

Simply call a Representative of our Office Products Division. He'll arrange to give you all the information you need about our expanded line of input processing equipment, and, more important, discuss which combination of input and output processing equipment can best help your office become as productive a place as you would like it to be.

IBM
Word Processing



The 1973 Olds Ninety-Eight Regency.
Henredon Furniture's Director of Design,
Kenneth R. Volz, says it provides the most luxurious
comfort he's ever found in a car seat.

Maybe you'll agree. Maybe you won't.

But if you're planning to spend \$5,000 or more
to get a comfortable car, shouldn't you come in,
sit down, and see for yourself?



"Comfort is my business, and to me, comfort is the ultimate luxury in a car of this type. The Ninety-Eight Regency is the first one I've experienced that really gives you the comfort of fine furniture, with the support you need in an automobile seat," comments Kenneth R. Volz, Henredon's design chief, after an extensive personal trial.

"The unique loose-cushion effect is the secret. It provides tactile softness plus the flexibility to adapt to almost any body size and shape. You've come up with a distinct improvement in luxury cars."

Oldsmobile puts a lot of thought into every detail of the Ninety-Eight Regency—from the seats inside to the new hydraulic front bumper system. Because Oldsmobile feels that a car priced \$5000 or more should be superior to an ordinary car, right down to the last detail.

There are some other cars that can be considered in Ninety-Eight's class. And most are more expensive. But we don't think they're any more car.

Oldsmobile.
Always a step ahead.



1973 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight.
Drive it and draw your own conclusion.

MEXICAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE ITALIAN.

Pepperoni. Garlic. Green chile or red. When you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they soothe the effects of paprika with Egri Bika-Ver—"Bull's Blood"—a chianti-like red wine that's aged in blackened oak casks for top mellowness. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN EGYRI BIKAVEK
International Vintage Wines, San Francisco.

"You can reach me in New York at The Pierre."

When you travel it's always reassuring to have a friendly and familiar place to return to, where you know you won't be treated like a stranger. Like the great hotels of Europe, we have a 42 year tradition of personal service and we have a good memory for the things you like. Isn't that what you want from a fine hotel?



The Pierre

5th Avenue at 61st Street
New York, 10021 / 212-838-8000

LETTERS

Man of the Year

Sir / Richard Milhous Nixon is the Man of the Year for us—and the rest of the world.

J. WILLIAM BACK
Los Angeles

Sir / I am convinced that your Man of the Year should be the one man who has not only demonstrated that he understands the Russians but trounced them at their own game. Bobby Fischer!

WALTER B. KROFF
Sandusky, Ohio

Sir / I nominate Martha Mitchell as Woman of the Year.

If we had more women like her instead of so many wishy-washy "me-tooers," our country would not be in the mess it is today.

ELIZABETH R. STOCKWELL
Caldwell, Idaho

Sir / In your deliberations of candidates for the TIME Man of the Year, do not forget the Viet Cong. For years they have fought for their independence. In 1972 they won.

ROBERT W. NEWMAN
Springdale, Conn.

Moral Superiority

Sir / In the People section of TIME [Nov. 6] the following item appeared. "While Mailer waxed outrageous and his audience enthusiastically heckled, he dropped such nuggets as, 'Most women have just started to think in the last two or three years,' (and) 'McGovern is the only man who is morally superior to me.' Finally Mailer invoked 'all the feminists in the audience to please hiss.' When a satisfying number obliged, he commented: 'Obedient little bitches.'"

The one place where I was not fatally misquoted still suggests I said "Obedient little bitches" at the end of the evening, when in fact I said it at the beginning. However, let me not pick TIME's nits. One correction may serve as a key to the general accuracy of your reporting: I did not say "McGovern is the only man who is morally superior to me." Rather I said something more like this: "We live among our family and acquaintances in a kind of moral economy. Perhaps we look upon half our friends as morally superior to us, and the other half as moral inferiors. With politicians, however, it is different. Politicians may be more splendid than us in many ways: often as studs, generally as charlatans, frequently as possessors of charisma. They may even show superior intelligence upon occasion. But we never have to worry about a politician's morals. We are fond of them because we know they are our moral inferiors. May I say that George McGovern left me in a state of confusion because he was the only major politician I ever met who felt like my moral superior."

Let those who do not find this use of quotation offensive recognize that they are fit subscribers to the mag.

In no great cheer.
NORMAN MAILER
New York City

Against the Olympics

Sir / It might be assumed that all Coloradans voted against holding the Olympics [Nov. 20] here for financial or ecological reasons. I would like to offer two other reasons for the negative Olympic vote.

Many people felt that we the residents



Give her the
fashionably feminine
new "Lady Sheaffer".

A high fashion accessory from the "White Dot" collection by Sheaffer. Created in precious silver plate with deeply-cut filigree to accent its softly-brushed finish. Elegantly hers. Ballpoint or pencil, \$7.50. Pen with 14K gold point, \$12.50.

SHEAFFER®
the proud craftsmen

SHEAFFER, WORLD-WIDE, A **WATSON** COMPANY



This Christmas, make a Perseverance Pie. It takes a wee dram of Grant's 8. Scotch. And Auntie Fiona's recipe. (Send for it.)

On Christmas day, 1887, after much perseverance, the first drops of Grant's Scotch ran from Major William Grant's new distillery.

It called for a celebration. And that was Auntie Fiona's job.

While all the other Grants were hard at work in the distillery, she had been working on her own masterpiece. A special Christmas pie, unlike anyone in the Highlands had ever tasted. It was a blend of fruits and spices, a surprise of beef, and a wee dram of Scotch, for good measure.

Christmas hasn't changed much in our family. Four generations later, we watch over the

family Scotch—drop by drop—for eight full years. Our distillery is still Grant owned and Grant operated with the kind of dedication Auntie Fiona would be pleased with. And we still celebrate every year with her Christmas pie.

Get to know our family a little better this Christmas. Serve the treat we've named Perseverance Pie, because of everything it stands for. Just write us, William Grant & Sons, Inc., 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, and we'll send you the recipe.



Grant's 8. Scotch: share our family secret.

Blended Scotch Whisky 86 Proof, © 1972 William Grant & Sons, Inc., N.Y. Importers. Bottled in Scotland.

This is the first time she can get
Chanel 19.



Shouldn't it come from you?

Perfume from 9.50 to 450., Spray Perfume 7.00, Eau de Toilette from 7.00 to 35.00, Eau de Toilette Spray 7.00,
Eau de Toilette Atomizer 12.00, Bath Powder 6.50.



If these walls could talk.

A little boy who is now a man used to play in this room.

Santa came down the chimney to visit him here. Aunts pinched his cheek and told him how big he was getting. Friends from college came over and

drank beer, and talked late. And there were many girls, and then just one.

After the wedding, Mom and Dad thought it over and realized they wouldn't need so much room any more. So

they called Baird & Warner, who helps more people buy and sell more homes than any other real estate company in the Chicago area. And one of the 200 salespeople in one of the 28 offices in one of the 60

communities we serve knew another family to move in.

So soon there will be other little children in this room for Santa to visit and aunts to pinch.

We work for people, not for houses.

Baird & Warner

Baird & Warner-10 S. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. 60603 (312) 236-1855-Sales-Finance-Management-Development-Insurance

She wants to tell you something. She's showing you—by vivid design that she wants your attention. You sense that what she has in mind could be exciting—the unorthodox, colorful eye patch tells you so. You certainly know she thinks a lot about you or would she spend so much time and trouble to personalize herself so?

And that's what you do when you take time and care to personalize your gift by wrapping it in thoughtful, colorful gift wrap.

Maybe you didn't actually make the gift itself—very few things today are handmade. But you can personalize it by putting your time, your care into the way you wrap it.

And that's why merchants take pains in selecting the packaging for the goods they sell to you. This is their way of personalizing themselves, of making a statement about their store and the way they do business.

It's worth a moment's thought perhaps—about which stores care enough to want to convey a piece of their own image to you through their package design.

And when you gift wrap that present, you're making it completely personal. You're also putting a little craftsmanship into your giving.

Design and packing and wrapping are about the only means left to us today to wrap a part of ourself up into what is a truly individual thing—giving.

Give a piece of yourself—gift wrap.



JOHN S. SMITH/ART

Show and tell.

By Design

CrownZellerbach
Business & Converting Papers
Papermakers since 1870



Who are you saving the Old Taylor for?



Give your good friends the best Bourbon this Christmas.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT & LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

LETTERS

of Colorado should have been asked whether or not we wanted the Olympics before Mayor McNichols and company requested them from the I.O.C. This request was, in effect, taxation without representation.

Others, like myself, voted against the Olympics for moral reasons. I didn't want to see another Rick Dumont case, nor did I want to witness further blatant biased judging here in Denver or anywhere else in the world. The issue for me was "Olympics, shape up or ship out," and the possibility of them shaping up looks very dim from here.

MRS. ROBERT ZEHNLE
Littleton, Colo.

Popular Midwives

Sir / Re your article on the return of the midwife [Nov. 20], I lived for the past two years in The Netherlands, where a majority of births occur at home with a midwife. After seeing several of our friends go through pregnancy and delivery in the care of midwives, I was convinced of the success and popularity of these methods over hospital deliveries for uncomplicated births. The intimacy shared by the whole family, the comfort of mother never having to leave home, the luxury of a practical nurse to attend mother and child for a week—all are preferable to the normal impersonality of maternity wards.

There is also the security that if any complications arise, the midwife says only a word, and mother and child are off to the hospital.

(MRS.) NANCY H. WYEN
Hackensack, N.J.

Sir / The success of the midwifery program in Bethel, Alaska, was as dramatic as you said; however, it is interesting to note that the midwife position there has been vacant for more than a year, and there have been no applicants. I hope that the new midwives will feel the responsibility of their profession and go where they are most needed.

D. T. MOORHEAD II, M.D.
Clinical Director
Alaska Native Hospital
Bethel, Alaska

Sir / Re your article "Return of the Midwife," you say that midwifery is described in the New Testament. That may be. However, it appears even earlier, namely in the Old Testament. *Exodus 1: 15-22* describes how the midwives saved the male children in spite of the order of the Pharaoh.

GERRY SAMUEL
Bergenfield, N.J.

Sir / There are references to midwives much earlier than the New Testament. *Genesis 35: 17* mentions the midwife who attended Rachel when she gave birth to Benjamin.

JOSEPH BACHRACH
Chicago

Tarzan's Yell

Sir / Buster Crabbe may have relied on a recorded hog caller for his Tarzan yell [Nov. 13], but I have heard Johnny Weissmuller give the call.

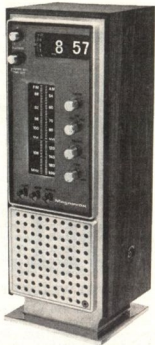
In Mexico, I assisted in the production of *Tarzan and the Mermaids*, featuring Johnny Weissmuller. One holiday evening an incredible banshee wail burst into the courtyard of our hotel, culminating in a shrieking, howling scream. Jet planes were not in use then, so this jetlike roar was unearthly. Windows flew open and heads popped out in curiosity and fear.

All the guests at the hotel that night—perhaps much of Mexico City—will con-

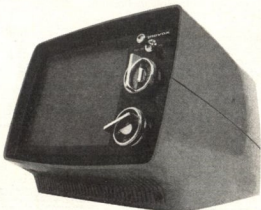


Give a
Magnavox
cassette recorder.
Solid state.
Superb reproduction,
voice or music.
With dynamic microphone,
carrying case.
Model 9034

Give a Magnavox
clock-radio.
Flip digital clock.
FM/AM radio
(with AFC and
FM frequency control).
Wakes you up
to music or alarm.
Model 1784



Merry Magnavoxmas!



Give a Magnavox portable TV.
7" diagonal solid state. Built-in sun filter.
Plays anywhere (with optional battery pack
or car-boat plug in cord). In beige or red.
Model 5255

Magnavox

HERE'S TO EVERYONE WHO CAN'T THINK UP A GOOD TOAST.



"I... well ah... I... er..."

Everybody gets a little shook when it comes time to say a few well chosen words.

It's only natural, and we'll tell you right off the bat we can't turn you into a George Jessel just like that. It isn't easy to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonaire all at the same time in front of a group of people.

Especially before you've had any wine.

So we at Inglenook Vineyards would like to help you out by telling you a bit about the history and purpose of toasting. And we'll give you a few sample toasts so you can appear to be witty, charming, personable, sincere, and debonaire.

WHY WE CALL IT "TOAST."

In the year 450 A.D., a pretty Saxon maiden offered King Vortigern a mazer full of toast and ale and said, "Waes Hael," Saxonese for "to your health." Thus, the first toast was proposed.

Of course they didn't call it a toast then, because there was no reason to call it anything. But people began prefacing their drink with a few kind words for each other, and the name "toast" stuck.

HELP YOURSELF TO THESE TOASTS.

Most toasts are short and sweet, like Salute, Salu, Salud, and Chin Chin; Italian, Spanish, French, and Chinese respectively for "to your health."

Other short ones include "Cheers," and "Here's mud in your eye," a toast which refers to the sediment in the bottom of a wine glass, a common occurrence before modern filtering techniques.

Wordsworth said simply:
"Drink, pretty creature, drink."

Richard Sheridan avoided a long winding toast by offering:

"Let the toast pass.
Drink to the lass.
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for a glass."

Then there's always:
"Here's to you and here's to me.
And may we never disagree.
But if by chance we ever do
Then here's to me and to hell with you."

And finally,
"May you be in heaven a half an hour before the Devil knows you've died."

So much for short toasts.

Now for the kind that go on and on.

Genevieve Dariaux, in her book, *Entertaining With Elegance*, gives a recipe for a basic formal toast:

Basic ingredients: A chronological review of the most flattering exploits of the person's life, which you should not be afraid of describing in the most grandiloquent terms, at the same time keeping in mind the fact that while some people pride themselves on having started at zero and risen to the top, there are others who do not like to be reminded that they were born on the wrong side of the tracks.

In order to render the dish more digestible, it should be seasoned with one or two witty anecdotes, perhaps describing a mutual prank at the age of ten, or making fun of a personal idiosyncrasy in a kindly, lighthearted way.

Sugar with several eulogistic phrases, and flamber with a few eloquent and affectionate words designed to set off a chorus of "Bravos!"

Copyright © 1965 by Genevieve Dariaux Antoine.
Published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

After every toast comes the clink of the glasses. The clink is the exclamation mark of the toast. Everybody loves the clink of the glasses, especially the glass industry, so we've illustrated the three most popular clinks.



THE TRUTH.

Your toasts can be as complicated or as simple as you like.

The important thing is that they be sincere. The best toasts come, not from prepared notes, but rather from the heart. If you say what you feel then and there, you can't go wrong.

Which prompts us to say what we feel in our hearts here and now.

Estate Bottled Inglenook wine is among the finest to come out of the Napa Valley. We have to charge more for it, because we do more to make it. We estate bottle it, which means we have total control over our wine's production from grape to glass.

And all of our estate bottled wine carries a vintage date, practically unheard of among California wines.

Presidents, Kings, even Astronauts have toasted with it.

So the next time you want to say a few words, give Inglenook a try.

If you blow the toast, at least you'll be admired for your taste in wine.



Inglenook



NAPA VALLEY
CHENIN BLANC

First made in 1910, this wine was the first
to be bottled in 1970. It is the only
Chenin Blanc in California to be bottled
in 1970. It is the only Chenin Blanc in
California to be bottled in 1970. It is the
only Chenin Blanc in California to be
bottled in 1970. It is the only Chenin
Blanc in California to be bottled in 1970.

INGLENOOK

We make the most expensive wine in America.

L'amour se compose de fleurs, poèmes, musique, Calèche.



Parfum Calèche, Hermès/Paris

PERFUME FROM \$8/ SPRAY PERFUME FROM \$15/ EAU DE TOILETTE FROM \$6/
EAU DE TOILETTE SPRAY, \$8.50/DUSTING POWDER, \$8.50/BATH OIL FROM \$8.50

Bisquit Cognac. The noblest Napoleon of them all.

Calling yourself Napoleon doesn't guarantee that you're a Napoleon cognac. Unless you come from the Cognac region of France.

Bisquit is a Napoleon cognac born of the rarest cognac grapes.

A cognac so extraordinary, we are permitted to label it Fine Champagne and VSOP. Look around. How many Napoleons can make that statement?



PRODUCT OF FRANCE. 50 PROOF. IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

SEND A FRIEND A SMITHFIELD HAM. THEN REMIND HIM IT'S THE SEASON FOR SHARING.



The legendary Smithfield ham. Twelve pounds of goodness. Hickory smoked for weeks. Aged for at least nine months (three months, in the case of its cousin the Virginia ham) while the flavors permeate the meat. Then brown sugar glazed and baked in wine to a savory perfection. Hand-somely packaged with gift card and illustrated folder of carving and serving tips, it arrives at its destination in about four days, ready to serve and enjoy. Order one for a friend or two. Then invite yourself over for dinner.

Please ship to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

_____ cooked Smithfield hams @ \$29.95

_____ uncooked Smithfield hams @ \$24.95

_____ cooked Virginia hams @ \$23.95

_____ uncooked Virginia hams @ \$19.95

☐ Check enclosed ☐ Change my ☐ American Express

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Card Number _____

Enclosed gift card from _____

CARRINGTON OF VIRGINIA
P.O. BOX 66-T1, SMITHFIELD, VA. 23430
TELEPHONE (703) 285-1200

LETTERS

firm that the yell is the genuine voice of Weissmuller, who had serenaded us that night on a dare.

JULIAN LESSER
Hollywood

Sir / Johnny Weissmuller, on a national sports program, said the yell was definitely his own—and proceeded to prove it to the whole country right there on the spot.

MRS. H. R. SWIM
Lockport, Nova Scotia

■ According to Johnny Weissmuller, the Tarzan calls are his own. His yells were recorded and used in some of his later movies in order to save his voice.

Ring-Around-a-Rosy

Sir / I cannot believe that the John F. Kennedy doodle you pictured [Nov. 20] is genuine. As a lifelong neighbor of J.F.K.'s at Hyannis Port, I can guarantee that he would never have drawn a harbor like that. Any fool who lives by the sea knows that sailboats head into the wind at all times and never go ring-around-a-rosy at their moorings.

BARBARA CHILDS
Ligonier, Pa.

Devious Means?

Sir / Your report that "the mildly liberal majority" of the members of the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. favors union with the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. [Nov. 13] is inaccurate. The truth is that a vast majority of the P.C.U.S. members are conservative, and they oppose the union.

Liberals have infiltrated the seminaries, and it may be that as a result there is a "mildly liberal majority" among the clergy

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Miss/Mrs./Mr.

Name _____ (please print)

Address (now, if for change of address) Apt. No. _____

City _____

State _____

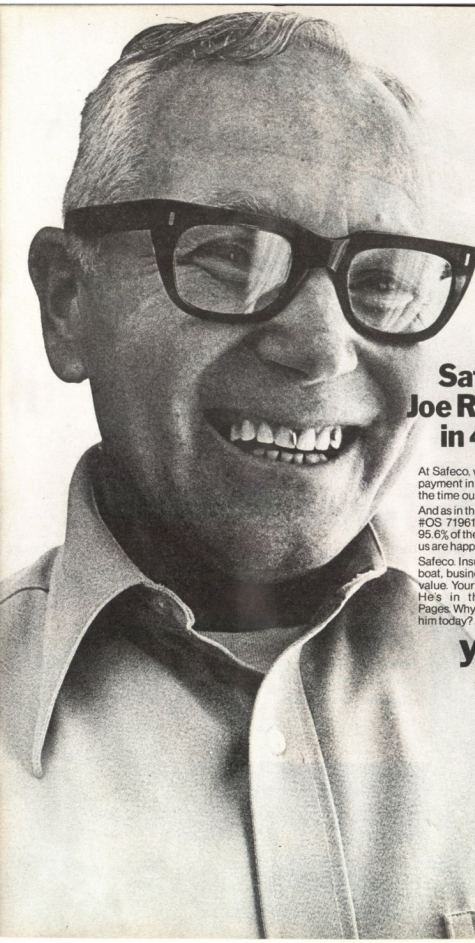
Zip _____

TO SUBSCRIBE TO TIME check below and fill in your name and address above.

☐ 1 year \$14

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TIME, please send both labels if moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription will end with the issue given at upper left of label. Example: a JUNE 74 means subscription will end with the last issue of June, 1974.

MAIL TO: TIME
541 North Fairbanks Court,
Chicago, Illinois 60611



**Safeco paid
Joe Rizzardo's claim
in 48 hours.**

At Safeco, we have a standing goal to make payment in full within five working days from the time our adjuster gets your claim.

And as in the case of Mr. Joe Rizzardo (Policy #OS 71961) we often do better. That's why 95.6% of the people who've made claims with us are happy with their settlement.

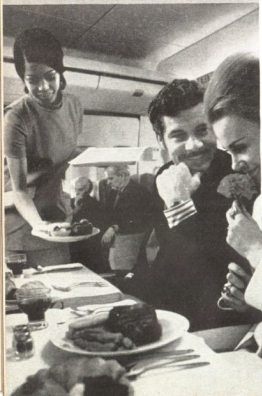
Safeco. Insurance on your car, home, health, boat, business, life and everything else you value. Your Safeco agent is ready to help. He's in the Yellow Pages. Why not phone him today?

**Smile,
you're with
 Safeco**



**Daily direct flights to Tokyo
and the Orient.**

New York	8:30 am 747
Washington, D.C.	1:15 pm
Chicago	10:45 am 747
	4:10 pm
Cleveland	3:15 pm
Mpls./St. Paul	11:00 am 747
Anchorage	7:20 pm
	NONSTOP to Tokyo
Seattle/Tacoma	2:10 pm 747
	NONSTOP to Tokyo
San Francisco	9:45 am 747
	via Honolulu
Los Angeles	1:30 pm 747
	via Honolulu
Honolulu	2:05 pm 747
	NONSTOP to Tokyo
	6:15 pm 747
	NONSTOP to Tokyo



The Orient comes easy on Northwest

Northwest flies direct to Tokyo and the Orient from 12 major U.S. cities.

And, we offer one-airline service from 39 cities in all.

You can fly the polar route via Anchorage; or the north-Pacific route via Seattle; or the mid-Pacific route via Honolulu.

On Northwest, you can fly a magnificent 747 from more cities than any other airline: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Seattle/Tacoma, San Francisco, Los Angeles and Honolulu.

On 747 flights, you'll enjoy an extra dimension in comfort so important in overseas air travel. Wider seats, 8-foot ceilings, twin aisles, 12 powder rooms, plus movies and/or stereo (\$2.50 charge).

On all trans-Pacific flights we offer exclusive Regal Imperial Service. Hot, scented Oshibori towels, followed by cocktails, Kuchitori hors d'oeuvres, tempting entrées and delicious desserts.

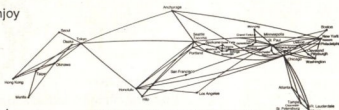
Going or coming you can enjoy a Northwest Mini-Vacation in Chicago or Seattle. Even explore Alaska or Hawaii on one of our tours.

We also offer tours of the Orient, South Seas, and Round-the-World — ranging from \$997 for 16 days to \$5,865 for 80 days.*

Given two weeks' notice we'll imprint your business cards in Japanese, Chinese or Korean for less than \$4 per hundred.

A travel agent will prepare — without cost — an itinerary tailored to your interests and make all your arrangements in advance.

For reservations and information, talk to a travel agent or call us direct.



*Prices (subject to change) are per person, based on double occupancy accommodations, and include round-trip air fare from the west coast. U.S. transportation tax not included.



Fly the Orient Express Way

NORTHWEST ORIENT

A Tale of Christmas Present: Goldilocks & the 3 Music Systems

Once Upon a Christmas...

Goldilocks set out to get herself a nice present, a stereo system that would help her really enjoy music. Now, if anyone's particular about things being **Just Right**, it's Goldilocks. So naturally she headed straight for Pacific Stereo when she heard about our three perfectly-balanced Christmas music systems. After all, we knew that lots of people might want to get a component stereo system at this time of year if only it were just right for their own listening needs — not too big nor too small, too simple nor too complicated, and definitely not too expensive.

Certainly if a system's **Just Right**, it should have more to offer than anything else you could possibly get for the price, and that's what you'll find in these three component systems. For one thing, they're all capable of reproducing much lower bass notes than such moderately-priced systems could ever do before. A new line of speakers, TransAudio, makes it possible. For another thing, all these systems have an elliptical cartridge, which will help your records sound better and last longer. It's the brand new ADC XL5, and it's such a fine value itself that there's no reason to ever again put a conical stylus in any of our music systems. And finally, we've picked the receivers that we feel offer the most power and performance available at anywhere near their price.

But no music system would be just right, for Goldilocks or anybody, if it weren't ready to play when you got it home. So we check out all the equipment before it leaves the store, install the cartridge on the record player, provide the speaker wire, and show you how to connect everything. It's so easy that you'll be listening to the music a few minutes after you get home. And there's our five-year warranty (free parts for five years and free labor for three years on everything but the needle on the record player), a sixty-day exchange privilege, and a one-year speaker trial to make sure that you and your music system live happily ever after.

Free Stereophones & Extended Amenities for Christmas

And since it's Christmas, we'll extend all of these amenities to include the time between the day you buy your system and January first. And we'll throw in a free pair of stereophones too.



Just Right for Enjoying String Quartets in Small Apartments

Our \$200 component music system is plenty big enough to fill a small room with good sound, and it excels at reproducing music much more naturally than any compact or portable stereo. The \$76 saving helps make it just right, too.

The new TransAudio 1008 speakers sound just fine powered by the Nikko 2010 AM/FM stereo receiver. They're two-way systems priced at a phenomenally low \$75 a pair, and their eight-inch bass speakers will do justice to your favorite quartet's cello player. The one-way systems found in most other \$200 music systems can't pick up his low notes at all. The receiver's tuner section can bring you a

clean rendition of just about anything on the air, and the Nikko 2010 has a loudness contour switch so you can hear all of the low bass even at low volumes. There's even special provision for adding a four-channel adaptor, and the \$139.95 price includes the case. The record player is also a fine value. It's the totally reliable Garrard 40B. It's \$60.90 price includes a base and the excellent new ADC elliptical

cartridge, something else you won't find in other \$200 music systems.



\$199.95



Just Right for Bass Fans

Music systems depend on room size as well as speaker size for their ability to reproduce low notes, and in any moderate-sized room this \$300 system will go right down to the bass man's low E. A \$61 saving and two new products that are outstanding values make it possible. The TransAudio speakers are two-way ten-inch systems, and until now we didn't believe that anyone could make speakers capable of such deep bass for anywhere near their \$99.90 a pair price.

The receiver in this system is another surprise. The Spectrosonic

110-4 AM/FM stereo receiver has more power than any other receiver in its \$220 price range, delivering 44 RMS watts with less than .5% distortion all the way from 20 to 20,000 Hz. The amplifier is direct coupled, so there's nothing between the transistors and the speakers to mess up the sound. The 110-4 also has a sensitive tuner section and a front panel switch to control an optional four channel adaptor.

\$299.95



The walnut case is also optional.

The Garrard 40B record player is so hard to beat for value we include it here too, again with a base and the ADC XL5 cartridge which will add a great deal to the life of your records.

A \$10 Gift That's Just Right for Anyone's Head

Quadraflex Q10 stereophones are brand new. They sound great, feel great on your head and cost very little. The foam rubber earpieces are very lightweight because the Q10's design doesn't require a complete ear seal in order to provide deep bass. You can play music as loud as you like it without any distortion and without disturbing anyone else. Anyone with a stereo system would certainly like a pair and they're only \$10.



\$9.95

Just Right for Bach Organ Fugues

If you've been wanting a stereo system that can set a big room throbbing with Bach's low organ notes you probably didn't hope to find one for \$400. Even the \$36 saving doesn't entirely explain it. Three-way speaker systems with twelve-inch bass speakers make the low notes possible, and the TransAudio 1012's sell for a mere \$159.90 a pair. The music's reproduced very cleanly, low bass notes and all, because the Spectrosonic 210-4 is a direct-coupled receiver with nothing between its transistors and the speakers to muddy the sound. The 210-4 has 64 RMS watts of power, a very good tuner section,

and a host of convenience features including a convenient front panel switch for a four-channel adaptor. In fact, we don't know of any other \$299.95 receiver that can come close to the 210-4 for power, performance and features. The walnut case is extra.

The Garrard SL55B record player has a synchronous motor that can't waver in speed even if house current fluctuates. There's a cueing

lever, a fail-safe changing mechanism, and an anti-skate control to prevent uneven record wear. The \$75.90 price includes a base and the ADC XL5 elliptical cartridge.



\$299.95



A Holiday Message for Ancestor Scotch Drinkers

They say that time passes slowly in Scotland. It surely does for our whisky, sleeping its long twelve years in quiet privacy. But for us it seems that summer just ended in the Highlands, and here it is already time to think about your holiday season in America.



We have recently received word that all holiday shipments of ANCESTOR have arrived quite safely in your country.



Hopefully, there will be enough for each of our friends. For although our quotas were up, it still seems like such a small amount. A certain amount of haste is advised, particularly if you intend to share some ANCESTOR with friends.

Our year-around gift carton

The directors and management and all our employees wish you the most joys of Holiday Seasons with the hope that you will enjoy success in the New Year.

JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD.
PERTH, SCOTLAND



**ANCESTOR
SCOTCH WHISKY**
12
YEARS OLD

LETTERS

who, through unbelievable tactics, attempt to prevent the election of conservative laymen to the church courts. Such conservatives would call a halt to all the devious means being employed to try to bring about the union against the will of the vast majority of the members.

You are correct, however, when you say that the hottest issue is likely to be property. The liberals don't care if the conservatives all leave, as long as the liberals can hang on to all the church properties and foundation funds.

JONATHAN H. ALLEN
Dallas

Doughnuts, Fritters and Dumpings

Sir / Reader A.R. Heldt astonishes me when he says in his letter [Nov. 13] that all members of Jim Thorpe's generation were raised on "organic" foods. Was the widespread use of white sugar and bleached white flour organic? And did the people of Jim Thorpe's time have year-round access to fresh vegetables, fresh fruit and fruit juices?

Does Mr. Heldt remember the days (not too long ago) when the bulk of our population lived on farms and in rural areas? At the end of the long winter our systems were so loaded with the effects of white sugar, starch and saturated fat that a spring tonic of sulfur and molasses was considered advisable, if not mandatory. The all-out consumption of doughnuts, fritters, dumpings, cake, pie and white-sugar candy, was that organic?

OWEN H. BOOTH
Tucson

Sir / Re A.R. Heldt's criticism in your Letters column of "organic" foods as insufficient to make Jim Thorpe able to compete with athletes of today: Mr. Heldt, as is usual with the non-Indian, has treed the wrong bark. While everyone knows of the wonderful increase in health, height, weight, etc., of the average "white" because of his "chemically raised foodstuffs," little mention is made of the fact that the Anishinabe (Chippewa) was 6 ft. tall in 1700. The French called us "Sauters" among other names, meaning "Jumpers," for our ancestors went "bounding" through the forest and the short Frenchmen could not keep up.

Manomín (wild rice) is the answer and will continue to be, as long as we can keep it relatively unpolluted. I stand about 6 ft. 7 in. in boots and Stetson, and my children are growing. Our Red Lake reservation is still populated with "Shinabe" averaging more than 6 ft. Care to wrestle?

REY MICKINOCK
Belgrade, Minn.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

Time Inc. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, MONEY and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME, Chairman of the Board, Andrew Heiskell; Vice Chairman, Roy E. Larsen; President, James R. Shepley; Chairman of the Executive Committee, James A. Linen; Group Vice Presidents, Rhett Austell, Charles B. Bear, Arthur W. Keylor; Vice President-Finance and Treasurer, Richard J. McKaughy; Vice President-Corporate and Public Affairs, Donald M. Wilson; Vice Presidents, Bernhard M. Auer, R. M. Buckley, Richard M. Clurman, Ralph P. Davidson, Otto Fuerbringer, Charles L. Gleason Jr., John L. Hollenbeck, Peter S. Hopkins, Lawrence Laybourne, Henry Luce III, Joan D. Manley, J. Clarke Martinore, John A. Meyers, J. Richard Munro, Herbert D. Schutz, Leo R. Slinger, Kello F. Sutton, Arthur H. Thornhill Jr., Garry Volk, Putney Westfield, Barry Zorltion; Assistant Treasurers, Kevin Dalen, J. Winston Fawkes, Nicholas J. Nicholas, Comptroller, David H. Dolben; Assistant Secretary and Assistant Comptroller, William E. Bishop; Assistant Secretary, P. Peter Sheppe.

The-Comfort-Shirt in knit from Sears.

**It's better to give
and receive.**

Great giving. Great getting. Because there's no end to the comfort of The-Comfort-Shirt. It's all made possible by the supple stretch knit, the naturally comfortable C-Band® collar, contoured body and extra long shirttails. And as if being knit weren't enough, this is a Perma-Prest® fabric of Fortrel® polyester and Arnel® triacetate. There are solids, patterns and stripes in abundance, ready to be paired up with Sears' gottogether ties. At most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores or through the catalog.

**The-Comfort-Shirt and
all that goes with it at
Sears The-Men's-Store**



Sears

The Men's Store

**1919: Join the Navy
and see exotic places.**



COME ALONG
learn something see
something in the
U S NAVY
ample shore leave
for inland sights

This Navy poster originally appeared in 1919. For a free full-color reproduction, stop by your local Navy recruiter's office. No obligation, of course.

and get job



1972: Join the Navy training that will take you places.



The new Navy still gives young men and women the opportunity to visit exotic places. But now they take with them the benefits of some of the most thorough job training in the world. Those who qualify can choose from more than 300 important, skilled jobs. From computer technology and electronics to nuclear science and aviation mechanics. The kind of training that helps a man or woman go places inside the Navy or out.

But there are other important reasons for joining the new Navy. Newcomers start out at \$288 a month, plus food, housing, clothing and health care. There's a new three-year enlistment which guarantees choice of East or West Coast. And a join-now, report-up-to-six-months-later plan.

If you want to go places fast—or know someone who does—the new Navy is just the place to do it. For more information, send in the attached coupon right now. Or call toll free 800-424-8880.

Be someone special in **The New Navy**

EVERY YEAR YOU GIVE GIFTS
AS A TRADITION.
THIS YEAR GIVE A TRADITION
AS A GIFT.





A half hour ago the Coopers parked their car in front of the house for the night.

They don't know it yet, but their car has just become a statistic.

It's now one of the nearly one million cars stolen each year.

And if it isn't found promptly, the chances are good that it'll never be recovered.

Because car theft is now one of the biggest businesses around. And those who make a living at it are experts.

Professional thieves work with experienced mechanics, forgers, spotters and lookouts.

Between them they'll change the vehicle identification numbers on your car, provide it with forged registration papers and sell it as a legitimate piece of property.

Or they'll cut it up for parts and sell it piecemeal, often making an even bigger profit.

Unfortunately for the Coopers, the average professional thief steals mostly from wealthier suburban neighborhoods after dark.

And he takes more than half the cars he steals from right in front of the owner's home or driveway.

Obviously, had the Coopers known this, they would have parked their car in the garage.

But they didn't.

That's why your local Continental agent (you'll find him in the Yellow Pages) is now offering a free pamphlet on exactly this subject.

It's called: "What You Should Know About The Stolen Car Problem." If you'd like a copy, just drive over and ask him for one. While you still have a car.

Your Continental Insurance Agent
When you're with him, he's with you.

WHAT YOU SHOULD
KNOW
ABOUT THE STOLEN
CAR PROBLEM



© CC

THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

McLuhan's War

Whatever the eventual outcome of the war in Viet Nam, historians may argue for years about just why the U.S. became involved. Marshall McLuhan, the 1960s' mystagogue of the media, has proposed something of an explanation—or at any rate, a suggestive metaphor for the collision that has occurred in Indochina.

By McLuhan's reasoning, "there are no raw materials in that area [Indochina] that could possibly tempt American imperialists, and there is no meaning to 'containment of Communism,' since Communism in Iowa and in Cairo and in Peking and in Moscow has totally different meanings." In an unpublished article, McLuhan sees Viet Nam as a "resonant interval" or a "massive interface between a Westernizing Orient and an Orientalizing West." The entire Western world, McLuhan argues, is now turning inward upon itself—in the old Oriental pattern—while the Orient "has been increasingly engaged in an outer trip, aided by Western technology." McLuhan believes that "as the complementary areas of the Orient and the Western world reverse their immemorial roles, the area of interface between them has necessarily become agitated in the extreme. Korea and Viet Nam and other 'trouble spots' could then be observed as intervals of dissonance, which actually manifest the perturbations originating elsewhere. These 'trouble spots,' then, are like the interval between the wheel and the axle; they are areas of touch and they are where the action is, but they are not the action itself. The real action is taking place inside the massive Oriental and Western entities, which are undergoing total revolution and reversal of roles at very high speeds."

Everybody got that?

Concerning Pot and Man at The National Review

It came as something of a surprise last week when the Consumer Union, an independent, nonprofit organization, published a 623-page study that advocated complete legalization of marijuana as well as a nationwide methadone program (see BEHAVIOR). "Marijuana is here to stay," said the report. "No conceivable law-enforcement program can

curb its availability." But American conservatives may have arched their eyebrows well above the hairline when they glimpsed the latest issue of William F. Buckley Jr.'s staunchly nonpermissive *National Review*. There on the cover was the headline: THE TIME HAS COME: ABOLISH THE POT LAWS. Inside, Richard C. Cowan, a charter member of the conservative Young Americans for Freedom, sets forth his arguments that the criminal penalties for marijuana possession and use should be stricken from the books. Cowan contends that pot is comparatively harmless, demonstrably ubiquitous and that the laws against it only alienate the young and breed disrespect for American justice.

Just last spring, Buckley had testified against changing the pot laws. But now, in a commentary on the Cowan piece in the same issue, he writes, "I flatly agree with him." Buckley would not legalize pot, but would remove the criminal penalties for use. It seems, in fact, that Buckley has smoked grass himself—but only on his sailboat, outside the three-mile limit. His verdict: "To tell the truth, marijuana didn't do a thing for me."

Bowdler in Oregon

Some American place names have a unique resonance about them—places like Maggie's Nipples, Wyo., or Greasy Creek, Ark., Licksillet, Ky., or Scroungeout, Ala. Collectors of Americana also savor Braggadocio, Mo., the Humpitulis River in Washington, Hen Scratch, Fla., Dead Irishman Gulch, S. Dak., Cut 'N Shoot, Texas, Helpmejack Creek, Ark., Bastard Peak, Wyo., Goon Dip Mountain, Ark., Tenstrike, Minn., Laughing Pig, Wyo., Two Teats, Calif., or Aswaguscawadie, Me.

Not the least flavorsome was a sylvan place called Whorehouse Meadows, outside of Ontario, Ore. The meadow was named, with admirable directness, for some local women who once profitably entertained sheepherders there. But last week, the Oregon Geographic Names Board filed an official objection to a bit of bowdlerization by the Federal Bureau of Land Management. It discovered that the bureau, in drawing up a map of the area, had changed the name from Whorehouse Meadows to Naughty Girl Meadows. The bureau also cleaned up a nearby spot, deftly retitling it Bullshirt Springs, a change so small that the natives see no reason to contest it.



SOUTH VIETNAMESE PRESIDENT THIEU

THE WAR

Paris Round 3:

THE peace talks had reached a dead-end impasse. The original agreements, in effect, were being torn up, and negotiations had to begin anew. South Viet Nam's President Nguyen Van Thieu was about to blow up any agreement he did not like anyway. So went the ominous reports last week as another lull in the battle for peace inspired nervous speculation. In fact, the situation was not at all that sour. There were sound reasons for cautious optimism as the secret talks were to resume this week and Henry Kissinger resumed his commuting to Paris. In tribute to his tireless comings and goings, some South Vietnamese peasants now describe him as "the king who travels at night."

Thieu remained a prickly obstacle, as he feared, perhaps with some justification, that the nine-point plan worked out by White House Adviser Henry Kissinger and Hanoi's Le Duc Tho might seriously undermine his chance to survive. Thieu's personal envoy, Nguyen Phu Duc, was received twice by President Nixon in the White House in exchanges described as "very detailed and very frank"—meaning there was sharp disagreement. While Nixon conceded that the proposed agreement was a compromise that could not fully satisfy Saigon, he also emphasized that it gave the Thieu government a fair chance to hold out against the Communists, both militarily and politically. Nixon and Kissinger termed the plan reasonable and urged Thieu, through Duc, to accept it.

The White House still expects Thieu, after a good deal of agony and political posturing, to do just that. Nixon refused to hold a summit conference with Thieu before the agreement with Hanoi was further pinned down, since that would, paradoxically, make Thieu



NIXON & KISSINGER AT KEY BISCAVINE



CANADIAN TROOPS GETTING SHOTS FOR POSSIBLE TRUCE ROLE

Ready to Wrap Up the Peace

look as though he were either a U.S. puppet or was pushing Nixon into a tougher bargaining stance. Washington feels that the momentum of negotiations and worldwide hopes for an end to the bloodshed is too strong for Thieu to resist. But Nixon also made it clear that the U.S. would not be blocked from a settlement that it considered prudent and workable by any intransigence on Thieu's part. Thus the only Nixon-Thieu meeting contemplated would be as a final gesture of cooperation in which both would approve a settlement after the outline is firmed up in Paris.

Knotty. The single most troublesome difficulty still was what would be required in the way of Communist troop withdrawals from South Viet Nam. The Kissinger-Thieu agreement, revealed shortly before the U.S. elections, did not require Hanoi to remove any of its troops. Yet there apparently was a tacit understanding that some would go, although it would not be detailed in writing. This would preserve the Hanoi fiction that there are no North Vietnamese troops there. Thieu insists that all such troops must be removed and that this be guaranteed in print. Kissinger in Paris this week undoubtedly will be pressing for some compromise formula, presumably one that would make the unwritten understanding more explicit. A knotty related problem is whether Thieu will be required to release all political prisoners now held in South Viet Nam. It was revealed that another key question had been resolved in the earlier secret talks: the DMZ would be preserved as a supervised buffer zone between the two Viet Nams.

Also at issue, but less of a potential sticking point, is the question of just what powers a proposed four-na-

tion, 5,000-man force to supervise the peace would have. While three of the nations (Hungary, Poland and Indonesia) have somewhat grudgingly agreed to perform this difficult chore, the fourth, Canada, is insisting that the commission's procedures be spelled out. Having served on the hapless International Control Commission created by the Geneva agreements of 1954, Canada does not want to repeat what one of its diplomats calls "an exercise in frustration." It wants specific invitations to perform this role from all of the governments involved, a time limit on the commission's existence, an understanding that the supervisory force be unarmed, nonmilitary and confined to observation and supervision, and the creation of some parent multinational body to which to report its findings. Also, Canada insists that reports of a truce violation need not be unanimous. Explained one official: "Under the old I.C.C., the Canadian might have observed an infraction, the Indian said, 'I don't see anything,' and the Pole suggested, 'Let's all go have a drink.'"

Although all of those matters could yet produce a deadlock, Washington still expects substantial progress in this week's resumed secret negotiations. More consultations with Thieu presumably will follow this—and that is when the tough South Vietnamese President apparently will have to bite the bullet and either go along with the accords or watch the U.S. sign without him. He has been warned that a Democratic Congress is not likely to vote any more funds for his government if he holds out, although if he is convinced that the agreement would lead to his demise anyway, this would hardly be persuasive.

Already, there is surprisingly strong feeling among many political and intellectual figures in Saigon that a cease-fire is imminent and that Thieu's position is hopeless. "Thieu is finished," contends an anti-Communist Vietnamese scholar. "He was, perhaps, the man for war. He is not the man for peace. We must have a new man." Agrees Ly Quy Chung, a deputy in the South Vietnamese lower house: "We must prepare for the new political struggle. We must have a new team and not the one that has lost the war, or they will lose again." The battle for political control after a cease-fire, predicts a Saigon economist, "may be as bloody and as difficult as the war."

Smoke. Yet as Saigon's intelligentsia anticipates a cease-fire as all but inevitable, South Vietnamese peasants were not so sure that the years of fighting would ever end. In a hamlet in Binh Duong province, a middle-aged woman sat in front of a hut that had sheltered her family until North Vietnamese soldiers dug bunkers near by and South Vietnamese airplanes bombed the enemy—and her house. "Peace? A cease-fire? Look at our house. This is peace?" she scoffed. Predicted a farmer about both sides: "They will just keep fighting and fighting, while the people stay in the middle. They tell us to put up flags. We put up flags. They tell us to move, we move."

Conflicting reports of the secret meetings between Tho and Kissinger have swept the countryside, creating mostly confusion. A woman idly tapped a stick in the dust at An Duoc hamlet northwest of Saigon and said tonelessly: "Men from the other side came and told us that there would be a cease-fire as soon as Saigon agrees to one. But the Saigon radio says that they want peace but the Communists will not agree. I don't know who to believe." Near by, the black smoke of exploding bombs darkened the sky, and the woman kept tapping the ground listlessly.

Avalanche of Appointments

FIND that up here on top of a mountain, it is easier for me to get on top of the job," remarked President Nixon as he enjoyed the splendid isolation of Camp David after winning re-election. His sojourn stretched on for 2½ weeks, longer than that of any President who has used the retreat, so long that Comedian Alan King drew laughs in his Las Vegas routine by suggesting that the whole point of the election had been "to send a boy to camp." Then, last week, the rumors rumbling down the mountainside turned into a sudden avalanche of appointments for Nixon's second term. All were in keeping with the President's notion that the best way to run an overgrown bureaucracy is to staff it with his own men—proven, competent, completely loyal. The careers of the four key appointees are described on following pages.

Most of the new men owe their eminence to Nixon, by and large; they lack powerful constituencies to fall back on if they happen to run afoul of the President. The most important of the jobs goes to Boston Brahmin Elliot Richardson, who moved from HEW to Secretary of Defense, a post that will fully test his vaunted administrative skills. A combination of shrewdness and steadfastness under fire is expected to pull

him through. He sees eye to eye with Henry Kissinger and is not likely to offer any rebuffs on foreign policy. While he lacks the clubby relations with Congress that his predecessor Melvin Laird enjoyed, he has more of an appetite for overall strategy and administrative detail. Balancing the relatively liberal Richardson at Defense—and no doubt adding to his troubles—will be a new Deputy Secretary, William P. Clements, an outspoken Texas oil millionaire who vociferously opposes defense cuts.

Moving into Richardson's old job at HEW will be Caspar Weinberger, currently director of the Office of Management and Budget. Weinberger is less renowned for his social vision than for his budget-cutting proclivities. He is expected to hack away at the overgrown tangle of New Frontier and Great Society programs, many of which are not working the way they were supposed to. His philosophy: "Money isn't the essential element in improving social conditions throughout the country." A man of similar outlook succeeds Weinberger as budget chief. Roy Ash, president of embattled Litton Industries, is charged with applying the latest management methods to Government spending—which means, essentially, spending less. Says a White House staffer: "Ash

is going to take a look at the legislation, what its intent was and how it's working. This is going to be a detailed review of all Government spending."

Shifts at the State Department are intended to make it more of a Nixon enterprise. At the same time, officials are hopeful that the new appointments will regain for the State some of the luster it has lost in the Kissinger era. Perhaps out of respect for the gentlemanly way in which he has accepted Henry Kissinger's starring role in foreign policy, William Rogers will stay on as Secretary. But the three key posts just beneath him have been swept clean:

► Kenneth Rush, 62, Nixon's one-time law professor, was named to the No. 2 spot, Under Secretary. Credited with the biggest role in negotiating the Berlin accords last summer, Rush served for a few months as Deputy Secretary of Defense.

► William J. Porter, 58, a widely esteemed member of the Foreign Service, becomes Under Secretary for Political Affairs. He will act as Kissinger's chief contact and diplomatic adviser at State. While serving as chief negotiator at the Paris peace talks, Porter has impressed the President with his grasp of North Vietnamese tactics.

► William J. Casey, 59, the current chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, becomes Deputy Under Secretary for Economic Affairs. Author of several legal reference books, Casey was an activist SEC chief who pursued forceful policies that frequently angered bankers and businessmen. In his new post, he will relay the President's economic views to State and, it is hoped, see that they are carried out.

Since intensive trade talks with both the Europeans and the Russians lie ahead, Nixon has made a special effort to assemble a team that can coordinate economic policies. Too often various departments—State, Treasury, Commerce, Agriculture—have taken conflicting stands on such matters as import quotas and farm-price supports. In an effort to rally everyone behind a common policy, Nixon appointed George Shultz as "coordinator" of economic affairs, both foreign and domestic. Shultz, who will stay on as Treasury Secretary, has a knack for survival. As Secretary of Labor, he witnessed the most inflationary contract settlements in decades; as budget chief, he presided over the biggest federal deficits since World War II; up to the last moment, he resisted wage and price controls. Yet he remains a trusted Nixon adviser with more power than ever.

Odd man out, stylistically, in the new Administration is Labor Secretary Peter Brennan, a lifelong New York Democrat with a rough-and-ready tongue and no apologies for grabbing all he can for the workingman. Nixon reached deep into the labor movement to pluck out Brennan, president of the New York City and New York State Building and Construction Trades



GETTING away," Richard Nixon said last week, "gives a sense of perspective which is very, very useful." The experience was less than bucolic for the 77 reporters and cameramen who traipsed to Camp David to cover the presidential Cabinet shuffles. Camp David's grounds are off limits to the press, who were herded by Marine guards and concertina wire into a sapling-fenced enclosure called "the duckblind" or farther away in an overcrowded press trailer. After newspapers published pic-

tures similar to this one of reporters shivering under a plastic sheet in a chilly rain to phone in their stories, a press aide had more telephones installed in the trailer. Still, there were no chairs, no coffee or doughnuts or cigarettes to be purchased on Nixon's mountain, no Western Union lines for filing stories. As the *Wall Street Journal* remarked: "There must be a better way for the President and his people to keep an eye on each other than through the perspective of a duckblind."

Councils. He is the first rank-and-file union member appointed to the post since President Eisenhower chose Martin Durkin, a plumber. But Brennan speaks the President's language on many issues, especially patriotism and the Viet Nam War. His appointment is a sign that the President is serious about keeping a portion of Big Labor in the Republican column.

Although there are plans to trim the White House staff by half, its top operators will stay on the job. H.R. Haldeman will remain as Assistant to the President, chief of the White House staff and policy coordinator. His second in command, John Ehrlichman, will continue to preside over the Domestic Council, which is handling such problems as drug abuse, crime, health research and the energy crisis—a matter of top priority in the second term. Ehrlichman is in the midst of

compiling a report on the subject.

The President's mountaintop appointments have a sober clarity: they are meant to give Nixon control of parts of the Government that eluded him in his first term. His selections are expected to be as good at taking orders as at executing them. The group has the look of a tight, no-nonsense team, utterly devoted to the chief—a White House staff writ large.

Turning to the business at hand, the President underscored his determination to spend prudently by ordering a cut of more than half in an \$11 billion authorization for building waste-treatment plants, thereby angering Congress, which had earlier passed the bill over his veto. Moving on to Key Biscayne to confer with Shultz and John Connally on a new economic game plan, Nixon was at pains to show that he had picked up a second wind for his second

term. A more ebullient, less inhibited Nixon emerged. At a restaurant in Coral Gables, he mingled jovially with the other diners, patting a girl on the cheek and telling her: "You'll always be beautiful because you are blonde." To a dermatologist, he said in mock horror: "Skin and all that. Don't tell me any more about it!" Stopping at an ice cream drive-in after dinner, Nixon chatted with other customers, told the manager: "Your spirits must be up, up, up."

There is no doubt about the high spirits in the Nixon entourage. Nixon's men are beginning to feel at home in the city they used to hate when it was run by Democrats. "Washington might even come to be our town," remarks Pat Buchanan, a presidential speechwriter, who will be given new responsibilities. "Some of our people, the advance units, are even venturing into Georgetown."

Four New Men in Nixon's Second Cabinet

I. Fearless Fosdick Faces the Pentagon

FEW officials in Richard Nixon's Washington are held in higher esteem as masters of governmental management than is Elliot Lee Richardson, 52, the next Secretary of Defense—even though almost no one can adequately explain just why. The public Richardson is stuffy Bostonian, serenely confident, vaguely remote. His set speeches are bloodless and dull. His ad-lib language is so convoluted, yet grammatically correct, that one questioner at a Senate committee hearing jokingly confessed that he could not quite tell from a Richardson answer whether he was for, or against, drug abuse. Moreover, Richardson has been appointed to so many high posts (five in the past 15 years) by appreciative Presidents that he has rarely been able to finish any task he has tackled, leaving no clear record of concrete accomplishment.

Yet everywhere the nomadic Richardson moves, the morale around him seems to rise. The men with whom he works most closely consider him not only warm but witty. His mind is widely regarded as brilliant, with a bureaucrat's invaluable—and rare—capacity both to retain intricate detail and discard unproductive trivia, keeping basic goals in focus. His aim at HEW, he explained, was "to get away from the hypnotic absorption in tending the machinery and to look outward at what is happening to people." Richardson not only contends that HEW, which has 280 programs and a budget larger than that of the Pentagon, can be managed but also that he proved it in his two years as its head. His associates tend to agree and praise him further for lifting spirits in a department staffed heavily with

liberal civil servants largely antagonistic to Nixon's conservative social policies. Some do fault Richardson, however, for too blithely accepting Nixon's rejection of both his plans for prompt school desegregation, such as the use of busing in Austin, Texas, and his attempts to compromise with Congress on welfare reform. Richardson has a self-protective knack of getting along with his superiors.

Lucky. Military affairs will be a new administrative field for Richardson, who served as Acting Secretary of HEW in the Eisenhower Administration and as an Under Secretary of State in his first Nixon appointment. Originally rejected from World War II service for poor eyesight, he volunteered for non-combat duty as a private. He soon was commanding a platoon of litter bearers in an Army regiment that suffered higher casualties than any other unit in the eleven months after its Normandy landing. He was variously dubbed by Army buddies as "Cannonball," for his aggressive manner and battlefield agility, "Fearless Fosdick," because of his sharp-jawed, square-cut features, and "Lucky," because he missed enemy mines by only a few feet on at least four occasions. He was finally severely cut and bruised when an antitank mine wrecked his Jeep and blew him into the branches of a tree. He emerged from the war as a first lieutenant, returned home with combat paintings done with the brushes and pigments he carried throughout his service. A sometime artist, he is also a former Harvard *Lampoon* cartoonist who doodles constantly when concentrating, even in the presence of a President. A millionaire by inheritance and investments, Richardson and his wife and three children live in a large house overlooking the Potomac in McLean, Va.

Richardson faces new equations in shifting from HEW to Defense. At HEW he successfully resisted efforts of budget officials to cut personnel by some 10%. At Defense, one of Richardson's first tasks will be to defend Nixon's intention to raise spending rather than cut it, and his credentials as a liberal Republican may help him sell that idea on Capitol Hill. Typically, Richardson is already set to make a case. Says he, with characteristic pedantry: "Disequilibrium between the U.S. and U.S.S.R. is by definition incompatible with stability in the structure of international relations." It might take some Congressmen a while to realize what Richardson means: our guns have got to be at least as good as theirs.

ELLIOT RICHARDSON





CASPAR WEINBERGER

II. Cap the Knife at HEW

Caspar W. Weinberger's appointment to the Department of Health, Education and Welfare may be an index of Richard Nixon's social vision. In his 2½ years at the Office of Management and Budget, Weinberger's almost swashbuckling enthusiasm for cutting federal expenses earned him the nickname of "Cap the Knife." He may be expected to exercise the same talent at HEW, a sprawling bureaucracy whose budget (\$78.9 billion) exceeds the Defense Department's. However much Weinberger tries to hold down spending, though, all but \$10 billion of the HEW budget is committed to such programs as Social Security, Medicare and welfare. As Weinberger ruefully admits of his days at the Budget bureau: "I came as an idealist who thought the rise in spending could be stopped. But I have learned that the most you can hope for is to hold down the rise."

Back in his native California, the task had sometimes been easier. A graduate of Harvard College and Harvard Law School, Weinberger went to Sacramento as a state legislator in 1952. In 1959 he returned to his lucrative San Francisco law practice, serving as California's G.O.P. state chairman from 1962 to 1964. The party at that time was split between the Rockefeller and Goldwater wings, and Weinberger favored Rockefeller. Conservative Ronald Reagan appointed him state finance director in 1968, even though the Governor's campaign financiers thought Cap entirely too liberal. But Weinberger set about slashing California's budget with such zeal that one Reagan aide called him "more Catholic than the Pope"; some of his Democratic enemies accused him of selling out his liberal

principles, since Reagan's main targets were welfare and education spending.

After Nixon brought him to Washington in 1970 and told him to clean out the Federal Trade Commission, Weinberger did such a good job reorganizing the agency as the consumer's friend that he even won praise from Ralph Nader, rare for a Nixon appointee. When the President made him deputy budget director six months later, Cap Weinberger arrived sounding like Herbert Hoover. In the midst of a recession, he preached the gospel of balanced budgets. Yet as a good soldier, he proceeded to preside over a string of job-creating deficits that left even some liberals bemused.

Poison. Personally, Weinberger, 55, belies his Hooveresque image and cut-throat nickname. He has an air of insouciant irreverence perhaps left over from his undergraduate days as editor of the Harvard *Crimson*. "Harvard," he says "bred a healthy skepticism in me." A handsome, dark-haired six-footer, Weinberger was host of a popular San Francisco TV talk show on public affairs, and once worked as a book reviewer for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He retains a wry and self-deprecating wit. At the height of bureaucratic tension around Washington over Nixon's call for Government resignations, Weinberger briefed top department heads on their budget cuts. "I can't imagine why," he joked later, "but I couldn't seem to hold their attention." Weinberger and his wife Jane have two grown children and now live in a Capitol Hill Federal-style house.

With all his enthusiasm for the balanced budget, Weinberger may be in for some frustrating times at HEW. Even in the \$10 billion area, where cuts might still be made next year, lower appropriations may be political poison. Trimming aid to ghetto schools, cutting funds for college students or medical research—all would be difficult and unpopular. Last week Weinberger sighed philosophically: "I had thought this job [at Budget] was the worst in Washington, but there's one [at HEW] that's even worse in terms of problems and hours of work."

III. A New McNamara to Battle the Budget

Presidents have always been lured by the talents of American businessmen who get assembly lines moving, goods sold and profits racked up. Eisenhower had "Engine Charlie" Wilson of General Motors and Neil McElroy (see MILESTONES) of Procter & Gamble, John F. Kennedy drew Robert McNamara from Ford. So Nixon is on familiar ground in choosing Roy Lawrence Ash, 54, president of Litton Industries, as the director of the Office of Management and Budget.

The job seems tailor-made. As

chairman of the Nixon Advisory Council on Executive Organization from 1969 to 1971, Ash proposed the Office of Management and Budget. A close friend and five-figure contributor to Nixon's past campaigns, Ash enjoys the President's confidence as few other men do. Crisp and positive, better in small working groups than on the public rostrum, Ash is in many ways similar to the man who appointed him.

Yet there are serious misgivings about the choice both on Capitol Hill and Wall Street. Senator William Proxmire articulated them last week, contending that during Ash's tenure as president, Litton had been involved in "two of the most highly inefficient and mismanaged military procurement operations." Proxmire was referring to the fact that Litton Industries has drastically outrun cost projections and fallen behind on delivery dates on some \$3 billion worth of Navy contracts for assault ships and destroyers.

The company's shipyard at Pascagoula, Miss., which Ash once touted as "a national asset," has turned out to be a decided liability, to both Litton and the Navy. Largely as a result, Litton's profits have been steadily declining over the past three years, and plummeted this fiscal year to only \$1.1 million on sales of \$2.5 billion, v. \$50 million in profits the previous year.

Indeed, Ash's critics claim that he is a far better talker than performer. A House antitrust subcommittee report on conglomerates, released in June 1971, charged that "Litton's image making has developed flamboyant sham into an art." A well-known California industrialist seems to agree. "Here is a man who can't manage his own company, who is going to manage a nation," he said. Most of Ash's colleagues

ROY LAWRENCE ASH



PHOTO BY ED STEVENS

Spend a milder moment with Raleigh.

Highest quality tobaccos—specially softened for milder taste.



Take a closer look at your world through a pair of Bushnell Binoculars like theirs. Get yours for free B&W Raleigh Coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

To see over 1000 gifts, write for your free Gift Catalog: Box 12, Louisville, Ky. 40201.

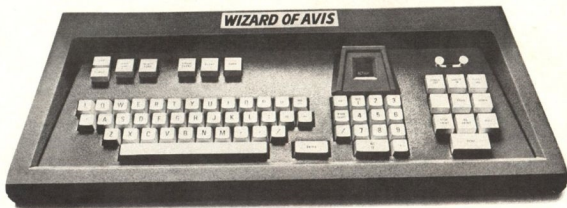


Filter Kings, 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine, Longs, 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report August '72

© 1972 BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Have you seen the new Avis buttons?



This is one of the terminals of The Wizard of Avis. The most sophisticated computer in the travel world. You'll find it at the Avis counter. For speed, accuracy, and reliability, nothing can beat it.

The Wizard of Avis. It makes Avis the most buttoned-up rent a car company in the world.

It confirms reservations instantly. You'll get the kind of car you want. Where you want it. When you want it.

If you're in The Wizard's Golden FileSM—The Wizard's permanent file—when you reserve a car, your rental form can already be printed up and ready to sign when you reach the Avis counter.

What's more, when you turn in your car, The Wizard computes your bill automatically and may find you qualify for a lower rate.

Just as important as what The Wizard can do is what it can't do.

It can't forget a reservation. Or lose one.

It can't make a mistake in spelling. Or arithmetic. Your bills are letter-perfect. And number-perfect.

It can't rent you a car that's been set aside for servicing or repairs. That's comforting.

It can't honor stolen credit cards. That's comforting, too. Unless you're trying to use one.

The Wizard of Avis. Now at many Avis counters. Soon almost everywhere.

Our old buttons are all a lot of fun.

Our new ones are all business.

Avis

We try
harder.

Avis rents the dependable Dodge and other fine cars.

*WIZARD IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK AND GOLDEN FILE IS A SERVICE MARK OF AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

Cointreau...the art of lingering.

No one wants the evening to end when there's friendship, good conversation and Cointreau. Crystal clear, lighter, drier Cointreau — the liqueur laced with the subtle hint of orange.

Pronounced "Kwan-tro."

80 Proof Produced and bottled by Cointreau Ltd., Lawrenceville, GA

3/4 QUART

80
PROOF

COINTREAU
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

LIQUEUR





THE 7-MINUTE STEAK

Sizzling perfection.

With all its natural juices. With more flavor than you ever thought steak could have. As tender as it is thick.

And completed in only 7 minutes.

A miracle? Well, Sharp Microwave Ovens are miraculous when it comes to speedy cooking, clean cooking, delicious and nutritious cooking.

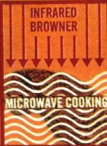
Would you believe...you'll cook a 14-pound turkey in less than 90 minutes. That same turkey would take 5½ hours in your regular oven.

Would you believe...you'll be ready to slice a 5-pound roast in just 30 minutes. How long in your regular oven? At least 2½ hours.

Preheating? Not with a Sharp Microwave Oven. No messy pots and pans or hard-to-clean oven interiors. Microwave cooking is a pleasure, not a chore.

There's a model to fit every kitchen. Any budget. Four of them.

From the compact R-5000 to Sharp's king-size oven with ultra-fast Infrared Browner. All deluxe. All backed by a 2-year home use parts and labor warranty and nationwide Sharp Authorized Service. For more than a decade, Sharp has pioneered microwave cooking.



The unique Sharp Model R-6600 with ultra-fast infrared Browner and separate timer. For that finishing touch. For that desired degree of mouth-watering brownness. For steaks, chops, hamburgers, baked goods...everything.

And almost half a million Sharp Microwave Ovens have been produced. For over sixty years, Sharp has enjoyed a worldwide reputation for quality products for the home and for industry.

Visit your nearest Sharp dealer. Find out for yourself how easy it is—and economical, too—to enjoy the modern miracle of Sharp microwave cooking.

where new ideas come first...

SHARP®

THE NATION

heartily disagree. But even in supporting him, they leave room for doubt. Mused one former Litton officer: "If he could read personality the way he reads charts, I guess he'd be the ultimate corporate head."

Litton's sagging profit curve and Ash's questionable managerial talents apparently do not trouble Nixon. What Nixon sees in Ash is a Horatio Alger success story much like his own. Los Angeles-born Ash did not attend college during the Depression years. Instead, he worked as a loan teller for the Bank of America. When World War II broke out, Ash joined the famous Air Force systems-analysis team, headed by Charles ("Tex") Thornton, that included Robert McNamara. After the war Ash was admitted to the Harvard Business School, even though he had no college degree, and was graduated number one in his class.

A restless, indefatigable man with a flair for statistics and corporate buzz words, Ash is similar to McNamara in many ways. He is an immaculate "clean-desk" administrator who reads three papers a day, believes that everything can be solved when all the facts are known, and has little patience with men who do not perform. He has little time for small talk and even less for social pretension—he still drives to work in a station wagon and wears shiny California suits. The father of five, Ash once applied his business instincts to a long family vacation in Europe. He told each child to pick a country he was interested in, learn all about it, study the language, make all the hotel and travel arrangements, and describe what he had learned about its history and lore to the rest of the family.

His energy and inventiveness helped make Litton the pioneer in the conglomerate field. Thornton and Ash founded the company in 1953 with a \$1.5 million loan. Today, though shaky, Litton is the 35th largest industrial company in the U.S. and the nation's eleventh largest defense contractor. But since the stock had dropped to 13% (it once was 120%), Ash's holdings in Litton are worth only \$3,000,000; his total personal assets come to about \$9,000,000. He announced last week that his Litton stock would be sold and the proceeds placed in a blind trust. Asked if he saw any conflict of interest between his ties at Litton and his new job, given Litton's connections and present disputes with the Department of Defense, Ash, in the best Nixonian language, replied: "When the Washington Redskins trade a football player, I doubt if in the next match he favors the team he just left."

IV. Union Man at Labor

When Peter Brennan, 54, dons his new soft hat as Secretary of Labor, he will be repaid, as it were, for the hardship he presented to the President 2½ years ago. At the height of the public outcry over the U.S. incursion into Cambodia, Brennan organized a massive union march down Wall Street in support of the President. An elated Nixon invited Brennan and other union leaders to the White House, and friendship flowered to such an extent that Brennan rallied New York labor to Nixon for his re-election.

How well Brennan's new hat will fit is another matter.* It is surely not one he is used to. Born and bred in Manhattan's Hell's Kitchen, given to plain speech laced with profanity, Brennan is a local power, to be sure, but he lacks a national constituency and—some

War II, then returned to New York to rise in union influence, volunteering for any assignment that came along. When he was elected president of the construction trades council in 1957, he turned a no-show job into a powerful one, mediating disputes among the fractious New York locals. At the end of tough, bruising squabbles, exasperated unions would turn to Brennan. "Awright Pete," one would say. "Whaddya want us to do?"

Failure. Such is his passion for the trades that Brennan, a Roman Catholic, has been known to trace their origin to Carpenter Jesus Christ. He has a craftsman's feeling for his country. "We build this country," he said at the time of the Wall Street march. "We build these beautiful buildings and churches and highways and bridges and schools. We love this country. We were afraid it was going down the drain and nobody was doing anything about it." Like other members of the craft unions, however, he is choosy about who gets to build. Because of the rigid apprenticeship programs, outsiders, especially those from minority groups, have a hard time getting in the unions. Opposed to federal intervention, Brennan helped formulate the New York plan, which was intended to train 800 black and Spanish-speaking people. After two years, only 545 have been accepted, and 22 have union cards. Blacks and city hall consider the plan a failure. But Brennan pledges to do more as Labor Secretary: "I'll get myself set up in the office first. Then I'll call in some of the leaders of the minority groups and see what we can do."

Brennan's flirtation with the G.O.P. began some time ago. He represents unions, after all, whose members are solidly established in the middle class since many of them make \$20,000 or more a year. Voting Republican was not all that traumatic. New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller made it easier by promoting so many construction projects round the state. Brennan has supported him in his last two bids for re-election. But taking the post under Nixon is a risk. Much as he may agree with the President on some issues, he is poles apart on others. He supports the minimum wage bill that the White House helped kill in the last Congress, and he wants an early end to wage and price controls. He is unlikely to be sympathetic toward Nixon's efforts to force moderate wage settlements as a new round of labor contracts are negotiated next year. But he is cocky. New York style. "The President doesn't want this Administration to be an arm of big business like the reputation the last one may have got," he says. No matter what the temptations, Brennan promises not to "forsake the worker." Asked if labor would now have a friend in the Administration, he replied: "You're damned right." Would he bring labor people into his department? "Damned right." Would he last in the job? "I'm gonna make a damned good try."



PETER BRENNAN

would say—anything approaching national vision. Though he is respected by George Meany, he is not a member of the AFL-CIO executive committee. He speaks for a well-paid labor elite, not for the industrial rank and file.

On his own turf, however, he has performed adroitly. Like any other labor leader, his first job is to get more money and benefits for his men, and that he has done. Wage scales for the construction unions in New York City are among the highest in the country, scandalously so in the opinion of many. Starting as a painter at Macy's department store, Brennan served aboard submarines in the Pacific during World

*Previous labor leaders who have served in the post: William Wilson, appointed 1913; James J. Davis, 1921; William N. Doak, 1930; Martin P. Durkin, 1953.

ARMED FORCES

Storm Warnings

The aircraft carrier *Kitty Hawk* nosed into the waters of San Diego harbor last week to end a marathon 9½-month tour at sea and to face a bitter post-mortem on one of the worst race riots in modern naval history. The sights and the sounds of the homecoming were mostly friendly, with helium-filled OPERATION WELCOME balloons lifting off the pier and mothers of crewmen's children born since the ship sailed waving from a special stand. But as the giant vessel came to port, two black crewmen, framed against the disk of the radar screen, lifted their fists in the black power salute.

According to crewmen, tensions began to mount on the *Kitty Hawk* almost as soon as Captain Marland W. Townsend Jr. took command in June. Formal and aloof, Townsend replaced Owen Oberg, a popular commanding officer who was given to moving among his crew and not above on occasion going over the side of the ship in a bosun's chair to wield a symbolic ship hammer. "He treated everyone as a minority of one," explained one sailor. Oberg had a way of sympathizing with the crew even when passing out an unpopular order, like the frequent extensions to the ship's tour of duty off the coast of Viet Nam. Recalled one crew member: "Ob would say, 'Hey, we're going back and we can't do anything about it.' He was cool. You knew there was a guy up there who knew you were alive."

Townsend was a different breed of leader. On the very rare occasions he was seen by the crew, he was usually accompanied by his Marine guard. He seldom went on the intercom to discuss events on the ship, and he was inconsistent in his policies governing matters such as hair length. When Townsend announced extensions of tour, one crew member claimed, he would say it was "a blessing in disguise." In such an atmosphere, already tense because of the long work hours and few shore leaves, little irritations festered into permanent sores, and idle talk ballooned into wild rumor.

Some scuffling between blacks and whites began in early October. The blacks circulated—and believed—a report that the whites had hired a karate expert to intimidate them. They also took umbrage at a rumor that two blacks who had slugged whites had been thrown into the brig, while a white who had beaten up a black was given only a warning. Just before the riot, frequent fights flashed through an enlisted men's club in Subic Bay, where the ship was docked for resupply and recreation.

Two days after the ship weighed anchor and set its course for Viet Nam, trouble broke out in the mess hall. According to one version, a white mess cook refused to give a black two sandwiches instead of the usual one. The black swore and called him a honky, and the mess cook slugged him. In another version, a black stepped away from his mess tray without putting an OCCUPIED sign on it, and a white mess boy tried to take it away.

Whatever small spark started the conflagration, there was plenty of brittle tinder lying about to keep it going.

A preliminary investigation report, put together by Navy officers and obtained by Downing last week, states that the riot really began when 30 or 40 blacks, screaming and yelling on the mess deck, were confronted by Marine guards with their nightsticks at the ready. According to the report, by the time the captain arrived, a couple of the blacks were holding chairs over their heads, and a white was exhorting the Marines to attack them with inflammatory remarks like, "Kill those niggers." At one point, a black mess cook grabbed a metal guard rail and heaved it at the Marines, striking the captain in the leg.

An all out free-for-all might still have been avoided, but was instead partially spurred on by a mix-up in orders. Fearing the worst, the ship's executive officer, Commander Ben Cloud, part black and part Indian, ordered all the blacks involved to the stern of the ship and the Marine guards toward the bow. A minute later, the captain countermanded the order, according to one witness, barking into the intercom "something like, 'If someone were to write a book on this cruise, this would have to be the most f---ed-up chapter. The ex-oh has been misinformed. Problems are not as bad as they seem. Everyone go about their business.'"

Bites. Their business, at that point, was rioting. Armed with tie-down chains, clubs, knives and tools, groups of both whites and blacks rampaged through the berthing quarters of the ship. When the fighting subsided six hours later, 40 whites and six blacks were injured. During the fight, one black was struggling with a white Marine when the Marine took a bite out of the black's leg. "If a black comes in here with a human bite on his leg, I want to know about it," the Marine told a hospital corpsman later. A black did show up with a leg bite and was immediately arrested.

A congressional subcommittee is currently investigating the *Kitty Hawk* riot, along with racial outbreaks on the carrier *Constellation* and the oiler *Hasayampa*, to determine whether or not such problems stem from a lack of discipline in the Navy. Meanwhile, the manner in which the *Kitty Hawk* conducts its courts-martial will also be watched carefully. A biracial Pentagon task-force report on military justice, released last week by Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, charged that there was a definite pattern of discrimination against blacks in the meting out of punishment. The report gave substance to black sailors' claims that recent riots have been fueled by discrimination; it also lent credence to recent statements by Elmo Zumwalt, chief of naval operations, who has attributed such insurrections to the fact that the Navy's "middle management" has not carried out his myriad programs to ease racial tension, rather than to any lack of discipline that could be traced to his reforms of traditional Navy regulations.



"KITTY HAWK" CAPTAIN WITH CAMERA AT DOCKING
Plenty of brittle tinder lying about.

The outline of the riot was known before the *Kitty Hawk* docked: a six-hour-long melee in which sailors attacked each other with chains and pipes, resulting in 46 injuries and 28 arrests. The full details of the violence will probably not be known until the end of the current court-martial proceedings against 22 black crew members, if then. However, TIME Correspondent Donn Downing interviewed several crew members of the *Kitty Hawk* after it docked and pieced together much of the atmosphere that led to the riot. One inevitable conclusion to be drawn from those interviews is that the trouble might have been avoided if the ship's captain had paid full heed to storm warnings, which had been flapping for weeks and months before.

Nationwide survey of independent TV servicemen reports Zenith Color TV needs fewest repairs.

Here are the questions and answers from a 175-city survey of multiple-brand TV service shops.

Which color TV needs the fewest repairs?

Independent TV servicemen were asked this question because they are in a unique position to judge the reliability of different color TV brands.

Every major brand sold in the U.S. was included in this study.

The servicemen named Zenith most often as the brand of color TV which requires the fewest repairs. More than twice as many named Zenith (30%) as mentioned the second-place brand.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	30%
Brand A	11%
Brand B	9%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	21%
Don't Know	11%

Which color TV is easiest to fix when it does need repairs?

When something goes wrong with a color TV, being able to fix it easily means a lower repair bill.

Zenith is named more often in the survey than any other brand as being the easiest to repair. One-third (34%) of the TV servicemen report Zenith Color TV is the easiest to repair. A significantly smaller percentage (25%) named the second-place brand as the easiest to repair, and a much smaller percentage named other brands.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say is easiest to repair?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	34%
Brand A	25%
Brand B	11%
Brand D	5%
Brand F	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand C	3%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	18%
Don't Know	1%

Which color TV would you prefer to own yourself?

Servicemen know color TV from the inside out. So we wanted their opinion on which brand they would buy today for themselves.

More servicemen named Zenith as the color TV they would buy (35%) than named any other brand.

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	35%
Brand A	21%
Brand B	12%
Brand D	7%
Brand E	5%
Brand C	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	1%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	6%
Don't Know	9%

NOTE: Answers total more than 100% because some servicemen named more than one brand.

How the survey was made.

One of the best-known research firms in America conducted this study of independent TV servicemen's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves in April, 1972, in 175 cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request.

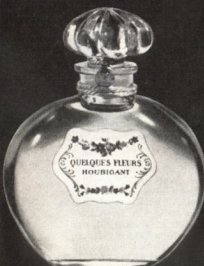


ZENITH
The quality goes in
before the name goes on

Chantilly
can shake her
world.



HOUBIGANT



Quelques Fleurs
The beginning of a
beautiful past.

PERFUME FROM \$10.00
GIFT SETS FROM \$5.00 TO \$30.00

PENNSYLVANIA

Bitter Abortion Battle

Many of the laws of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania remain unchanged from colonial times, and when Liberal Democratic Governor Milton Shapp was elected two years ago, he promised sweeping reform. He reckoned without the strength of a revitalized conservative coalition in the state legislature, consisting of more than 100 Roman Catholics in both houses, mostly from urban and suburban areas, aided by like-minded rural legislators. Working together, the two groups represent a formidable constituency: Pennsylvania has four million Catholic residents and the highest rural population in the nation. The Governor also reckoned without State Representative Martin P. Mullen, 51, an archconservative

olitic *Standard & Times*, the official organ of the archdiocese of Philadelphia. Last June the campaign paid off: the liberal bill was easily defeated, and the conservative bill was adopted by both houses and sent to Shapp for his signature. Mullen warned the Governor that if he attempted to stop the bill through veto or pocket veto he would run against him in the Democratic primary next year.

While Shapp mulled over what to do, the protest and counterprotest boiled on. In an unusual turn, Patricia Arney, 32, a divorcee who is a district Democratic committeewoman, revealed to the *Philadelphia Inquirer* that State Senator Henry J. Cianfrani, 49, one of the conservative bill's strongest supporters, had paid for her abortion in 1970 while they were having an affair, and produced a receipt for his check to prove it. He did not deny their

STEINMETZ—PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER



STATE SENATOR HENRY CIANFRANI

Striking a blow against hypocrisy amid protest and counterprotest.



ABORTION ADVOCATE PATRICIA ARNEY

Philadelphia Catholic, veteran of ten two-year terms and the head of the powerful house appropriations committee.

Mullen, backed by equally conservative John Cardinal Krol and his Pennsylvania Catholic Conference, decided that the state, with its 35% Catholic population, was natural terrain to make a stand against the trend to more liberal laws on public morality. The battle was joined over the issue of abortion. To counter a liberal abortion bill, the conservatives proposed a bill of their own that outlawed abortion altogether except when a panel of three physicians certified that the mother's life was endangered. It made no allowance for victims of rape, incest or mental illness. Supporting the conservative bill, the Catholic Conference ran a long and costly campaign that included weekly pictures of truncated fetuses and aborted embryos on Page One of the *Cath-*

relationship, but said that he had given her the money to visit her family in Toledo and did not know that there had been an abortion. Though the disclosure caused yowls of protest on the floor of the state senate, letters to the *Inquirer* ran 10 to 1 in favor of Arney's blow against hypocrites.

Last week Shapp, calling the bill "unsound, unenforceable and totally unfair," vetoed it. Mullen failed to muster the three-fourths majority necessary to override the veto, leaving the state functionally without an abortion law of any kind, since lower courts have declared the present statute unconstitutionally vague and appeals are pending. With that, Mullen sounded the charge for his race against Shapp next spring, which could be among the bitterest elections in Pennsylvania's history: he called the Governor's veto the result of a "paganistic, atheistic philosophy."

IS THE OLD TICKER RUNNING OUT ON YOU?



You've had some good times.

But the old ticker ain't what it used to be.

It slows up, it stops, it makes you realize you need something new.

But instead of a new ticker, what you need is something that tells time a whole other way: A hummer.

It has no mainspring or balance wheel that can make tickers tick too fast or too slow.

Instead, it has a tuning fork movement that's guaranteed to keep it accurate to within a minute a month.* And it keeps accurate to within a minute a month, month after month.

So when it came to naming our hummer, we had no problems.

We just started with the word "Accurate" and proceeded from there.

ACCUTRON® BY BULOVA

Accutron Date/Day "B", 14k gold filled case with matching textured band. Date resets instantly. \$250. Accutron Date/Day "BH", 14k solid gold case and tapered band with Accutron symbol design throughout. Date resets instantly. \$750. Accutron Astronaut Mark II "K", 14k solid gold case. Tells time in two time zones simultaneously. Date resets instantly. \$300. Accutron Date/Day "BC", All stainless steel. Luminous hands and markers. Date resets instantly. \$185. Other styles from \$110. *Timekeeping will be adjusted to this tolerance, if necessary, if returned to Accutron dealer from whom purchased within one year from date of purchase.

The First Freedom:

Freedom from
the worry of taxes
consuming the estate
you leave them.



You've made your will. But you know that today a will alone won't prevent taxes from diminishing your estate. So you worry.

The First National Bank of Chicago can help free you from this worry.

A First Trust Officer, together with your lawyer, can show you how Personal Trusts—and other legal vehicles—can keep taxes from consuming your estate.

They will cover every detail of estate planning with you. Especially your two most important tax savings: the marital deduction, and avoiding the "second tax" when your family trust passes from your wife to your children. They'll explain everything.

Your First Trust Officer, guided by your estate plan, will give your beneficiaries his complete personal attention.

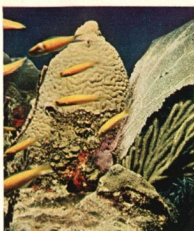
He understands your concern about insuring your family's welfare. After all, he's a family man, too.

Why not check with your lawyer and call Dan Wegner at (312) 732-4301. He can free you from worry.


**The
First National Bank
of Chicago**
Personal Trust Service



Nassau is the Royal Bahamas Police Band beating the retreat.



Nassau is a glass-bottom boat ride to the golden sea garden off Rose Island.



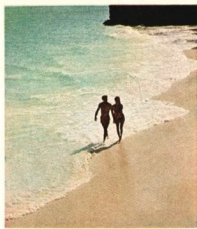
Nassau is Paradise Island and Café Martinique and a red velvet casino.



Nassau is a surrey ride by stately mansions and green-grey casuarinas.



Nassau is Peanuts Taylor and Lionel and the Electric Train.



Nassau is Paradise Beach. Yamacraw Beach. Cable Beach. And Love Beach.



Andros is where Nassau is. In the Bahamas. Andros is just one of the 700 Bahama Out Islands. The settlement under coconut palms at Staniard Creek. The treasure caves at Morgan's Bluff. The third largest underwater reef in the world. Incredible. When you come to the Bahamas, you come to a sea of islands. Starting 50 miles off the Florida coast. Once you are there, you can have it quiet. Or not so quiet. Or not quiet at all. And all you have to do is see your travel agent.

The Bahamas. Not out of the way. Just out of this world.

Bahama Islands Tourist Office, 200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131



The gift with nothing to assemble
but special friends. Johnnie Walker Red.

The world's favorite Scotch for the world's favorite season.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., New York, N.Y.

Apollo 17: Farewell Mission to the Moon

ONCE again the earth will tremble for miles around. Once again tongues of flame will spill across Cape Kennedy's Pad 39A. Once again a mighty rocket will lift into the sky. But, if all goes according to plan, this week's scheduled blast-off of Apollo 17 will be remarkably different from past launches. It will take place at night, turning dark into daylight at the cape, presenting a fiery spectacle that may be seen by millions of people from Cuba to as far north as the Carolinas. The magnificent display will serve as a fitting farewell not only to the departing astronauts but to the entire Apollo program. For with the launch of Apollo 17, the U.S. is bringing to an end its exploration of the moon.

Historians will have a difficult time explaining the decision to abandon the Apollo program. Having trained the men, perfected the techniques and designed the equipment to explore the earth's own satellite, having achieved the ability to learn more about man's place in the universe, Americans lost the will and the vision to press on. Barely three years after the first lunar landing, the nation that made it all possible has turned its thoughts inward and away from space.

Three additional manned missions to the moon originally planned by NASA have been canceled for lack of congressional funding and public support. Though the U.S. spent \$5.9 billion to develop the complex Apollo system of rockets, the production of Saturn boosters has been halted. The painstakingly assembled team of skilled technicians, engineers and scientists that made Apollo possible is slowly being disbanded.

Despite gloom at the Manned Spacecraft Center in Houston, there are encouraging signs that man's ability to explore the solar system will not be completely lost. Next year NASA will use one of its surplus Saturns to launch Skylab, a primitive orbital station in which three men will remain in space for up to 36 days. In 1975 a spare Apollo will take part in the greatly publicized linkup with a Soviet Soyuz, an operation that will serve as a gesture of amity between the two great space rivals and also help develop space-rescue techniques. Finally, in the late 1970s NASA hopes to fly its vaunted space shuttle—a hybrid of spaceship and rocket plane that could ferry men and supplies to orbital launch pads for journeys far beyond the moon.

In America and elsewhere, there are those who have branded the moon landings as brazen propaganda ploys or technological stunts. They are prisoners of limited vision who cannot comprehend, or do not care, that Neil Armstrong's step in the lunar dust will be well remembered when most of today's burning issues have become mere footnotes to history.

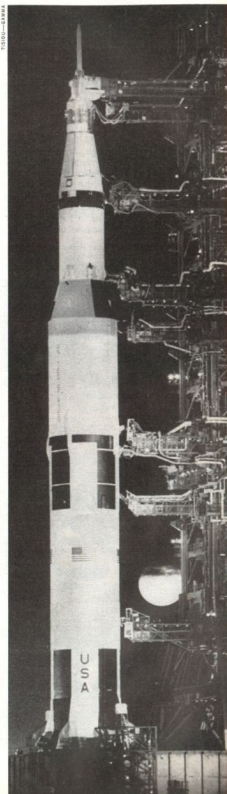
Yet even those who have pressed hardest for an end to manned space flight so that funds can be diverted to social needs on earth, cannot gainsay Apollo's ultimate value. The dramatic landings on the moon won acclaim and worldwide respect for America in a decade when the U.S. garnered more disapproval and distrust than at any other time in its history. Wherever touring astronauts appeared, on either side of the Iron Curtain, they were cheered by huge, admiring crowds.

But Apollo's contributions go far beyond nationalistic considerations and even the highly touted technological spin-offs from space (like fuel cells and miniature computers). The moon flights have made man aware of the finiteness of his planet and the bonds between the people who dwell on it. "To see the earth as it truly is," wrote Poet Archibald MacLeish after Apollo 8's Christmas Eve orbit of the moon in 1968, "is to see ourselves as riders on the earth together, brothers on that bright loveliness in the eternal cold."

Anti-Science. As Science Fiction Writer Ray Bradbury recalls, H.G. Wells may well have anticipated the anti-science movement in his screenplay for the classic 1936 movie *Things To Come*. In the film a raging mob—including the intellectuals of the day—besiege the first spaceship to be launched from earth. "We don't want mankind to go out to the moon and the planets!" shouts the mob's leader. "We shall hate you more if you succeed than if you fail. Is there never to be calm and happiness for man?" Despite the protests, the moonship is shot skyward from a space cannon and an onlooker philosophizes: "For man, no rest and no ending. He must go on—conquest beyond conquest." Many Americans today have begun to wonder just how long and how far Western man can continue these conquests: whether the relentless, Faustian striving to dominate nature should not give way to the Eastern ideal of living in harmony with nature.

It is a genuine and perhaps momentous issue. But chances are that the modern world's answer will remain Wells's answer: that man must first conquer "this little planet, its winds and ways, and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him, and at last out across immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the depths of space and all the mysteries of time, still he will be beginning."

In the following pages, TIME takes a close-up look at Apollo's final journey, reviews in words and color photos the entire U.S. manned space program and provides the scenario for a space odyssey that may well excite mankind in the 1980s as did the awesome accomplishments of the Apollo program that is ending with this week's mission.



Three Days at Taurus-Littrow

WHEN, if all goes well, Apollo 17's lunar module *Challenger* makes the final approach for a landing on the moon, it will let down toward a dramatic landscape: a wide valley guarded by three massive, well-rounded mountains that tower as high as 7,000 ft. "Once we're there," insists Apollo 17's commander, Gene Cernan, "I'm going to get us down." He will have little margin for error: only a few miles downrange of *Challenger's* glide path are the towering Taurus Mountains; to the northeast lies the giant crater Littrow. Much as the landing site for America's sixth (and last) scheduled expedition to the moon's surface will test the astronauts' piloting skills, it should be even more of a scientific challenge. A combination of ancient highlands and a younger lowland valley, the Taurus-Littrow* site promises to provide the moon walkers with two major scientific prizes: the youngest and the oldest rocks yet found on the moon.

The route to Taurus-Littrow will be unusual. Because of the relative posi-

tions of the earth, moon and sun in early December, Apollo 17, following the standard trajectory of the moon, would remain in the moon's shadow for nine hours. The spacecraft would, in effect, experience a total solar eclipse, which would screen it completely from the sun's rays and deprive it of essential heat. Thus, to avoid damage to Apollo's systems, the spacecraft will be sent on a trajectory that shortens its "cold soak" to an acceptable two hours. The longer route will add half a day to the total flight time (85½ hours). That change—along with NASA's requirements for the proper sun angle at the Taurus-Littrow site during landing—make it necessary to launch Apollo 17 at night. Early in the Apollo program, a night launch would have given NASA pause; in the event of an abort shortly after blast-off, the astronauts would have to be fished from the waters of the Atlantic in darkness. But NASA now has such confidence in its launch and recovery techniques that it considers a night pickup to be a relatively safe procedure.

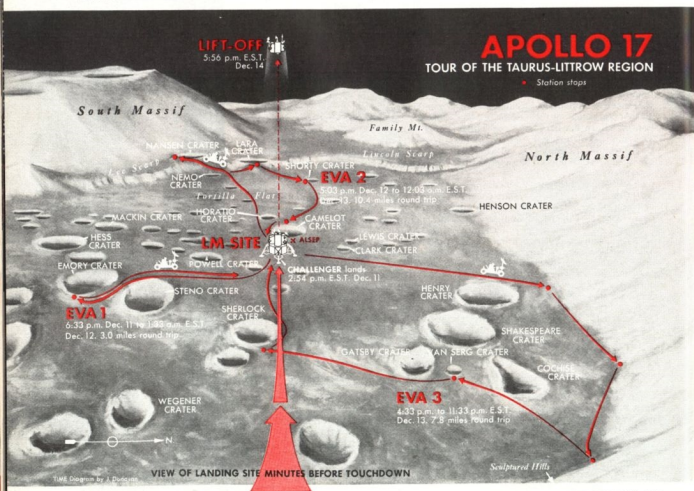
Apollo is scheduled to swing into lunar orbit at 2:49 p.m. E.S.T. Sunday,

Dec. 10. Next day, leaving Ron Evans behind in *America*, the command ship, Cernan and Jack Schmitt will climb aboard the lunar module *Challenger*, cast off two hours later and, at 2:54 p.m., touch down on the black dust of the Taurus-Littrow Valley. Less than four hours later, Cernan will emerge from *Challenger's* hatch. His descent down the lander's ladder and the familiar post-landing activities will not be seen on earth. To save weight for scientific experiments and fuel for hovering, mission planners eliminated both the TV connections to the side of the LM and the bulky tripod on which the camera was later mounted.

Picture transmission to earth will begin about an hour after the first EVA (for ExtraVehicular Activity) begins, when the Houston-controlled color TV camera is finally set up on its mounting at the front end of the lunar rover.

A short time later, Schmitt will probably be seen carrying off the familiar dumbbell-shaped package of scientific gear called ALSEP (for Apollo Lunar Surface Experiments Package). At a site some 300 ft. west of *Challenger*, Geologist Schmitt, with Cernan's help, will set up the five ALSEP experiments, giving space scientists

*Named for the heavenly constellation Taurus ("The Bull") and the 19th century Austrian astronomer-mathematician Johann von Littrow.



SPACE

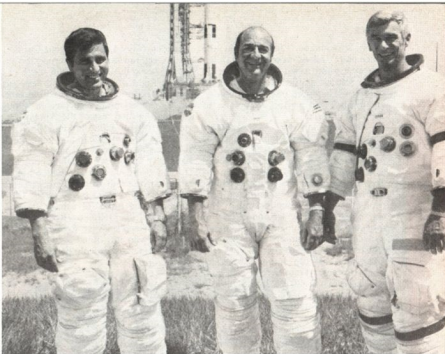
their fifth automatic observatory on the moon (see *Lunar Science*, page 44). The ALSEP experiment that the scientists are particularly eager to monitor involves two probes that measure the flow of heat from the moon's interior. During Apollo 16, that \$1,200,000 experiment was ruined when Astronaut John Young tripped over one of the cables connecting the probes to the central transmitter and ripped the wire loose. To avoid the possibility of a similar accident, all of ALSEP's external leads have been fitted with stress absorbers—folded tucks in the leads that will come undone if they are tugged too hard.

After buckling themselves into the rover the astronauts will continue their first EVA by driving southeast for about one mile to the edge of a 2,000-ft.-wide crater called Emory. It is here that Schmitt hopes to recover fine-grained dark material, called pyroclastics (literally, broken up by fire), which may be a sign of relatively recent volcanic eruptions. If Schmitt's trained eye happens to spot any interesting material between scheduled stops, he will be able to pick it up without leaving his seat in the rover; at hand will be an extension pole with a device similar to a Dixie cup holder at its far end. After he scoops up a rock or dust with the topmost cup in the holder, Schmitt will remove the cup and its contents, seal the little container and stow it away.

During this EVA, the astronauts will plant the first three of the eight small packages of explosives that NASA calls "the world's safest land mines." Equipped with radio receivers and timers, the packages will be ignited by signals from earth after the astronauts leave the moon. Their blasts—which will register on the ALSEP's geophones and thus provide data about the moon's interior—may well be seen on earth through the remote-controlled TV camera atop the abandoned rover.

Volcanic Eruption. Refreshed after an eight-hour sleep period, the astronauts are scheduled to start their second EVA at 5:03 p.m. Tuesday, Dec. 12. Heading southwest, they will drive nearly four miles to the base of South Massif and collect samples from a rock-strewn region that scientists believe was formed by a huge landslide from the upper slopes of that mountain billions of years ago. Scientists hope that the rocks consist largely of highland material far older than the relatively young rock of the valley floor. En route back to the LM, the astronauts will stop at a 300-ft.-wide crater called Shorty, which may yield entirely different material: deep-lying rock that was either ejected by a meteor impact or a volcanic eruption that occurred after the landslide covered the area.

The final moon walk will begin at 4:33 p.m. Wednesday, Dec. 13. Cernan and Schmitt will stop at the base of North Massif for more ancient samples. Then they will veer eastward to more gentle slopes, which they have



APOLLO 17'S SCHMITT, EVANS & CERNAN AT THE CAPE

dubbed the Sculptured Hills. Heading south again, they will stop at 260-ft.-wide Van Serg (the puckyish pen name of one of Schmitt's Harvard geology professors) Crater, and thread their way through a field of giant boulders that may have been ejected from nearby Sherlock Crater.

In the final hour of the third EVA, Cernan and Schmitt will gather their samples and gear, possibly make a last check of the experimental station and park the rover far enough from *Challenger* to protect the TV camera from the blast-off. Schmitt will climb back into *Challenger* first, briefly leaving Cernan alone on the surface of the moon—the last American to stand in lunar dust for some time to come. According to friends, Cernan is planning to say—and perhaps do—something appropriate for the memorable moment.

At 5:56 p.m. Thursday, Dec. 14, *Challenger's* ascent stage will lift Cernan and Schmitt off the moon to rejoin Ron Evans in the orbiting *America*. The dramatic launch should be photographed by the rover's camera. Early next morning, *Challenger's* ascent stage will be sent crashing into the upper slopes of South Massif; the impact will also give seismologists another jolting "look" at the moon's interior. Almost two days later, as the astronauts pass around the far side of the moon for the last time, they will fire *America's* main engine to kick the ship out of lunar orbit and begin the three-day journey home. At 2:24 p.m. Tuesday, Dec. 19, *America* should splash down in the balmy waters of the South Pacific, about 350 miles southeast of Samoa, ending the Apollo project's farewell mission to the moon.

Crew: Scientist, Veteran, Rookie

It has always been a source of great annoyance to scientists: though the Apollo program is one of the milestones in the history of scientific exploration, they have been precluded from participating directly in it. Now, confidant of the Apollo landing techniques perfected by the military pilots on previous missions, NASA has chosen a handsome 37-year-old geologist named Harrison ("Jack") Schmitt to be copilot of Apollo 17. If all goes well, Schmitt next week will take a historic step: he will become the first scientist from earth to walk on another world.

Schmitt's preparation began long before Apollo was conceived. The son of a mining geologist, he grew up in Silver City, N. Mex., and decided early in life to become a geologist himself. As a youngster he visited mining camps, explored Indian reservations and made rock-hunting forays into the lunar-like deserts of the Southwest. At Caltech he studied under Ian Campbell and other noted earth scientists, including some of the men who will be watching his every move over TV from Mission Control's science support room.

In 1964, armed with a new doctorate in geology from Harvard, Schmitt joined the U.S. Geological Survey at Flagstaff, Ariz. There he was assigned the job of assembling photographs taken by unmanned Ranger spacecraft into detailed lunar maps for future moon walkers. Schmitt was fascinated by the task. Recalls former NASA Geologist

SPACE

Gene Shoemaker: "Jack caught the space bug." Indeed, as soon as NASA began recruiting scientist-astronauts in 1965, Schmitt applied. He was accepted despite a minor physical problem: an unusual and painful elongation of the large intestine.

The decision by NASA doctors proved sound. Throughout his rigorous preparation, the geologist-astronaut has maintained superb health and excelled as a trainee. He ranked second in his class of 50 at Air Force flight school, and has spent countless hours on field trips everywhere from Iceland to Hawaii teaching fellow astronauts how to spot and select geologically significant rocks. He worked closely with NASA scientists in devising scoops, shovels and other tools for the moon. Says NASA Flight Director Gene Kranz: "If anyone deserves a flight, it is Jack Schmitt."

As a professional geologist, Schmitt will be under intense pressure to provide his colleagues with the best possible lunar specimens and descriptions of the landscape. To make sure that his performance meets his own high standards, Schmitt has been working at a furious pace. Scientists in Houston still talk about the time they took Schmitt to lunch at a local topless restaurant, where they all engaged in the usual space-flight shoptalk. Later, when one of the group asked what he thought of the amply proportioned girl who had served him, Bachelor Schmitt was astonished. "When was she topless?" he asked. "I didn't even notice."

Schmitt's companion on the surface of the moon will be the mission com-

mander, Navy Captain Eugene Cernan, 38. A veteran astronaut, Cernan took a space walk during the 1966 earth-orbiting flight of Gemini 9 and flew the Apollo 10 lunar module to within nine miles of the moon's surface in 1969, during the final test of the Apollo system before an actual landing. Born on Chicago's North Side to first-generation Czechoslovak-American parents, he excelled in athletics in high school but turned down college football scholarships in order to study engineering at Purdue and join the naval ROTC. Married and the father of a nine-year-old girl, he is deeply religious (Roman Catholic), a friend of Vice President Spiro Agnew (who has dined at the Cernan home) and unashamedly patriotic. "For

me," he says of the first lunar landing, "it wasn't that man first stepped out on the moon; it was that an American was planting the American flag for all the world to see."

Commander Ronald Evans, 39, Apollo 17's third crew member, is also a Navy flyer. In fact, he and Cernan were studying together at the Navy's Postgraduate School in Monterey, Calif., in 1963 when Cernan learned that he had been accepted by NASA and Evans was told that he had been turned down (he made it three years later). "That night," Evans recalls, "Gene and I went out and got totally sloshed." Born in the Kansas wheat-belt town of St. Francis, where his father worked for a wheat-silage company, Evans was an Eagle Scout, a math whiz and an all-around athlete. After graduating from the University of Kansas, where he held an NROTC scholarship, he won his wings at Pensacola, Fla. Subsequently he flew

100 carrier missions off Indochina and became the first Viet Nam veteran in the astronaut ranks. A modish dresser (typical garb: white slacks, maroon sports jacket, pink tie and shirt), he is married and the father of two children: a daughter, 13, and a son, 11. As pilot of the command ship *America*, he will remain in orbit around the moon while Schmitt and Cernan explore the lunar surface. Unlike earlier command pilots, he will not be totally alone. In lunar orbit with him will be the participants in a medical experiment to determine the effects of cosmic rays on space travelers: five pocket mice.



A Space Portfolio

The following picture pages offer a color chronology of the American manned-space effort. Each of the 26 flights that the U.S. has sent into space up through Apollo 16 is represented, from the first Mercury launch in 1961 through the two-man Gemini series in the mid-'60s to Apollo's successful assault on the moon.

Mercury

- (a) Alan Shepard aboard Mercury 3* spacecraft just before the first U.S. sub-orbital flight.
- (b) Mercury 4 on the pad a few days before it carried Virgil Grissom into space.
- (c) New York welcomes John Glenn, accompanied by wife and Vice President Johnson, after first U.S. earth-orbiting mission in Mercury 6.
- (d) Scott Carpenter awaits pickup in Pacific after landing 250 miles off target in Mercury 7.

*The missing flight numbers—for example, Mercury 1 and 2—represent missions that were unmanned tests.

- (e) Mercury 8's Wally Schirra takes a joyful postflight stretch on carrier deck.
- (f) Navy recovery team picking up Gordon Cooper and his Mercury 9 spacecraft.

Gemini

- (g) Grissom and John Young preparing to board Gemini 3.
- (h) Ed White takes first U.S. space walk during flight of Gemini 4.
- (i) Gemini 5 lifts off from the Cape.
- (j) A view of Gemini 7 from Gemini 6 during the first rendezvous in orbit.
- (k) Frogmen attaching flotation collar to Gemini 6, which was belatedly launched after Gemini 7.
- (l) Agena target rocket with which Gemini 8 completed first space docking.
- (m) A bulky protective shroud on another Agena that to Gemini 9's Tom Stafford looked like "an angry alligator."
- (n) Gemini 10's Young and Michael Collins.
- (o) A view of Indian subcontinent—and protruding spacecraft antenna—from Gemini 11.
- (p) Edwin ("Buzz") Aldrin climbs out of Gemini 12.

Apollo

- (q) Third-stage Saturn 4B booster after separation from Apollo 7.
- (r) Earthrise seen by Apollo 8 as it emerges from far side of moon on Christmas Eve.
- (s) Dave Scott pokes head out of Apollo 9's command module *Gumdrop*.
- (t) Apollo 10's lunar module *Snoopy* just before rejoining command ship *Charlie Brown* in first docking in lunar orbit.
- (u) Father and son look across Banana River at Apollo 11 lifting off for first lunar landing; Aldrin standing at attention near flag at Tranquility Base.
- (v) Apollo 12's Pete Conrad, Richard Gordon and Al Bean beginning post-flight quarantine aboard carrier *Hornet*.
- (w) As Navy chaplain offers prayers, Apollo 13's James Lovell, Fred Haise and John Swigert bow their heads after their near disaster in space.
- (x) Apollo 14's lander *Antares* at dawn of a lunar day.
- (y) Crew of Apollo 15 being hoisted aboard recovery helicopter after splash-down.
- (z) Young riding Apollo 16's lunar rover in moon's Descartes region.

Mercury



(a) 3 (May, 1961)



(b) 4 (July, 1961)



(d) 7 (May, 1962)



(c) 6 (Feb., 1962)



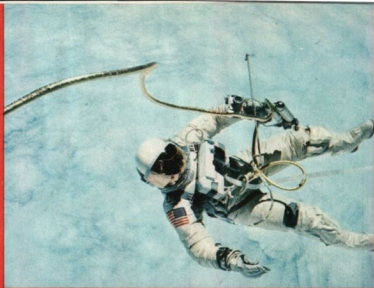
(f) 9 (May, 1963)

(e) 8 (Oct., 1962)

Gemini



(g) 3 (March, 1965)



(h) 4 (June, 1965)



(k) 6a (Dec., 1965)



(l) 8 (March, 1966)



(m) 9a (June, 1966)

Apollo



(q) 7 (Oct., 1968)



(r) 8 (Dec., 1968)



(i) 5 (Aug., 1965)



(j) 7 (Dec., 1965)



(n) 10 (July, 1966)



(o) 11 (Sept., 1966)

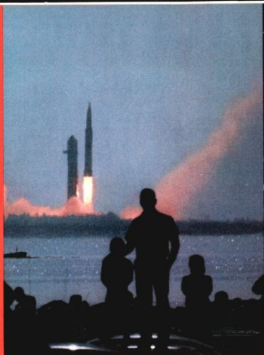


(p) 12 (Nov., 1966)

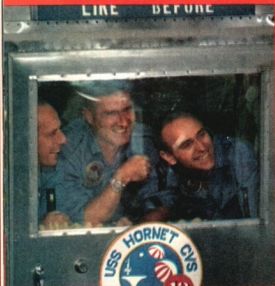


(i) 10 (May, 1969)

(s) 9 (March, 1969)



(u) 11 (July, 1969)



(v) 12 (Nov., 1969)



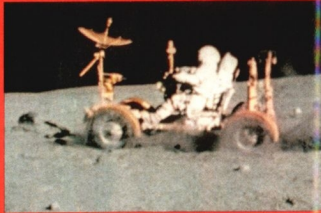
(w) 13 (April, 1970)



(x) 14 (Feb., 1971)



(y) 15 (Aug., 1971)



(x) 16 (April, 1972)

The Greening of the Astronauts

What are astronauts?

What am I?

Hero, pilot, explorer in love

With myself and with my work,

Unheeding the many dangers that lurk

In outer space or here on earth,

I accept all as due my birth.

—Al Worden

BEFORE Apollo 15 carried him to the moon in July 1971, Astronaut Worden had never been particularly introspective. Poetry had had no place in his life; he rarely read any, and he had never written a line. But something happened to Worden as he orbited the moon alone in the command ship *Endeavor* while his crewmates explored the lunar surface. Since his return, he has been moved to put his feelings about space flight into verse, some of it deeply personal and soul searching. Worden's new interest is only one example of an extraordinary post-flight phenomenon. In spite of their undesired reputation as unemotional automatons, many of America's 32 space travelers have been profoundly moved by their experiences away from earth. In some cases, they have returned to begin entirely different lives. Says Apollo 9 Astronaut Rusty Schweickart: "I am not the same man. None of us are."

Deeply Moved. Schweickart himself is a striking example of what might be called the Lunar Effect. Before the flight he was totally committed to his life as an astronaut. But as he floated outside Apollo 9 on his space walk 160 miles above the earth, he was overwhelmed by emotion. "I completely lost my identity as an American astronaut," he says. "I felt a part of everyone and everything sweeping past me below." Now he spends long hours at a Houston clinic for drug addicts, takes part in a volunteer telephone-counseling service for troubled youngsters, and is involved in a local chapter of practitioners of transcendental meditation.

"Something happens to you out there," explains Apollo 14 Astronaut Ed Mitchell. As a result of what happened to him, he has since quit the space program, divorced his wife and begun to devote himself full-time to an unlikely pursuit for an M.I.T. graduate: research into extrasensory perception (ESP), which he feels may help people round the world to achieve greater "intuitive" communication.

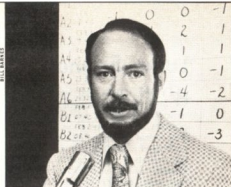
Walking on the moon was a religious experience for Apollo 15 Astronaut Jim Irwin, who was "deeply moved by the beauty of the lunar mountains and felt the presence of God." A month after his return, he says, "I knew that God had called me to his service." He quit the astronaut program, dubbed himself the "moon missionary," and became a lay preacher on the Southern Baptist evangelical circuit.

While he was peering out of the hatch of Apollo 16 onto the lunar landscape, Charles Duke recalls, "I was overwhelmed by the certainty that what I was witnessing was part of the universality of God." When he looked at his fresh footprints in the almost ageless lunar dust, "I just choked up. Tears came. It was the most deeply moving experience of my life." Even the sometimes brittle Alan Shepard, America's first man in space, admits that he has changed: "I was a rotten s.o.b. before I left. Now I'm just an s.o.b."

The deepest emotions in space seem to have involved man's home planet. Says Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon and now a professor of engineering at the University of Cincinnati: "I remember on the trip home on Apollo 11 it suddenly struck me that that tiny pea, pretty and blue, was the earth. I put up my thumb and shut one eye, and my thumb blotted out the planet earth. I didn't feel like a giant. I felt very, very small." To Apollo 8's Bill Anders, seeing the earth from out there evoked "feelings about humanity and human needs that I never had before." Tom Stafford, a veteran of the Gemini 6 and 9 and Apollo 10 flights, puts it more strongly: "You don't look down at the world as an American but as a human being." Other astronauts found the isolation of space exhilarating even when they were behind the moon, out of touch with the earth. Michael Collins was actually delighted to be left behind in the Apollo 11 command ship after Armstrong and Aldrin departed for their moon walk: "I knew I was alone in a way that no earthing had ever been before."

Seen from space, the distant earth turned the thoughts of many astronauts to environmental problems. "I wondered how everyone is going to live on that small, crowded globe," recalls John Young of Apollo 10 and 16. Even during the tense hours after the explosion of an oxygen tank, Apollo 13's Jack Swigert found himself concerned with the terrestrial environment—and suddenly certain about how to preserve it: "I became convinced that space technology—earth-resources satellites, solar-energy generators, global communications networks and the like—is the answer to the environmental disasters that threaten this fragile earth."

Compulsion. Some astronauts were less affected by their trips in space than by the acclaim afterward. When he returned from the first lunar landing, Buzz Aldrin, Armstrong's moon-walking companion, found himself totally unequipped to play the hero's role during the countless public appearances required of him. Soon he was on his



APOLLO 14'S ED MITCHELL



SCHWEICKART & YOGI TOUR SPACE CENTER
An extraordinary postflight phenomenon.

way to what he now calls "a good old-fashioned American nervous breakdown." In contrast, other astronauts seem to have taken full advantage of the acclaim: John Glenn made a run for the U.S. Senate in Ohio, Wally Schirra appeared as a commentator and in commercials on television, Frank Borman took over a vice presidency at Eastern Airlines, and Al Shepard has made lucrative connections within Houston's business community. In fact, once the glow of fame wears off, some astronauts have found it painful to slip back into anonymity. "You know, the honeymoon stop doing handstands when you walk into a room, that sort of thing," says Mike Collins, who is personally pleased to be free of that artificial life-style. Adds Pete Conrad, Apollo 12's ebullient commander: "Who is a bigger bore than a former college football player who bends your ears about all those touchdowns he scored?"

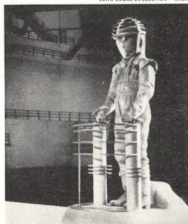
Though the impact of their experience varies widely, most astronauts agree that there is an inevitable, universal consequence of space flight, perhaps best expressed by Ed Mitchell: "You develop an instant global consciousness, a people orientation, an intense dissatisfaction with the state of the world and a compulsion to do something about it." If that is a significant effect of space flight, and if it can be conveyed successfully to the people of the world, the payoff from Apollo may be inestimably richer than anyone anticipated.

Lunar Science: Light Amid the Heat

BEFORE man's first lunar landing, most scientists thought of the moon as a Rosetta stone: an untouched repository of precious clues that would help reveal its origin and history, to say nothing of providing new insights about the evolution of the earth and other planets. Now, after five successful landings, many of their fondest hopes have been realized. The Apollo missions have brought back 594 lbs. of lunar rocks and soil, thousands of photographs and a flood of data that have changed some of man's basic concepts about the moon. But many of the mysteries remain. Indeed, the very act of exploration has created new lunar puzzles. "The moon," says Geophysicist Gerald Wasserburg, whose laboratory at Caltech has dated many of the lunar rocks, "is now giving us answers that we don't even have questions for."

Apollo samples show, for example,

JOHN CORAL COLLECTION—NASA



ASTRONAUTS FROM H.G. WELLS'S "THINGS TO COME" & APOLLO 12
Answers from the moon for which there are no questions.

that the moon and earth have significantly different chemical compositions. That finding challenges the old idea that the moon was ripped from the earth. Yet scientists are still at a loss to explain how—or when—it was formed. Paleomagnetic studies of lunar rock indicate that the moon once had an unexpectedly strong magnetic field—and thus a large molten iron core. Yet equally valid data suggest that a core of significant size could not have existed. Even the ages of the rocks present new problems. The oldest specimens show that the moon's surface underwent a violent event about 3.9 billion years ago that remelted them, but scientists are still debating what might have caused that cataclysm.

For all the heat, Apollo has shed considerable light on the moon. It has revealed that the moon—and presumably the earth—was under incredibly intense bombardment by great chunks of space debris in the first 600 million to 800 million years after its formation 4.6

billion years ago. But by 3.1 billion years ago this bombardment stopped. The evidence returned by Apollo shows that the moon's surface has remained virtually unchanged through those cons of time. Perhaps most important of all, exploration of the moon has shown that it is not a simple, uncomplicated sphere but a true planetary body with a complex history and evolution of its own. Like the earth, the moon was once at least partially molten, and thus became differentiated (many heavier elements sank toward its center, while lighter elements floated to the surface to form a crust). In the words of Apollo's chief scientist, Noel Hinners: "It is a piece of the solar pot from which all the inner planets are made. We had no idea of that before we went there." Indeed, it is the rich lode of moon data already brought back by Apollo that makes the premature conclusion of the program



bound scientists monitor the bombardment of cosmic dust particles and micrometeorites on the moon's surface; an array of four listening devices—geophones—that can pick up shock waves from explosive charges that will be detonated after the astronauts leave and should tell much about the substructure of the landing site; an extremely sensitive gravimeter that is designed to pick up minuscule variations in lunar surface gravity.

Gravity Waves. Recording those tiny variations on the moon could go a long way toward settling an argument currently raging among physicists. Several years ago, University of Maryland Physicist Joseph Weber astonished his colleagues with the announcement that he had detected gravity waves. Predicted by Einstein's 1916 general theory of relativity, such waves are the vehicles presumed to transmit gravitational energy across space. Critics have contended that Weber's detectors probably sensed some of the earth's own rumblings. But if sudden variations in gravity are now simultaneously picked up by a detector on the moon and a comparable device on earth, the skeptics may well be silenced.

During their travels across Taurus-Littrow, Astronauts Cernan and Schmitt will also perform several new "traverse" experiments. They will take on-the-spot measurements to determine local fluctuations in the moon's gravitational field in hopes of learning something about the density and structure of the material under the site. With data from a device called a "neutron probe," scientists will be able to calculate how long a particular sample has been lying on or near the lunar surface. The astronauts will also send penetrating microwaves into the lunar surface with a new radio transmitting-receiving system. The pattern of the reflected signals could indicate, among other things, whether water is present up to a mile under the surface.

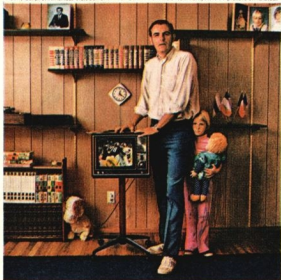
While his buddies work on the moon, Ron Evans will be making his scientific contributions from high above in *America*. Besides intensive picture taking with both hand-held and automatic cameras, he will examine the moon with a battery of experiments, including an ultraviolet spectrometer that will make measurements of the thin lunar atmosphere that can be used for comparison with those from the ground-based ALSEP spectrometer, and an infra-red scanner that will take continuous temperature readings of the moon's surface (its margin of accuracy: within 2° F.). Scientists will also depend on Evans for his own detailed descriptions of what he sees below him. Indeed, it was just such "eyeball" observations by Apollo 15's Al Worden last year that discovered the tantalizing cinder-cone-like features in the Taurus-Littrow region and played a key role in its selection as the landing site for the final lunar mission.

such a bitter disappointment to many lunar scientists.

Nonetheless, they expect the last mission to be the most scientifically productive. In Scientist-Astronaut Harrison Schmitt, they will finally have the services of a professional geologist on the moon. The Taurus-Littrow landing site contains what may be small, volcanically created cinder cones; they seem to be miniature versions of earthly features like Honolulu's Diamond Head. The cones may well be remnants of what NASA Geochemist Robin Brett calls "some of the last belches of lunar activity before the moon turned off." Finally, Apollo 17 planners have scheduled a program of experiments and observation far more sophisticated than any of the earlier scientific efforts on the moon.

For Apollo 17, four wholly new instruments have been included in the ALSEP package: a mass spectrometer to measure the moon's tenuous atmosphere; a detector that will let earth-

© Sony Corp. of America. Visit our Showroom, 714 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. TV picture simulated.



"I've been playing this Trinitron 18 hours a day, 7 days a week, for almost 3 years."

Jim Rogers, Transmitter Supervisor, TV Channel 40, Sacramento, Calif.

It's not that I'm some kind of TV nut. It's my job.

As transmitter supervisor for our TV station, I've got to see that the picture we put out over the air is sharp and clear. So, when Sony first came out with their Trinitron® color TV back in the fall of '69, we bought one to use as a monitor in our control room.

The Sony Trinitron had the brightest, sharpest, cleanest picture we could find. We figured if anything was wrong with the picture, it had to be our transmission.

We kept the Sony running the entire time we were on the air—18 hours a day, 7 days a week. Often we didn't bother to turn it off at all, so it was running around the clock.

It got to be kind of a game with the crew. Will it ever break down? It never did.

A few months ago, we had to replace all our monitoring equipment because of new Government regulations.

But I couldn't bear to part from the Sony. I took it home.

I replaced two transistors—the only repair the set has ever needed. And it wouldn't have needed *that* if it had been playing in someone's home. Where it sat, boxed in among power equipment, was like playing in an oven.

By now it has about 18,000 hours on it. For an ordinary person—watching, say, 4 hours a day—that would come out to 12 years!

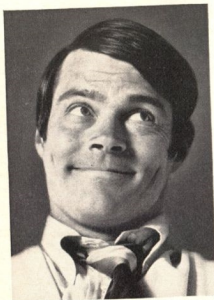
I've never seen a set stand up like that, and you can quote me.

SONY Ask anyone.

The Trinitron now comes in 9" 12" 15" and 17" diagonal screen sizes.

The shortest distance
between

you
and
money,
*whenever
you
need it,*



----->
is a
Line of Credit
at LaSalle.

■ It's like having hundreds of dollars in the bank to draw on . . . whenever you need it.

Once your Line of Credit at LaSalle is approved, you can write yourself a loan by writing a check.

Or you can borrow by mail with a Make Me a Loan Card.

As long as you repay your loan, your Line of Credit stays in force. And you can borrow money whenever you need it without filling in another

questionnaire or talking to a loan officer.

See LaSalle about a Line of Credit soon. It's the shortest distance between you and money.

Whenever you *need it*.



LaSalle
...the bank on the move



LaSalle National Bank, LaSalle Bank Building, 135 South LaSalle Street,
Chicago, Illinois 60690 • Phone 443-2500 • Jackson-Wacker Walk-in,
Drive-in Facility at 335 W. Jackson Blvd., Phone 443-2880 • Member F.D.I.C.



Hennessy  Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.



A \$3299* Volkswagen?

Yep.

That's the price.

And that's the Volkswagen.

The 1973 Volkswagen 412 Wagon.

If you think that's shocking, wait till you see what you get for the money.

First, there's a magnesium alloy engine, run by a computerized system no domestic car has:

Electronic fuel injection.

It gives you quick starts, smooth acceleration.

Then, too, the 412 has the world's only

timed preheating system.

Which warms up its plush interior, without you running the engine. Or even sitting in the car.

What's more, we think if you're going to pay more for a Volkswagen, you're entitled to get more great features, also as standard equipment.

Like steel-belted radial tires. Metallic paint. Front disc brakes. Rear-window defogger. Automatic transmission. Plenty of luggage space in back. And a big trunk in front.

And more. Lots more.

Fact is, the 412 is so well engineered, it has the world's longest full-car warranty. (Excluding only Rolls-Royce.)

24 months/24,000 miles.†

So what's really shocking isn't that we ask \$3299 for a Volkswagen that gives you so much.

But that other carmakers ask \$3299 for a car that doesn't give you so much.



Introducing the 1973 Volkswagen 412

Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.

©Volkswagen of America, Inc. *1973 Volkswagen 412 Wagon suggested retail price, P.O.E. Local taxes and other dealer charges, if any, additional. †If an owner maintains and services his vehicle in accordance with the Volkswagen maintenance schedule any factory part found to be defective in material or workmanship within 24 months or 24,000 miles, whichever comes first (except normal wear and tear and service items) will be repaired or replaced by any U.S. or Canadian Volkswagen Dealer. And this will be done free of charge. See your dealer for details.

1986: A Space Odyssey to Mars

IT is April 1986, one year since the giant spacecraft blasted out of orbit around earth and headed into deep space, propelled by powerful nuclear engines. The earth is now so far away that it looks no bigger than a bright star. On board, the crew is too busy for sentimental homeward glances. In a few minutes, three astronauts will enter a smaller spacecraft and cast off from the mother ship to start the final lap of a momentous journey. Their little craft will carry the space travelers to man's first landing on the surface of Mars.

Though the scenario has the ring of fiction, it could become fact—in the unlikely event that the U.S. Congress has a change of heart and next year appropriates funds* for a manned trip to Mars. If that approval were given, NASA's dreamer planners would not be unprepared. They have already spelled out in detail a daring program that could land Americans on the Red Planet by the mid-1980s.

White-Hot Gas. The Mars expedition would make a twelve-day lunar-landing mission look like a Sunday excursion. If all could be in readiness by 1985, for example, the Mars astronauts would be blasted out of orbit on April 5, when the earth, Venus and Mars will be in ideal positions for the mission. Their craft would swing by Venus on Sept. 10, 1985, getting a valuable gravitational boost that would speed it to Mars by April 10, 1986. The expedition would depart from Mars on May 20 and arrive back in earth orbit on Nov. 15, 1986—590 days after leaving.

The ambitious mission, as planned, will require two command ships, each carrying a crew of six. If one craft becomes disabled, the other can safely return all of the astronauts to earth. Unlike lunar missions, the journey will not begin directly from earth; that would require boosters too huge to be practical. Instead, the two cylindrical ships will be lofted piecemeal into earth orbit by Saturn-type boosters. There, the separate parts will be latched together. Finally, a space shuttle will bring up the astronauts as well as their fuel and supplies.

Propulsion for the Mars craft will come from an engine not yet developed, perhaps the proposed NERVA (for Nuclear Engine for Rocket Vehicle Applications). It consists of a small nuclear reactor that heats liquid hydrogen until it is expelled as a jet of white-hot gas. To kick out of earth orbit (which requires much less thrust than an earth launch), the 270-ft.-long ships will fire—and then discard—the two outboard NERVAs strapped to their sides; the main booster, at the center of the engine cluster, will be retained. Then, as the two ships pull away from earth orbit, they will be docked end to end to form a single unit

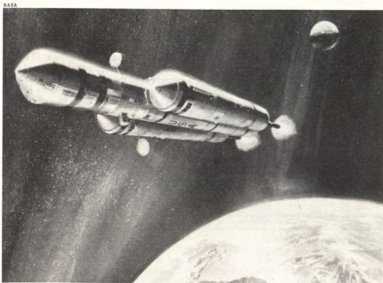
within which the crews can pass back and forth through airlocks.

Some bottled oxygen will be taken along (so that it can be used, among other things, to repressurize the cabin in the event of a meteorite hit), but most of the oxygen will be produced by the electrolysis of water. Although the ships will also carry a supply of fresh water, a large portion of the water consumed by the astronauts will be produced by passing exhaled carbon dioxide through a reactor that separates oxygen from the CO₂ and combines it with hydrogen. Other water will come from recycled urine and wash water. Earlier plans to grow algae on board to supplement the food supply have now been shelved. "Algae cookies taste pretty horrible," explains NASA's Robert Lohman. Instead, the food supply will consist large-

more of a public relations problem than a medical problem for NASA."

When the linked-up ships finally approach Mars, they will separate, fire their main engines to enter an orbit around the planet, and reunite. Before any manned landing takes place, the expedition will send down several small unmanned probes to scout landing sites and scoop up soil before returning to the mother ship.

When sites have been selected, three astronauts will descend in a lander, which will contain a Mars rover, scientific gear and supplies for a month's stay. The surface activities—televised up to the mother ship and relayed to earth—will resemble the familiar rock gathering and experimenting of lunar exploration. The astronauts will wear oxygen packs to survive in the thin carbon dioxide atmosphere, and space suits to weather Martian temperatures (from 75° F. at the equator at noon to



ARTIST'S CONCEPT OF GIANT SPACESHIP THAT WOULD BE USED FOR MARS VOYAGE
More of a public relations problem than a medical problem.

ly of frozen and freeze-dried food.

To counteract the possibly damaging effects of weightlessness on such a long voyage, the joined spaceships will be slowly spun around to create artificial gravity on board. In addition each craft will have a shielded compartment in which crew members can sit out dangerous barrages of radiation during solar storms. There will also be exercising facilities, games, a library and other diversions to while away the hours. One problem has not been resolved: what to do about the crew members' sexual drives. NASA psychologists agree that pornography (which suffices as an escape mechanism for nuclear submarine crews on 60-day missions) may not be enough. With an all-male Mars crew, they believe, homosexual activity is inevitable. Including women on the crew poses other problems. As one psychologist put it: "Sex will be

—180° F. in the polar regions). But there will be significant differences. Since Martian gravity is one-third of the earth's (compared with the moon's one-sixth G), the astronauts will walk with a more normal gait. They may be buffeted by the high winds of Martian dust storms, which often exceed hurricane force. They will also be on the lookout for things that do not exist on the moon: water and primitive life forms.

During the stay, several expeditions will be sent to the surface. Finally, after 40 days in orbit, the twin ships will separate, fire their engines to boost them away from Mars, and redock for the long voyage home. After slipping back into earth orbit 186 days later, the astronauts will transfer to a waiting space shuttle for the descent to earth. Above them in orbit will be the empty Mars ships, awaiting the next crew of interplanetary travelers.

* A minimum of \$30 billion to \$40 billion, to be spent over a twelve-year period.

IRELAND

A Fateful Second Front

ON both sides of the Irish border last week, a new dimension was added to the violence. In Northern Ireland, the Irish Republican Army's militant "Provisional" wing brought out ominous new weaponry—Soviet-model rocket launchers—to fire at British military targets. In the Irish Republic to the south, the terror that the North has known for three years suddenly made its appearance. Car bombs went off outside a labor union hall and a Dublin department store, and a parcel bomb ex-

ploded in a late-night cinema. Two were killed, and over 140 injured.



IRA CHIEF SEAN MacSTIOFÁIN
Unmistakable challenge.

ploded in a late-night cinema. Two were killed, and over 140 injured.

The Dublin bombings, although immediately denied by the I.R.A., dramatically affected the mood in the South, where the Fianna Fáil government of Prime Minister Jack Lynch had been battling to push harsh new anti-I.R.A. legislation through the Dáil (Parliament). "They have turned their guns on the security forces of this state," declared Lynch. "Will they next turn their rockets on targets in this country?"

Casting aside old rules of evidence, the legislation proposed that a police superintendent need only state that he "believed" an accused person to be an I.R.A. member. This statement alone could constitute grounds leading to imprisonment of up to five years. The Dáil's gates were defended against hostile demonstrators by some 2,000 police and troops in riot formation as debate got under way. Inside Parliament, Lynch threatened to go to the country on a law-and-order ticket if the legislation should be defeated. But when news of Dublin's bombings struck,

the parliamentary opposition crumbled quickly, averting a crisis. Of two opposition parties, labor voted against Lynch's bill but Fine Gael decided to abstain and the government won easily, 70-23 on the toughest measures taken so far in the republic to put down the I.R.A.

Lynch's tough new policy marked the opening of a second front against the I.R.A. Provisionals in their previous sanctuary in the South, and the I.R.A. fought back with bullets as well as bombs. An eight-man squad of Provisional gunmen boldly attempted to rescue their organization's chief of staff, Sean MacStiofain, who had been arrested the week before, convicted as a member of an illegal organization and sentenced to six months in prison (TIME, Dec. 4). MacStiofain promptly went on a hunger and thirst strike to protest his imprisonment, and was taken to Dublin's rambling old Mater Hospital for treatment.

Clumsy Rescue. Slipping through the security net disguised as priests and hospital orderlies, the gunmen grabbed a nun and, using her as a shield, advanced down the hallway toward MacStiofain's room. There, as two of the gunmen dropped to their knees and threatened to kill the hospital attendants present, detectives closed in shooting. In the pandemonium, two I.R.A. men were wounded and four others were caught later, but the clumsy rescue attempt had been too close for comfort. The following day, MacStiofain was bundled off by helicopter to the Curragh, the Irish army's main barracks 30 miles outside Dublin.

By that time MacStiofain, in the tenth day of his strike, was described by his wife Mary as a "dying man." MacStiofain, boasted Provisional leader, would become a martyr, like Terence MacSwiney, the lord mayor of Cork, who was arrested at an I.R.A. meeting in 1920 and died in a British prison in the 74th day of a hunger strike. In MacStiofain's place, they predicted, "a hundred other MacStiofains" would rise.

Then came the deflating anticlimax. As he prepared to receive Communion from a priest, MacStiofain broke his thirst strike. The Rev. Sean MacManus, an old friend who had flown in from Baltimore after MacStiofain was arrested, said he found the I.R.A. leader "shaking, on the point of death" from a heart seizure and crying deliriously, "I love Ireland, I belong to Ireland, God give us freedom!" MacManus pleaded with MacStiofain to relent. "If you die

tonight," said the priest, "I am convinced there will be serious trouble in the South of Ireland." A moment later, MacStiofain took a sip of water, then a Communion wafer and finally a cup of hot, sugared tea. If that was a victory for common sense, it was at least a temporary psychological defeat for the I.R.A.

In the North, the I.R.A. bravado took on a more fatal form, to others. At the sleepy border village of Belleek, a rocket hurtled through a thick steel-encased window of the local police station, killing a 55-year-old police constable, the father of six children. Across Ulster, 17 similar rockets were fired, though they caused no more fatalities. The weapons were identified as RPG-7

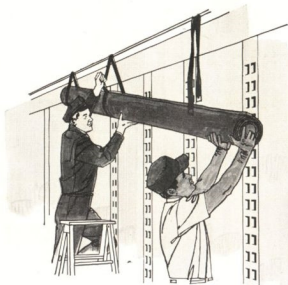


PRIME MINISTER JACK LYNCH
Harsh terms.

rocket launchers, a more sophisticated and modern version of the World War II bazooka; they are commonly manufactured in Communist countries and used by many Russian allies.

The Provisionals were plainly trying to win back by force a place at the conference table that they have been denied since last summer's fragile truce broke down and they resumed bombing. Last week British Prime Minister Edward Heath revealed in Parliament that I.R.A. truce feelers had recently been made again through intermediaries, but the Provisionals' conditions for political talks are unacceptable to the British: a declaration of British intent to quit Northern Ireland, withdrawal of troops to their barracks, and a general amnesty. The British government is no longer interested, and not only out of fear of infuriating the Protestants. The Northern Ireland army command claims that more than 182 I.R.A. officers and men have been arrested since July, a total that could only rise with the prospect ahead of more arrests in the South.

Moving means loading.

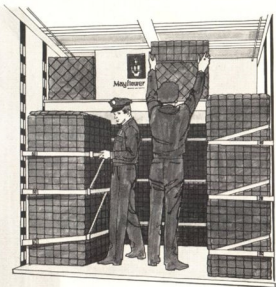


And loading means scientific placement, not filling up a van as if it were a gas tank.

Here's how Mayflower does it: First, we roll your rugs into smooth tubes. Then, we hang them high at the top of the van with straps.

Next we fasten your refrigerator's safety belt. Actually strap it to the van with strong nylon belts. In fact, we safety-belt all your large furniture and appliances. We lock them right into the walls, all around the van.

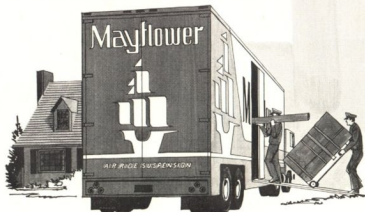
Then we load the rest of your things. The bigger ones go on the bottom, the smaller on top. Each one is padded, boxed or crated first.



Last into the van: your "arrival survival kit." So whatever you need to survive (coffee pot, some dishes and foods) leaves you late and greets you early at your new home.

Does all this cost more? No. Almost all movers cost the same, charging according to the size and distance of the move. It's what they do for the money that's different.

And if it makes moving safer, Mayflower does it.



Mayflower means moving.

Aero Mayflower Transit Co., Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana

OF ALL THE PLANES IN OUR FLEET, THIS IS THE MOST COMFORTABLE. TWA's NEW L-1011.

These days every airline flies at least 3 or 4 different kinds of planes.

Each one, they claim, more comfortable than the next. But at TWA we have one plane we think is more

comfortable than any plane anybody else flies.

It's even more comfortable than any other plane we fly. TWA's new L-1011. The most modern, most comfortable plane in the world.



COACH. It has all Twin Seats, so nobody ever has to sit three across. Even when the plane is full, you'll never feel crowded.



FIRST CLASS. The whole section is a lounge. With dining areas coming soon, swivel seats, and more room than ever.



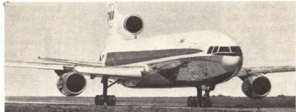
THE COACH LOUNGE. It has a fully equipped bar and comfortable seats.



CARRY-ON LUGGAGE COMPARTMENTS. If you hate waiting for your bags, now you can carry even a full-size bag with you right on board.



INSTRUMENTATION. This plane is years ahead of any other. Even its backup systems have backup systems.



TWA's NEW L-1011. The most comfortable plane in the world is now making daily flights from Chicago to Los Angeles, San Francisco, Phoenix and Philadelphia. Call your Travel Agent or TWA.

ONLY TWA HAS THE L-1011. TO LOS ANGELES, SAN FRANCISCO, PHOENIX AND PHILADELPHIA.

Pour a Present.



A Hiram Walker Cordial is one present that doesn't stay gift-wrapped for long. That's because it's one of the most popular holiday gifts—even before the holidays.

After all, more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand. So, this time, give one of Hiram Walker's

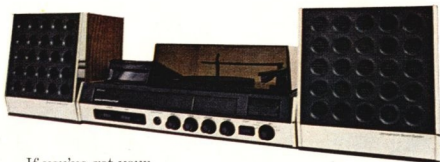
28 cordials. And let a friend spread your spirit around.

Chocolate Mint, Creme de Cacao, 54 proof; Anisette, Creme de Menthe, 60 proof; Blackberry Flavored Brandy, 70 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker Cordials

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE

We built 5 solid stereo systems for the man with an 8-track mind.



174.50

Our pop-up 8-track is only one of 5 models.

If you've got your mind on 8-track, we've got five JCPenney stereo systems you can choose from. Why so many? We figure, while you've heard of JCPenney, you probably haven't heard much about JCPenney stereo systems. So we put all the things you're looking for into our stereos. Like outstanding quality. Solid, handsome design. Inside and out. And a choice of more models. To make our systems worth looking into.

Take our model 1900 above. It's got a pop-up 8-track playback unit. And an AM/FM stereo radio with an easy-to-use roller tuner. A mini record-changer. Handsome, circles-of-sound speakers with acoustically matched 6½-inch woofers and 2-inch tweeters. Separate bass, treble, balance and volume controls. And more. A great-sounding home entertainment center for 174.50.

If that doesn't sound like exactly what you're looking for, we've got more. Like our model 1759 below. It plays and records 8-track cartridges.

There's also a BSR full-size turntable for records. And a powerful AM/FM/FM-stereo radio. The distinctive-looking speakers hold big 8-inch woofers and 2½-inch tweeters. 339.95.

Get your 8-track mind on one track: to JCPenney. Where we've got just the stereo systems you're looking for:



339.95

Make your own 8-track tapes on this system.

JCPenney
We know what you're looking for.

Available at most large JCPenney stores and through our catalog. Prices slightly higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

SPAIN

The Unsolved Problems of Succession

HIS flesh hangs on an aged frame. His mouth sags. His palsied right hand sometimes shakes so badly that he must grip it in his left. His voice, always shrill, is strained and thin. Francisco Paulino Hermenegildo Teófilo Franco y Bahamonde—known more familiarly as Francisco Franco and *el Caudillo* (the Leader)—turns 80 this week, a pinnacle granted few world leaders. The man who has ruled Spain since 1939 planned to celebrate quietly in Madrid's elegant Pardo Palace, where he lives with his wife Carmen Polo de Franco, 72, amid Goya tapestries, Velázquez paintings and liveried servants.

Age for Franco has become a standing enemy. "I will continue as long as God grants me life and health," he has promised. When the newspaper *Madrid* last year suggested that he emulate France's Charles de Gaulle and retire, its presses were silenced by government decree for six months and the paper eventually went out of business. Nonetheless Franco has already prepared for his eventual death, and reserved a tomb in the "Valley of the Fallen," the grandiose memorial mausoleum carved by Republican prisoners of war in and around a granite mountain 30 miles from Madrid to hold Civil War dead.

Anchor. Franco has notably failed to prepare his countrymen for the upheaval that could follow more than three decades of one-man rule. Six years ago, to be sure, he did draw up a "law of succession." Under that law and codicils added to it last July, *el Caudillo* will be succeeded by two men. Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón y Borbón, 34, grandson of Alfonso XIII, the last Spanish monarch, will be crowned King and chief of state. The head of government will be Vice Admiral Luis Carrero Blanco, 69, a Franco crony.

The choices have an air of impermanence about them. Juan Carlos was tapped by Franco mainly because he will be a more docile King than his father, Don Juan, 59, would be. Even so, the heir apparent is liberal enough so that some conservatives within Franco's National Movement, or ruling party, are already considering an alternative. He is Don Alfonso de Borbón y Dampierre, 36, who has the additional advantage of being Franco's grandson by marriage and the father of the Leader's only great-grandchild. Two weeks ago, to mark the christening in the Pardo Palace chapel of infant Francisco Borbón Martínez-Bordiu, Alfonso and his wife Carmencita were designated Duke and Duchess of Cádiz. Franco's reasoning in restoring the monarchy was to provide Spaniards with a familiar anchor after he is gone. Cynics refer to the King-designate as "Juan Carlos the Brief." "Everywhere else," a Ma-

drid university student complained, echoing an attitude common among young Spaniards, "they are shooting at kings or at least asking serious questions about what they do. Here we plan to restore one; it doesn't make sense."

As for Carrero Blanco, he is anti-Communist, anti-Mason, somewhat anti-American and rigidly nationalistic. He rarely smiles and is disliked within the military because he skipped the sea duty required for promotion to admiral. He also lacks Franco's deftness in playing factions against each other.

If the dual succession does not survive, the army could be the key to whatever follows. Franco has emasculated ambitious contenders for power to the point that anything could happen once he is gone. A strong possibility in such an event is an arrangement between the army and the extreme right. A new dictator could emerge, but he would likely have only enough power to maintain the internal status quo and not the absolute power that Franco wields.

A second possibility is a coalition between the army and Opus Dei, sometimes called "God's Octopus." Opus Dei is a mystical network of Catholic laymen and clerics whose members combine spiritual discipline with temporal progress. They have had great influence on Spain. Many of the government's technocrats and statesmen belong, including Foreign Minister Gregorio López Bravo and Development Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó. If that group came to power, it would

likely protect traditional values and at the same time press for moderate reform. Its members are best qualified to position Spain in modern Europe.

The army's third alternative is to group with the Falange, the once fascist-oriented political organization developed behind Franco during the Civil War but downplayed ever since. The blue-shirted Falange is fading; its membership is down to 300,000, most of them aging. To secure power, it would

FRANCO IN 1939 REVIEWING VICTORY PARADE



IN MADRID CEREMONY FLANKED BY CARRERO BLANCO & JUAN CARLOS



THE WORLD

need much more popular support than it has now. What some educated Spaniards would like, but few think is feasible, is the establishment of true political parties, one of which would share the philosophy of West Germany's moderate middle-class Christian Democrats. "We had no middle class in Spain before the war," says Barcelona Banker Ramon Trias Fargas. "But we have one now, and these people have no voice in politics—yet." Franco adamantly refuses to give them one. Only two months ago he rejected a proposal by moderate advisers that he allow a variety of

non-radical political parties under the sheltering umbrella of the National Movement to provide a broader sense of participatory government.

The law of succession is plainly and sadly inadequate to cope with the stresses of future shock, political, social and economic (see box). In many ways, Spain is belatedly catching up with its neighbors. Only a generation ago, Spanish girls were not allowed out without duennas; today they roam alone in miniskirts on the street and bikinis on the beach. Some working-class families, for the first time have telephones, refrig-

erators and TVs, and every sizable city has a traffic jam. Spaniards, in short, are changing far more quickly and easily than their institutions, which are showing increasing strains. Items:

► A serious split has developed between the state and Spain's second most powerful entity, the Roman Catholic Church. Increasingly, liberal priests and bishops, spurred by Vatican II, want to separate church and state into what Madrid's Vicente Cardinal Enrique y Tarancón last week described as a condition of "independence and cordiality."

► Education is inadequate. Univer-

A High Price for Prosperity

BY dint of hard work and unromantic planning, Spain is doggedly building itself into an industrial power. The gross national product has grown an average 6.1% annually since 1964, and at \$32.2 billion is 13th in the non-Communist world, just behind Sweden and ahead of The Netherlands. Per capita income has surpassed \$1,000 per year, up from \$317 in 1960; that is still well behind the Common Market countries but light-years ahead of a prewar standard of living that compared to Bulgaria and Portugal. Spain is the world's fourth largest shipbuilder, ranks 13th in steel production, and this year has assembled 600,000 automobiles, including Spanish-built Fiats and Renaults. Some of that production was exported to African, Latin American and even to European countries, where Spanish cars are known for their durability.

The rapid industrial growth can be

traced in part to Spain's particular blend of autocracy and technocracy. Because of the country's autocratic government, Development Planning Minister Laureano López Rodó and his economists were able to draw up four-year plans in the certain knowledge that the programs they devised would be carried out. They directed private and government investment into key resource industries and, increasingly, those offering better than average growth, such as petrochemicals, electronics, autos, trucks and shipbuilding.

Foreign companies have been enticed into Spain by low taxes, cheap credit and guarantees that they could repatriate capital and profits; as a result, Chrysler, Fiat, ITT, Firestone, British Leyland and 3M Co. are among those that have invested heavily. In return, the foreign-owned companies have trained Spanish managers; for the first time the country has the beginnings of an entrepreneurial class. As a newcomer to industrialization, Spain also has benefited from up-to-date plant and equipment, giving it a competitive edge on countries like Britain that industrialized long ago.

Economic progress has not brought uniform prosperity to Spanish workers. Industrious and willing to learn, they have shared unevenly in the nation's burgeoning prosperity. The *sindicatos* or official trade unions—rivaled recently by underground unions—exist as much to provide a steady labor supply as to protect workers. Strikes are discouraged, and are generally illegal and short. Some workers earn only the atrociously low legal minimum of \$2 a day. Moonlighting is common; even among the middle class, it is not surprising to see army officers doubling as store managers or bank officers functioning as accountants. Envious of foreign workers who can spend more in one vacation day in Spain than a local man can earn in a week, 1,000,000 Spaniards have left home to work in other countries; the \$500 million they send back annually helps to swell the national income.



MACHINIST AT WORK IN CADIZ

The boom has speckled the Spanish sunshine with clouds that López Rodó's planners had not counted on. The country is counting the cost of rapid urbanization. Hopeful peasants are forsaking such dirt-poor regions as Andalusia or Extremadura for the industrial cities, where there is scarcely enough new housing to shelter even a fraction of them. Tourists too have paid part of the price of Spain's new prosperity. Stretches of the sunny coastlines are now so grotesquely overbuilt that they have become little more than ugly concrete jungles; the famed Costa del Sol is referred to sarcastically as "Miami Beach East."

The price of prosperity is also being paid in terms of rampant inflation that is currently running at the rate of 1% a month at the same time that the expansion which fueled it is tapering somewhat. In Catalonia, Asturias and Bilbao, housewives recently defied a government ban and demonstrated against rising food prices. At a time when Spain is undergoing rapid change, and faces the pain of adjustment to a new political era, inflation of that magnitude is an ever-present worry to the nation's economic—and political—managers.



SUNBATHERS ON TORREMOLINOS BEACH

The 1973 silver
Continental Mark IV.
Newly minted.



Known as the most beautiful car in America, the Continental Mark IV has, in 1973, acquired a new beauty. Because now for a slightly higher cost, it comes in silver.

Like moonlight. With a cranberry-colored interior.

In all the 1970's, this will be the unique American luxury car.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



How to get the for your money.

Buying stereo can be confusing.

One friend says you have to spend a mint. Another tells you about a "special" bargain on a foreign-made set. And overly enthusiastic salesmen might just confuse you with all kinds of technical specs.

Well, fact is you do have to know a little bit about stereo to make sure you're getting the most music for your money. But you don't have to be an engineer. Or even a buff. Just an intelligent shopper armed with a few basic facts.

So here they are.



Start with the Receiver

A good music system starts with a good stereo receiver. (A stereo receiver is a combination of a stereo amplifier and AM/FM/FM stereo tuner.) So that's a logical place to begin your buying.

But picking the right receiver is no picnic. Because receivers by themselves don't do a thing you can see or hear. They just receive tiny sound impulses from a record, tape, or radio station, magnify them millions of times, with as little distortion as possible, and drive the speakers with the magnified impulse.

All of which means that two of the most important things to look for in receivers are how much distortion takes place and how much power there is to drive the speakers.

Distortion ratings (called T.H.D.) are simple. The lower the number the better. For example, Sylvania receivers CR2742 and CR2743 both have a rating of 0.5% at full power output,

which is considered good.

Power is a bit more complicated. There are several kinds of ratings. But the one that counts is the "continuous" or RMS rating. Here the higher the number, the more power you have to drive speakers. A receiver like the Sylvania CR2742, with a continuous power rating of 25 watts per channel, can easily drive four big speakers. If you want an even larger system, with speakers all over the house, the Sylvania CR2743 can handle them with a continuous power rating of 50 watts per channel. If you can't get a continuous power rating, be suspicious!

The next things to check are the features. A good stereo receiver should have solid-state circuitry, Field Effect Transistors (FET's), and ceramic filters. We won't go into their technical functions here, but be sure to look for them while buying. Quality receivers will have them.

Your receiver should also have a full-function jack panel (like the one on the back of the Sylvania CR2743 shown below) that allows you to add extra speakers, tape decks, headphones, or other equipment. And make sure there's built-in capability to adapt the new quadraphonic sound systems in case you want to expand in that direction.

Every Sylvania receiver, for example, has built-in Phase Q4 matrix four-channel circuitry to enhance ordinary two-channel stereo. This gives the effect of four-channel sound. In addition, you can get true (discrete) four-channel sound simply by adding our special new DMQ2784W quadraphonic converter. (And of course in both cases you need two extra speakers.)

Finally, check the price. As a guide, the Sylvania CR2742 gives you 50 watts total continuous and all the rest for \$199.95.* The CR2743 gives you all that and 100 watts total continuous for \$279.95.* So no matter what brand you choose, make sure you get just as much for just as little.



most music


Onward to the Speakers

The technical stuff's out of the way. Now comes the fun part.

The only way to buy speakers is to listen to them. Compare the different sounds from the different sizes. Ask the salesman about "air" or "acoustic" suspension speakers. In general, they deliver the most satisfying speaker sound.

Make the salesman work a little. Switch back and forth between the big, medium, and small speakers. Play it by ear. The ones that sound best to you are the ones to buy.

Just keep your eyes out for a few things while your ears are busy. Make sure the receiver driving the speakers you're hearing is the same as the one you're buying. Otherwise you won't be getting the same sound once you get the speakers home and hooked up to your receiver.



And remember, the word "speaker" refers to two things. It means the individual speakers... woofers, tweeter, etc. But it also refers to the whole speaker cabinet, which generally contains more than one individual speaker. Be sure to check out how many speakers there are in any speaker cabinet. Two, a woofer for low notes and a tweeter for high ones, is a minimum. Bigger speakers, like the Sylvania AS125A, will have at least three: a woofer, a dome mid-range, and a dome tweeter.

Prices range from \$149.95* for the big Sylvania AS125A with three speakers to a cabinet, down to \$59.95* a pair for the Sylvania AS1706W with two speakers each.

But above all else, pick the speakers that sound best to you.

Now It's the Turntable's Turn

There are a few manufacturers who specialize in making turntable mechanisms. It's their thing, and their product is definitely superior.

The only trick to buying a turntable, then, is to make sure that you get one whose guts come from one of these specialists.

Any audio manufacturer should be more than happy to tell you

who made his turntable mechanism. For example, Dual (one of the big names) made the changer in Sylvania's T2705 Automatic Turntable. Garrard (that's another big one) made the changer in our model T2703.

Ask for magnetic cartridges on your turntable. They're more sophisticated and pick up sound impulses better than ceramic cartridges. Both Sylvania turntables have them.



Things like cue-pause control (which allows you to gently raise and lower the tone arm to any band you choose) and anti-skate control (which equalizes pressure on both walls of a record groove to give less sound distortion) are usually standard on quality turntables like a Sylvania.

Price guidelines are \$139.95* for the T2705 and \$79.95* for the T2703.

E-x-p-a-n-d-i-n-g

Adding tape facilities is a simple way to expand your basic stereo system.

You can add a Cassette Play/Record Tape Deck like the Sylvania CT160 to play pre-recorded cassette tapes over your speaker system. Or you can record your own in two-channel stereo.

Or, you can go the 8-track route, with a Playback Deck like the Sylvania ET2750W. That way you can use car stereo tapes at home, and vice versa.



Good Luck!

By now you're a lot smarter about stereo. You know basically what to look for. And you've got some guidelines on what to pay.

So now's the time to go out shopping. Look around. Compare. Get the most music for your money.

And even if you don't pick a Sylvania, enjoy your stereo!

*Based on manufacturer's suggested list price.

GTE SYLVANIA
A part of General Telephone & Electronics



The name says it all:
Iceberg 10

Icy menthol flavor and only 10 mg. 'tar'

Less 'tar' than 99% of all menthol cigarettes sold. Yet Iceberg 10
—with the advanced Delta Design filter—delivers the full, fresh icy flavor you want.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.



GRANDDAUGHTER CARMENCITA WITH BABY
Royal advantage.

sity curriculums are too old-fashioned in a world of modern technology, and at lower levels, schools do not have enough places. As a Spanish coed recently put it: "Franco may have been good for our parents, but he's not good for us." Along with their disgust at educational shortcomings, students are also restless for political freedom.

► Spanish justice is still harsh. Death penalties are imposed not by courts but by the army, although Franco has the last word (after a singular outburst of worldwide protest two years ago against Spanish severity, he moved quickly to commute death sentences passed on six Basque separatists). Conscientious objectors, most of them Jehovah's Witnesses, have been in prison for more than ten years at hard labor for refusing on religious grounds to serve in the army.

The institutions, in short, are more suited to the world of 1892, the year Franco was born in the Galician seaport of El Ferrol (now El Ferrol del Caudillo), the son of a navy paymaster. Francisco hoped to become a naval officer but he could not; one version is that he was too short (5 ft. 3 in.), another is that when he came of age the Navy was too poor and too battered by the '98 war with the U.S. to accept new officer-candidates. Franco, in any case, entered the army instead. He forsook wine, women, friendships and even religion to concentrate on soldiering. There was ample opportunity for that in Morocco where both the French and the Spanish struggled to subdue rebellious Berber tribesmen. Franco fought in scores of battles, was wounded and advanced rapidly. He became Spain's youngest general at 34.

After the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, he flew home to join the rebel side at the head of an airborne invasion of Spanish Foreign Legionnaires. Early in the war, two generals senior to Franco were killed, and he emerged

as the insurgent commander. Three months after the fighting started, he was formally acknowledged in the city of Burgos as leader of what would become the victorious side.

The war that followed for three bloody years became an epic of its time, with all the emotive horror that Viet Nam has spawned today. Nazi Germany sided with Franco; the war was an apt testing ground for new weapons like the Stuka dive bomber. The Soviet Union backed the Spanish Republic and its Popular Front Government; so did Communists everywhere. Volunteers poured in from around the world, among them a brigade of intellectuals, including Ernest Hemingway, André Malraux, Arthur Koestler and George Orwell. The war was to shape their words forevermore. They carried the memory of it within their hearts, Albert Camus observed afterward, "like an evil wound." Camus explained why: "It was in Spain that men learned that one can be right and yet be beaten, that force can vanquish spirit, that there are times when courage is not its own recompense. It is this, doubtless, which explains why so many men, the world over, regard the Spanish drama as a personal tragedy."

The Pariah. Spain's brutal war had scarcely subsided in 1939 before Europe's war began. Despite his debts to Germany and Italy for their help in his victory, Franco avoided the bigger battle, and even turned aside a German request for permission to attack Gibraltar through Spain. Franco and Hitler met for nine hours one day in 1940 to discuss the question. By the end of their conversation, Hitler was unnerved by Franco's high-pitched monotone. "The man is not cut out to be a politician," the *Führer* commented later. "I would rather have three or four teeth pulled out than go through that again."

Nevertheless, Franco's sympathies were so obvious that at war's end he was considered a pariah by the victorious allies. Spain was refused membership in the new United Nations organization. France for a time closed its borders and halted commerce, and active plans were made to overthrow Franco. Economic crisis and occasionally actual hunger plagued Spaniards. They warned to Franco for the first time when he told them defiantly: "If the world chooses to turn its back on us, we will go it alone."

Franco's isolation ended after the Berlin blockade persuaded the U.S. that Spain was essential for the defense of Western Europe. In 1953 John Foster Dulles drew up a pact providing \$85 million in economic aid and

\$141 million in military aid in exchange for U.S. air and naval bases in Spain. It was the high point of Franco's long career. "The West needs us in the fight against Communism," he boasted to a Falange meeting in Madrid.

At a time when European security is being negotiated with the Russians, the boast is no longer true. The question now is whether Spain can afford to do without Europe. The nation that up to now has contributed mainly maids and labor and a place in the sun to the rest of the Continent desperately needs "the political education or background to know how to get what we want," as University of Barcelona Student Victoria Gaya puts it.

"The real battleground," says Economist Fabian Estape, "is Spain's place in the world. Those now in positions of power and those seeking power are sharply divided on the issue. One of the greatest ways to embarrass this government would be to issue it an invitation to join the European Economic Community." That is not likely to happen, although the EEC is about to allow Spain generous tariff reductions on industrial goods and most agricultural products.

The rest of Europe insists on remembering all too clearly who it was that cheered for Hitler in World War II. The Benelux countries in particular are vehemently opposed to letting Spain into the Common Market club, so long as it is ruled by Franco or anyone like him. On the other hand, Western Europe hopes to influence the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe in the direction of liberalism, with a policy of "*Wandel durch annäherung*," or "change through drawing nearer," as West German Chancellor Willy Brandt puts it. That same policy might equally and more profitably be applied to Spain.

AGENCE DALMAS



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CIVIL WAR MEMORIAL
Some things have been left undone.



"Of course you're not Bormann, señor—you look too much like Howard Hughes..."

WAR CRIMES

The Bormann File: Volume 36

FOR hunters of heads or headlines, no war criminal has been a more tantalizing quarry than Adolf Hitler's evil aide Martin Bormann. Since he vanished from Hitler's Berlin bunker the night after the Führer committed suicide in 1945, Bormann has been reported found hundreds of times: living as a recluse in the Amazon jungle, for instance, or masquerading as a monk in Italy. But none of the reports have ever been confirmed. Last week newspaper readers on both sides of the Atlantic were presented with the most elaborately packaged claim of all. In a six-part series that included photographs purportedly taken of Bormann last October and excerpts from supposedly secret documents, Hungarian-born U.S. Author Ladislav Farago contended that the missing murderer was alive and living as a prosperous businessman in Latin America.

The London *Daily Express*, which bought the series from Farago and syndicated it to the *New York Daily News* and *Chicago Tribune*, trumpeted the package as "incontrovertible evidence" of Bormann's movements over the past 27 years. In a breathless promotion story, the *Express* announced: "All speculation concerning his fate can be swept aside following a dramatic and sometimes dangerous nine-month search through six South American countries for Bormann, the world's most wanted and most elusive man." In fact, as the series unfolded, it stirred up more speculation than it swept aside. Among the questions it raised: Had Farago been duped by his sources? Had the *Express* been shortchanged by Farago? Had readers been oversold by the *Express*?

The possibility exists, of course, that Bormann is in fact somewhere in South America, as many before Farago have

claimed. Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal, head of the Jewish Documentation Center in Vienna, believes that Bormann actually did reach South America and judges the odds at fifty-fifty that he is still alive. But Farago, whose latest book was the bestselling documentary of intrigue, *The Game of the Foxes*, failed to prove his case. Some of his evidence was indeed controvertible, and much of it was questionable. In addition, some of it, presented as if it were being disclosed for the first time, is rehearsed material that had been published before. Above all, the series lacked convincing firsthand testimony to Bormann's existence. Farago did not claim to have seen Bormann with his own eyes. The best he could offer was the word of someone else, and that was quickly in dispute.

Safer Refuge. Fact, fantasy or a mixture of both, the tale spun by Farago was undeniably fascinating. Bormann, he said, left the *Führerbunker* for safer refuge in another nearby bunker that had been prepared by Nazi Executioner Adolf Eichmann. According to Farago, Bormann later used clerical clothes supplied by an Austrian bishop to reach Bavaria, then moved on to Northern Italy to visit his fatally ill wife in Merano. After his wife died, Bormann lived in a Dominican monastery in Bolzano, awaiting a chance to flee to Argentina where he had stored a fortune in currency, precious stones and gold, much of which had been extracted from the teeth of gas-chamber victims. Bormann, said Farago, had consigned the hoard to Argentina by U-boat before the war ended. The fugitive Nazi finally reached Argentina in 1948 through the assistance of Eva Perón, who used contacts in the Vatican to get him a passport issued under the iron-

MARTIN BORMANN DURING WORLD WAR II Controvertible evidence.

ical Jewish name of Eliezer Goldstein. For making Bormann feel at home in Argentina, Farago claimed, Dictator Juan Perón extracted from Bormann's booty a ransom of nearly \$200 million.

According to Farago, Bormann lived comfortably in Argentina for seven years, acting as a sort of "Godfather" to other Nazi refugees, including Eichmann. But in 1955, when Perón lost power, Bormann no longer felt safe. He fled to Brazil and Bolivia, where he seemed to lead a checkered existence. At one stage, Farago had him visiting "prurient nightclubs"; at another, the fugitive Nazi posed as a priest and took part in baptisms, weddings and funerals. In 1960, Bormann moved again—this time to Chile. He bought a farm near Valdivia or Linares (Farago varied the location), close to the Argentine border, and turned it into an armed fortress, complete with anti-aircraft gun. From this stronghold, wrote Farago, Bormann regained control of his funds in Argentina and began to build a business empire with Mafia-type takeovers of legitimate businesses. Among other things, Farago added, Bormann gained a monopoly on the timber market in Northern Argentina and Southern Paraguay.

Bormann, who is 72 if he is alive, was depicted as being frequently on the move, sometimes out of fear and sometimes simply on business trips, but always accompanied by his chauffeur-bodyguard, "a German-speaking Chilean of Irish descent," Jorge O'Higgins. Bormann wears plastic gloves, said Farago, so that his fingerprints can never be taken, and had a mistress in Santiago who bore him four children. As of a few weeks ago, Farago contended, Bormann was back in Argentina, in Salta province, living in "a cottage on the Rancho Grande, the vast estate of Arndt von Bohlen und Halbach, last scion of the Krupp family." Like so much of Farago's other material, this episode included authentic-sounding detail, stating, for instance, that Bormann's at-

THE WORLD

tentive host was the estate's manager, a naturalized Turk. But too many of the details did not stand up to examination. Arndt von Bohnen and Halbach does not own any ranch in Argentina. Alfred Krupp's sister, Waltraut Burckhardt, does own one in Salta province but it is called Finca Ampascachi, not Rancho Grande. The manager is a German, not a naturalized Turk.

Secret Files. In one installment of his series, Farago gave former Argentine President Arturo Frondizi credit for helping Israeli agents capture Eichmann on the outskirts of Buenos Aires in 1960. Frondizi, who protested at the time of the capture that it was a violation of Argentine sovereignty, denied Farago's report and called it libelous. In another installment, Farago quoted a Dr. Horacio A. Perillo, whom he described as the former "chief of Frondizi's Cabinet." Perillo was actually only a low-echelon adviser. But in Buenos Aires last week he was offering newsmen corroboration of Farago's material—for a fee of \$1,000.

Farago cited secret files as the source of most of his material. The *Express* said that he had obtained the files by infiltrating the intelligence services of Latin American countries and then smuggling hundreds of pages of documents back to the U.S. and Europe. Two other authors who are Bormann watchers insisted in New York last week that the bulk of the material has been available at the Paris headquarters of Interpol for years. But Farago was obviously offering fresh information when he quoted a "high-ranking official of the Central Intelligence Agency in Buenos Aires," one José Juan Velasco, as having been face to face with Bormann just last October. That episode created more mystery than it solved.

According to Farago, Velasco had been tracking Bormann for nine years; he was called to Mendoza, near the Chilean border, by an immigration inspector who became suspicious of a man carrying a passport in the name of Ricardo Bauer. When Velasco confronted the man, he had no doubt that he was Bormann. But while Velasco sought instructions from Buenos Aires, the man slipped away. Why did Velasco, supposedly a supersleuth, not act on his own initiative? Newsmen in Buenos Aires tried to find him to ask him. But Argentine security officials said that he did not exist. (Farago told *TIME* in London that Velasco was in jail, being tortured by the very regime that Farago had extolled in the *Express* as anti-Nazi.) As for the border officials near Mendoza, they said that there was no record of anybody named Ricardo Bauer who had passed through the Mendoza checkpoint in the past 60 days.

A firm nonbeliever in the Farago series was Nazi Nemesis Simon Wiesenthal. "I'm skeptical about this story from A to Z," he said. Wiesenthal theorized that Farago may have been fed some false information by underground

A Formidable Farrago of Farago

THE jokes started long before the newspaper series ended. *That's not Martin Bormann they think they found in South America. It's Howard Hughes. Or...Ladislav Farago is just a fancy new pen name for Clifford Irving.* The allusions were inevitable. Farago himself expected them. Indeed, when Clifford Irving's hoax autobiography of the reclusive billionaire was exposed ten months ago, Farago decided to delay his research on Bormann until the din died down. "I said to myself," he recalled last week, "no matter what I'm going to do, this is going to be regarded in the same category. Even if I bring Martin Bormann back with me personally and exhibit him in the Felt Forum

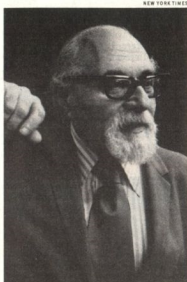
Bormann material into a book for Simon & Schuster, with whom he contracted last week for an advance of more than \$100,000 (on top of the \$100,000 that the newspaper series will probably earn him). The book's working title is *The Aftermath*, and said Farago in a self-promotional aside: "It will be much more convincing than the *Daily Express* articles."

Last week, pale and weary from meeting unfamiliar daily deadlines, he sat in his London hotel room in soft-blue pajamas and struck back at the skeptics. At the same time, he struck out at the London *Daily Express*. He insisted that he had conclusive proof of Bormann's whereabouts and could have had more if the *Express* had not "blown the whole damn thing." Farago complained that the *Express*, afraid it was about to be scooped by a Bormann story in the London *Daily Mail*, had rushed into print before he was ready. (*Express* Editor Ian McColl replied that he had not heard of any other Bormann story, and that Farago had never protested that he was not ready.)

"I was on the verge of establishing personal contact with Martin Bormann," Farago told *TIME* Correspondent William McWhirter. "Actually, if the story hadn't broken, by now I would have met him. There were certain conditions, very light conditions. I was supposed to go blindfolded to the spot—very ridiculous. But when I was at the spot, I could take off the blindfold. He would submit one print of his thumb as his identification and then he would sit down with his representatives to discuss the writing of his memoirs. The reason—it's not necessarily valid—is that he is thoroughly angry at the present moment because several German books have come out which represent him as a very mean person."

Farago added that Bormann was in fact "a much more efficient and much more decent person than has generally been represented. The trial brief against him said he was a beast. It's true, he was a beast. Nevertheless, he was a smart man and he was almost like a Puritan, I would say. I have his complete FBI file. I have his complete German file too. I have it right in this room. Right in this room."

Farago offered an incredible explanation for Bormann being free. "I can tell you categorically that in 1968 Israel made a deal with every Latin American country. It was no longer going to chase Nazis, nor was it any longer seeking extradition of Nazis. The Nazi issue would be closed in exchange for Latin American votes in the United Nations. In these circumstances, to whom does anyone betray Bormann?" To the London *Daily Express*.



AUTHOR LADISLAV FARAGO

of Madison Square Garden, people will still say it's just another hoax."

Authenticity of their most recent writings aside, there are some striking similarities between the two authors. Like Irving, Hungarian-born Farago (who came to the U.S. in 1937 after a journalistic career in Europe and Ethiopia) is noted for his expansiveness and charm. Says one close acquaintance: "He is flamboyant, talks a lot, drops the names of important people he has just met as though they are his friends, and is renowned as a raconteur."

At 66, courtly, goateed Farago (pronounced Far-ago) has a shelf of books to his credit, including *Patton: Ordeal and Triumph*, on which the movie *Patton* was partially based, and *The Broken Seal*, which was one basis for the movie *Tora! Tora! Tora!* He has also contracted, for an advance of more than \$150,000, to write two books for Doubleday, one of them on J. Edgar Hoover. But first, he proposes to expand his

THE WORLD

Nazi agents seeking to keep authorities off the trail of other war criminals. Wiesenthal, among others, further speculated that the government of Alejandro Lanusse may have leaked material to LaRauze to discredit Perón on his return to Argentina.

Intelligence sources in West Germany, Israel and Washington, as well as in Argentina, greeted the Farago series with caution.

But the newest account will be checked out, as always when the name of Martin Bormann crops up. Bormann was not just a minor staff man of the Third Reich or a banally evil bureaucrat like Eichmann. He was a man of incredible power, concerned with every aspect of Nazi policy, the pillar of the

party, the tireless executor of Hitler's whims as well as his own. Brutal and ruthless, he was feared even by SS Leader Heinrich Himmler. He was, in fact, Hitler's alter ego, or as one historian put it, the "Devil's Beelzebub."

There is some evidence that Bormann died shortly after leaving Hitler's bunker. State Attorney Joachim Richter, who is in charge of West Germany's continuing investigation of the Bormann case, tends to believe it. But he keeps looking for the man, dead or alive. The Bormann file in his Frankfurt office now contains 35 volumes. Says Richter: "Every story we have checked turned out not to be true, or remained simply a story—unconfirmed." Now comes Volume 36.

AUSTRALIA

On Top Down Under

It was not exactly a battle of titans. A pre-election poll for the Sydney *Telegraph* showed that neither Incumbent Prime Minister William McMahon nor Opposition Leader Edward Gough Whitlam was regarded as trustworthy by a majority of the Australian electorate. An editorial in the Melbourne *Age* said that voters faced a choice between "the flawed pragmatism of McMahon versus the flawed vision of Whitlam." But in a nation where failing to vote can bring a \$10 fine, it was a choice that had to be made. Last week the Aussies made it. They rejected the Liberal Party-Country Party coalition government of McMahon and installed Whitlam as the first Labor Party Prime Minister in 23 years, with an indicated majority of about 20 seats in the 125-seat House of Representatives.

For diminutive Billy McMahon, 64, the campaign was his first since he won the Liberal Party leadership 21 months ago in a messy internal battle that toppled controversial Prime Minister John Gorton, 61. McMahon's political skills seemed to desert him as he tried to rule the country. He waffled over decisions; and often after he finally made them, he had to reverse them. His campaign performance was equally uninspiring. In Perth he told a rally that his government was looking forward to "increasing opportunities for unemployment." At Melbourne he pledged: "We will honor the problems we have made."

Too Smooth. For hulking Gough (rhymes with cough) Whitlam, 56, the campaign was his second since taking over the Labor Party leadership in 1967. Smoother in garb and in gab than most of his country's politicians, Whitlam sometimes strikes down-to-earth Aussies as being too smooth by half. One of his own party members complains that he is a "distinctly middle-class intellectual with both a prickly personality and a capacious turn of mind." He also has a renowned temper. In Parliament he once dumped a glass of water on a member of the Cabinet.

In an attempt to revive the Labor Party, Whitlam maneuvered it more toward the political center. As a result, voters were confronted with Labor policies not radically different from those of the government. Among the few distinctive Whitlam commitments: immediate recognition of China, an end to conscription, extension of the vote to 18-year-olds and a new national anthem to replace *God Save the Queen*. With so little to choose between the parties and platforms, it was probably not surprising that voters spent much of the campaign inventing new ways to show irritation. Some pelted McMahon with jelly beans, and one woman, in a Down Under variation of the Bronx cheer, yanked out her dentures and clacked her teeth at him.

Some of the Most Wanted Who Got Away

Martin Bormann heads any list of Most Wanted Nazis. Some others:

Walter Rauff, 68, a former SS colonel, prefigured the gas chamber by channeling exhaust fumes into trucks filled with victims. Vienna Nazi Hunter Simon Wiesenthal claims that Rauff was responsible for the deaths of 97,000 people in such a manner in Byelorussia, the Ukraine, Poland and Yugoslavia. Rauff reportedly lives today in Punta Arenas, Chile. West Germany request-

supposed grave and found the bones of three different men, none of them Müller. In recent years, Müller has been reported in Brazil and Argentina, where, some investigators believe, he acts as "enforcer" among escaped SS criminals.

Dr. Josef Mengele, 61, whom Anne Frank called the "angel of extermination," became notorious for his medical experiments at Auschwitz. It was he who separated those who would



RAUFF (1962)



BARBIE (1972)



MÜLLER (1940s)



MENGELE (1969)

ed Rauff's extradition in 1963, but the Chilean supreme court denied the request because the statute of limitations had taken effect.

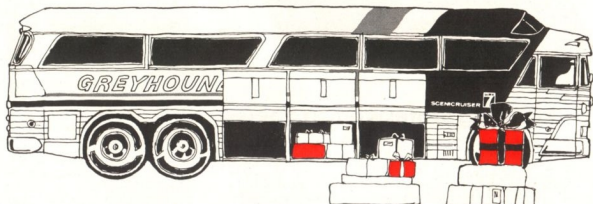
Klaus Barbie, 59, was the Gestapo chief in Lyon. In 1954, a French military court sentenced him to death *in absentia* for the torture and murder of Jean Moulin, the martyred leader of the French Resistance. Today Barbie lives as a wealthy, naturalized businessman under the name of Klaus Altmann in La Paz, Bolivia. France's request for his extradition has been ignored by the Bolivian government.

Heinrich Müller, 72, was chief of the Gestapo in the Third Reich and Adolf Eichmann's immediate superior. For years it was assumed that Müller was killed when the Red Army encircled Berlin. But in 1963 the West Berlin district attorney's office opened his

go to the gas chamber from those who would go to labor camps. Mengele slipped through the hands of the Allies after the war and lived in relative peace in his home town of Günzburg, Bavaria, until 1953, when hints of his crimes began to surface. He fled to Argentina and openly practiced medicine in Buenos Aires. In 1959, when the West German government obtained an indictment and moved to extradite him, Mengele slipped into Paraguay.

There, under the protection of Dictator General Alfredo Stroessner, he holds Paraguayan citizenship in his own name and is reputed to live on a tightly guarded estate said to be a haunt for former Nazis near the Brazilian border. He frequently slips out of the country for rendezvous with his wealthy family, despite a \$70,000 Israeli-German reward for his capture.

A new way to beat the Christmas rush.



Greyhound it!

When you want to count on getting a package from here to there before Christmas, count on Greyhound Package Express.

Send things when you want to. (We can often save the day for last-minute shippers.) We'll move your package quickly. Often the same day, or overnight for short distances. 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. And during this busy season we have extra staff and additional facilities to speed things up.

We can handle a variety of packages. Up to 60 inches in length, and 100 pounds. Lot shipments accepted, too.

Greyhound Package Express reaches more than 40,000 communities in the U.S. With easy-to-reach downtown and suburban locations.

We can save you a bundle, too. Just ask about our low rates.

This year put your package on the bus, and beat St. Nick.



Greyhound Package Express





INDIA AND ISRAEL

Two Strong Stateswomen Speak

Of all the women in the modern world, few have achieved the special status of Indira Gandhi and Golda Meir. As national leaders, they have proved to be as headstrong and capable of wielding power as any male President, Premier or potentate on the modern scene. Each in her own way is a superb diplomat, and has when necessary gone to war to make the point that her country will not be dominated or threatened by its neighbors. In other respects, however, they are as different as their countries. TIME's Chief of Correspondents Murray Gart interviewed both leaders and sent this report:

Indira: "Difficult Stage"

Mrs. Gandhi, very much Nehru's daughter, displays her elitist background in everything from the way she fusses with her sari to the manner of her speech. She nevertheless has shown a remarkable compassion for the wretched poor of her country. While the world watched her prosecute the war with Pakistan a year ago with great success, her mind was on the real war she is waging in India today—the war on hunger and poverty that continues to be so pervasive in her country of 550 million people. When she talks about security on the subcontinent of Asia, of India's role in the world, her words are firm and her ideas practical, but her voice is low and displays little emotion. When she talks about improving life in her country, and about how India must become self-reliant while performing that monumental task, there is genuine passion in her voice and in her aristocratic, expressive features. During the interview, Prime Minister Gandhi expressed the hope for better relations with the U.S. and China—a bid that was publicly repeated by Foreign Minister Swaran Singh late last week.

ON INDO-AMERICAN RELATIONS: I sincerely wish they were better. There should be greater friendship. What is re-

quired is a basic understanding of India as a very complex country with so many contradictions. Whenever we do anything, the U.S. Administration has felt it was directed against them. Then there is this constant feeling—or so we are told—that we are pro-Russian. We are certainly friends. They helped us in difficult times. But we pay for whatever we get from them. The Soviet Union does not influence policy decisions in Delhi and does not try. Geography alone dictates some of our actions, of course.

ON AID: We want to do without aid, but this is misunderstood. It is not U.S. aid alone we want to do without, but all aid. We must learn to stand on our own feet.* We can't do it 100%, but we must have the desire to do it. The giver-receiver relationship is never a happy one. We still need help, but without any strings. Trade is always better than mere credits.

ON PRESENT DIFFERENCES: The U.S. has supported Pakistan. We don't want to isolate Pakistan, nor can we dictate with whom the U.S. should be friends. Then there was the Bangladesh situation. I don't think the U.S. faced up to the real-

*For fiscal 1973, U.S. aid is set at \$50.5 million, most of it food. Russian and European aid for 1973 is \$22.5 million.

ities [India's crushing burden of 10 million refugees and Pakistan's brutal but doomed suppression of East Bengal], and this didn't help Pakistan.

ON THE U.S. AND CHINA: This is a relationship that we have been advocating. We were not unhappy when President Nixon went there. After all, we have been saying for years that whether one approved or disapproved of the Chinese government, one had to recognize the realities.

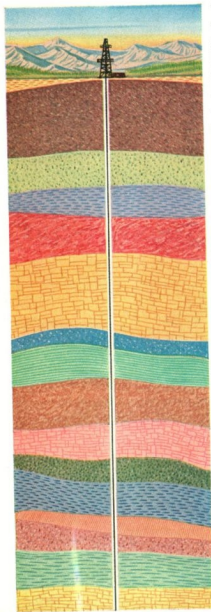
ON INDIA AND CHINA: I wouldn't say we feel threatened. But one can never be quite sure what they are going to do. Our relations have been up and down. When I became Prime Minister there were small indications of improvement. Then came the Cultural Revolution, the attack on the Indian embassy, and there was a setback. Things were again improving, and then came Bangladesh. Now we are back to Square 1. They say that the Soviet Union and India together are attempting to encircle China. This is utter nonsense. We are not attacking anyone, and I don't think the Soviet Union wants war with anyone. Then there is the matter of Tibet. We are said sometimes to be encouraging revolt, but we have neither the capacity nor the resources to do so. We have always recognized China's sovereignty there.

ON INDIA AND PAKISTAN: [Relations] are not normal. We have been trying to normalize them. It is my personal belief and the conviction of the government of India that our interests are complementary. What happens in the subcontinent is important for all of Asia. We hope for an improvement. We certainly have left no stone unturned. Mr. Bhutto [President of Pakistan] told me in Simla that he was the architect of confrontation with India, but that it had got Pakistan nowhere. He admitted that there was nothing to be gained from confrontation, and so many advantages from friendship.

ON POPULATION CONTROL: Obviously we view it quite seriously. By its nature, of course, it's a very private sort of question. It must be accompanied by education and a higher standard of living to make it work. We have had a big success in the cities but not in the villages. We had a little setback in Kerala, where there is a large number of Catholics, when the Pope made his [birth control] statement, which was unhelpful.

ON ECONOMIC PROGRESS: I think we are going ahead quite fast. Now had we been going nowhere, could we have managed to take care of 10 million [Bengali] refugees—feed them, house them? When a country is so large, you also have large problems. This year is an especially bad year. It would have been anyway as a result of the war and its af-

A gas well 5 miles deep— one reason natural gas will cost more.



Time was when a natural gas well went down about a mile. And cost about a hundred thousand dollars. But those days are gone. Now the gas industry has to sink wells miles into the earth—in an effort to meet America's growing energy needs.

And the deeper the drill goes, the higher the cost goes. Some companies have drilled four or five miles deep—at a cost of a million dollars a mile. And they had to develop new drilling technology to do it.

Maybe you think all this is going to mean higher gas prices. Well, you're right. But scarcity and high expense are affecting oil, electricity, all types of energy. Gas will continue to be your most economical buy overall. Meanwhile, don't worry about your own gas supply—if your home has gas, you'll be supplied.

**Gas,
clean energy
for today and
tomorrow.**

Don't get into 4- without knowing what

Everybody's been telling you how great 4-channel sound is. But

44
series

nobody's really told you what it is. Sure you know that you need 4 speakers. But what you may not know is that all 4-channel systems aren't alike. They can give you different sounds. They even play different records. So choosing a 4-channel system isn't as simple as choosing a stereo system. That's why Panasonic wants you to know exactly what you can get in 4-channel sound. Before you get into it.

WHAT IS 4-CHANNEL SOUND?

The basic principle behind all 4-channel systems is pretty much the same. With stereo, the music you hear has been divided into 2 parts. In 4-channel sound, the music is divided into 4 parts. So you get 4 different speakers playing 4 different parts. But to make matters confusing, there are two kinds of 4-channel systems. Discrete. And matrix.

DISCRETE OR MATRIX?

A discrete system is the only one that gives you pure 4-channel sound. Because it's the only system that separates the sound into 4 distinct parts. There are 4 separate signals. That go through 4 separate amplifiers. And come out of 4 separate speakers. So a musician has control over the sound he wants you to hear. He can position just guitars on speaker A. Just brass on speaker B. Just strings on speaker C. Just voices on speaker D. With that high degree of sound separation and steady sound positioning, a musician can give you the feeling of being in the best possible place for hearing his music. Right on

stage. Or right in the middle of the audience.

A matrix system also starts with 4 signals. But they're combined into two signals. Then synthesized again into 4 on the way to the speakers. That means a musician really can't completely control the sound. Because the music he separated into 4 distinct parts in the studio won't come out that way when you finally hear it. Speaker A will have some sound from speakers B and C. That's why most musicians prefer the pure

sound of a discrete system.

WHY PANASONIC PREFERS DISCRETE.

Sound separation. Steady sound positioning. And, on a discrete system, nothing is obsolete. From yesterday's monaural to today's 4-channel. Panasonic systems play discrete 4-channel 8-track tapes. And stereo tapes. Compatible Discrete

4-channel (CD-4) records. Like RCA Quadradiscs. And matrix 4-channel records. They also improve the sound of stereo tapes,



RE-8840



RE-9420

channel sound you're getting into.

records and radio through our exclusive Quadraplex™ Circuitry.

And they can be adapted for discrete 4-channel FM radio. When that becomes a reality.

SERIES 44™

PANASONIC'S

4-CHANNEL SYSTEMS.

Series 44™ includes everything you need to get every kind of discrete 4-channel sound. Four different systems that play 4-channel 8-track tapes. And an optional CD-4 record changer, Model SL-800, that's compatible with any of them.

Each system has something special. The RE-8840 can play

4-channel tapes in your house, car, or boat. Because the 8-track player slides out and fits into an optional car/boat bracket. And when you're home, the 4-channel balance scope



SL-800
CD-4 RECORD CHANGER

lets you adjust the sound for anywhere in the room.

The bonus with the RS-864S is that you can record 2-channel tapes. As well as listen to 4-channel tapes. There are 2 VU meters. And Pana-Ject. To automatically eject

the tape when it's finished.

The RE-8420 not only looks great, with its beautiful champagne gold face. It sounds great. Especially when you hear the price. And if you want a component look with component engineering, you need our RE-7750A receiver and optional RS-855US 8-track tape deck.

Besides playing 8-track cartridges, each system in Series 44™ has FM, AM and FM stereo radios. A stereo eye that lights up when you're tuned into a stereo station. A stereo selector switch. FET to bring in distant FM stations. And AFC to keep them from drifting away. You also get Panasonic's solid-state engineering and lush walnut wood cabinetry.

And all of our 4-channel systems let you adjust the sound to your own taste. With separate bass and treble controls. And they all have separate volume controls for each of the four air-suspension speakers.

These 4-channel systems also have separate jacks for our discrete 4-channel (CD-4) record changer, the SL-800. It has a built-in 4-channel discrete disc demodulator to fit with every other part of Series 44™. And plays monaural, stereo, matrix and discrete 4-channel records.

NOW THAT YOU'RE THROUGH READING, LISTEN.

There's only one way for you to understand why 4-channel sound is so exciting. Listen to it. At a Panasonic dealer. The only problem you may have after that is choosing which Panasonic system you want.

Panasonic
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Ave., N.Y. 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call toll free 800 243-6000. In Conn., 1-800-882-6500. Ask about any model.



RS-864S



RE-7750A

RS-855US

Authentic.



When the thought is genuine,
the gift should be. Dewar's "White Label."

Dewar's never varies.

MILESTONES

tereffects. There was the need to reconstruct the economy of eastern India [where the refugees fled]. On top of all this, we have had a severe drought over two-thirds of the country. We have had sufficient food grains, but the real difficulty is drinking water. In Maharashtra we are trying to use all means, including petrol tankers, to take water to the villages, but there are not enough of them to do the job. Because of the war and world conditions, we have this problem of inflation and that of the uneducated unemployed. Our progress, however, has got its own momentum and nothing can stop it. People here are highly politically conscious. They are not interested in the rate of growth but in something now. When there is great misery there is apathy. But when things begin to happen [the gross national product has more than doubled in the past decade], expectations rise. If you do not satisfy these expectations, then there is trouble. There is more impatience and more frustration all at the same time. We are at a very difficult stage and we just have to go through it. Yet there is a far greater feeling of self-confidence.

Golda: A Strong Israel

In contrast with Indira Gandhi, Golda Meir is much more earthy and direct, a woman who quite happily displays her humble Milwaukee background. When she talks about her Arab neighbors, she bluntly takes the same hard line that she and her negotiators have generally displayed toward a possible Mideast settlement. When she insists on her willingness to negotiate a durable peace with her neighbors, on her terms, she speaks without much emotion. But when the subject is her retirement—and the subject is Topic A, B and C among the lesser men who hope to succeed her—she sounds very much like a weary Jewish grandmother of 74 who fervently hopes at long last for a little private time of her own.

ON ISRAELI-ARAB RELATIONS: One of the legends that has arisen is that Israel is obstinate and very inflexible. The facts prove the opposite, right down the line. History has proved that every time a plan for peace has been offered, we have accepted it. We accepted the partition of Palestine [November 1947], even though it included the internationalization of Jerusalem. When we signed the armistice agreements [in 1948], we accepted their provisions. Maybe we were wrong after the 1967 war. Maybe we should have told the Arabs, "You had the armistice lines, you did not want them. In May 1967 you went out to destroy them. Now the cease-fire lines are the new borders." But we said instead, "Let's sit down and negotiate for secure and agreed borders."

ON NEGOTIATIONS: We can come to an agreement with our Arab neighbors if the principle is accepted that the 1967

borders will not be restored. We are ready to negotiate like grown-up, serious people. We won't do anything to put [Egypt's President Anwar] Sadat out of power.

ON THE SUEZ CANAL: Sadat can open the canal any time of day or night. But Israel cannot accept Sadat's demands for returning to the 1967 borders as a precondition. When Sadat in February 1971 suggested a Suez Canal agreement we immediately agreed to negotiate the partial Suez agreement. Israel is prepared to pull back a bit to a certain line which naturally will not be the final line. The final borders will be negotiated. We, of course, are not prepared to accept any of Sadat's preconditions, as for instance a commitment that we will return to the 1967 border or that we should agree to have his army cross the canal.

ON EGYPT'S LEADER: President Sadat expects things to be solved for him by others. He thought that once he sent out the Russians, the Americans would squeeze Israel. Sadat is always depending on someone else to solve the problem for him. Anything can happen. He may even try renewing the war even though he knows he cannot win it. Either he can try to defeat us in a war or he should have the courage to say to his people, "This is it. They [the Israelis] are here, we have to live with them." He does not have the courage for the second and he is not capable of the first. The result is frustration and confusion.

ON JORDAN'S KING HUSSEIN: Hussein must, like Willy Brandt, although Brandt personally had no part in it, accept the fact that those responsible for making war against people must accept the consequences. For this Brandt received the Nobel Prize.

ON PEACE FORMULAS: The Rogers plan [for an Israeli pullback from the Suez Canal] has been put out of the way, and if it is not revived that will be all right. We asked [the U.S.] not to force us and they did not do it. We have not felt any pressure; there is no sign of it. One of the most important things the U.S. has done is to keep this area out of a shooting war. President Nixon has accepted the principle that the best guarantee for no shooting is to have Israel strong enough so that our neighbors will hesitate to start shooting. The best guarantee for peace in the area is a strong Israel. I don't know when we'll have peace. To my sorrow it does not depend on us.

ON HER PLANS TO RETIRE NEXT AUTUMN: Enough is enough. I owe it to myself. I want another few years to live as a normal human being. The difficulty is that there are so many good people fit for the post; the problem is whom to choose [as a successor]. But I am determined.

Died. Wendell Smith, 58, sports-writer and broadcaster who helped promote baseball's racial integration; of cancer; in Chicago. Early in 1945, Smith took Jackie Robinson and two other black players to open tryouts with the Boston Red Sox. When the Red Sox demurred, Smith stopped off in Brooklyn to report the incident to the Dodgers' Branch Rickey, who sent his own scouts out for a look and hired Robinson. Later, at the Chicago *American* as the first full-time black sportswriter on a major daily, Smith led a successful fight to desegregate baseball housing facilities in the South.

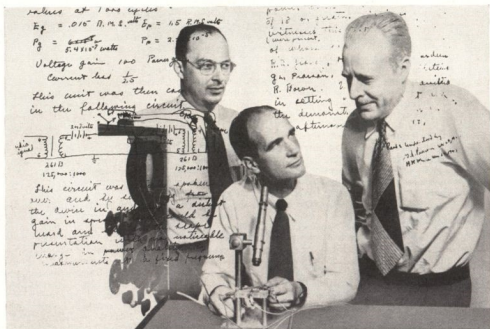
Died. Jimmy Lytell, 67, Brooklyn-born bandleader who played jazz clarinet professionally by age 14, formed his own Dixieland jazz band during the 1920s and performed as many as 17 radio shows a week during the 1940s; in Kings Point, N.Y.

Died. Neil H. McElroy, 68, Defense Secretary during the second Eisenhower Administration; of cancer; in Cincinnati. McElroy was president of Procter & Gamble when Eisenhower chose him for the Pentagon in 1957. During his tenure the U.S. accelerated its space and missile programs. It was McElroy who first predicted a "missile gap." Ironically, the Democrats seized the issue in the 1960 election, but after taking office had to admit that the gap was nonexistent.

Died. Antonio Segni, 81, former President of Italy; in Rome. A longtime Christian Democratic stalwart, Segni was twice Premier and several times a Cabinet minister. He was also a gentleman farmer, which did not stop him from devising a controversial land reform program that cost him one-fourth of his own land. He was elected President in 1962, but a stroke forced him to step down in 1964.

Died. Sir Compton Mackenzie, 89, prolific, puckish patriarch of British letters; in Edinburgh. Though successful movies (*Sylvia Scarlett*, *Tight Little Island*) were adapted from Mackenzie works, the novel *Sinister Street*, banned as too risqué when it first appeared in 1913, remained the most popular of his more than 100 books. He wrote controversial nonfiction as well: *Greek Memories* (1932) earned him a £100 fine for revealing official documents from his tenure as a World War I intelligence agent, and *The Windsor Tapestry* (1938) created a sensation with its passionate defense of Edward VIII's abdication. Mackenzie held off until age 80 to begin his ten-volume *My Life and Times*, and confessed that he had to reread his early works "because I can't remember how they come out. I'm amazed to find how good they are."

"I hope you can break away and come."



Co-discoverers of the transistor effect (left to right), John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain shown with notes and diagrams regarding their discovery.

25 years ago on December 23, 1947, Dr. William Shockley used this casual phrase to invite a few of his associates to observe the demonstration of "some effects"

The "effects" demonstrated were called "the transistor effect," and they led to the invention of the transistor at Bell Laboratories, the research and development arm of the Bell System. For their work in this field John Bardeen, Walter H. Brattain and William Shockley were awarded the Nobel Prize.

What is a transistor anyhow?

Basically, transistors can perform two functions. They can act as a switch, turning an electrical current on or off instantly. And they can amplify or boost an electrical signal to an audible level. Materially they are specially processed chips of crystal wired to perform these functions. They have been developed today to a state of miniaturization that will allow a complete electrical circuit containing about a thousand transistors and resistors to fit into the space occupied by the perforation of an ordinary postage stamp.

Today "transistor" is a common household word. Kids today often refer to their constant companion, the pocket radio, as their "transistor." And the name is aptly used, be-

cause today's common pocket radio wouldn't be common at all without the invention of the transistor.

How did the transistor get from there to here?

If you're over thirty you'll remember radios as being more stationary than portable.



You'll also remember the army of tubes that glowed inside the back of those radios and provided the amplification. Telephone equipment has always used vast numbers of vacuum tubes. And while these tubes functioned satisfactorily, they did have shortcomings that could limit their use for the complex communication needs of the future.

Bell Laboratories' scientists looked for an alternate answer

in other materials, solid materials known as "semiconductors." And out of this research came the discovery of the transistor effect, the amplification and control of an electrical flow in a solid chip of crystal.

A major investment in people, time and money was allocated by the Bell System to develop this discovery. Western Electric, the manufacturing unit of the system, applied their production expertise to the laboratory invention, and found ways and means to produce the transistor economically.

And another discovery was made.

It became evident that the transistor, with its minute size, its heat-free operation and high reliability, would have tremendous application *outside* the telephone business.

AT&T made the information on the newly discovered and developed transistor available to other companies, to universities and to the Federal Government.

The revolution was on.

The awesome computer.

The simplest computer of today, and the most fantastic computer creations of tomorrow, all owe their existence to the existence of the transistor.

Transistorized hearts.

Transistors today make possible the "pacemakers" that are implanted under the skins of thousands of us today, to help us live with weak or faulty hearts.

New ears for old.

It's the transistor that makes possible the amplifiers that make hearing again less conspicuous for thousands of hearing aid wearers.

How Telstar® made it up.

The concept of a communications satellite was not possible without the transistor. All of today's communications satellites depend on them. Telstar®, the first such satellite to relay television and telephone calls across the Atlantic, was conceived and designed by our Bell Laboratories. Today, live TV transmissions via satellite around the world are possible because of the transistor.

Grizzly bears, Andean condors and Her Majesty's Secret Service.

The tiny transistor is the heart of the transmitters that are used for locating and trailing almost anything. Naturalists check the migration patterns of wildlife by attaching transistorized homing devices to them.

Grizzly bears and high-flying condors report their whereabouts exactly as do wily enemy agents under surveillance.

Coming from the moon.

All communications from space, including your view of the astronauts walking on the surface of the moon, would be impossible without the transistor.

They're everywhere.

Today, world-wide, the business of electronic devices incorporating transistors is estimated at over 2.7 billion dollars a year. In the United States alone nearly 8 million people are employed in the manufacture of equipment using these devices.

How the Bell System puts them to work for you.

Our own research people have found more uses and applications for the transistor than any of us could have predicted 25 years ago. One recent development is this miniature color television camera, the first all solid-state color camera ever made.

Small enough to hold in one hand, it is also big enough to bring full color to our already innovative Picturephone®. And the technology behind this camera will one day make possible the transmission by Picturephone® printout of text and graphic material in just 4 seconds.



Picturephone® with color TV camera.

Behind every one of today's telephones, the transistor has made possible new and improved switching systems to speed your calls. New methods for data transmission, new manufacturing techniques, new concepts of quality control to make your service even more reliable have all been made possible by the transistor. And the horizon, with whole new kinds of future communications services, has been brought closer.

The tiny transistor is one of the many technological advances by the Bell System that have brought new qualities to all our lives.

AT&T and your local Bell Company.



PEOPLE

As the embodiment of *Mittel-europäische* glamour, **Marlene Dietrich** seemed an ideal addition to the *Kaiserball* in Vienna's Hofburg, the winter palace of the Habsburgs. Would she care to come and sing? "Would be thrilled and delighted to accept your invitation," Marlene wrote in reply to her invitation, "but unless you agree to my fee of \$35,000, all further correspondence will be meaningless." There was no further correspondence. Had Marlene been a little too, well, worldly? Her pressagent had a fast answer: "When you get Dietrich you get the magic, which costs a lot of money."

During last summer's Munich Olympics, Soviet Gymnast **Olga Korbut** twirled and flipped spectacularly, then went to pieces and made a disastrous muddle of her second appearance. She wept in shame, and the sports world fell in love with her. Olga recovered and carried home two gold medals. Now it turns out that she is suffering from a slipped disk and has been sent to a spa in the Caucasus for complete rest. "We

AILING: OLGA KOR BUT & SOUVENIRS



hope Olga will be able to perform again," says her trainer, "but it is not possible to say when."

Most of the papers auctioned off for \$12,500 at Manhattan's Sotheby Parke Bernet Inc. were covered with complex mathematical formulas. According to the scientist who made the catalogue, the figures were comprehensible only to about 250 people in the world. Still, for those baffled by the scientific thoughts of the late **Albert Einstein**, there were bits of less technical information to be gleaned: the author of $E=mc^2$ ate eggs and drank tomato juice (he spilled some on his work) and bequeathed to history an unexplained (and here freely translated) bit of verse:

*I shan't be absent, little snookie,
Though I am not a sugar cookie;
What life has brought you up to now
May sweeten the farewell somehow.*

What has **Gina Lollobrigida** been doing the past 2½ years? Traveling incognito all over Italy, she says, hiding from the *paparazzi* by wearing a wide variety of wigs and stuffing her cheeks with prune pits. "After a while I changed the pits for two buttons," she adds. "My mouth was getting sore." The purpose of all this was to take photographs for a picture book called *Italia Mia*. A perfectionist, she says she made 2,628 shots of Venice before she picked the three she wanted. All in all, the effort has worn out two cameras and one car, but "with photographs I can say what I want."

"If Florence Nightingale had ever nursed you, Mr. Whiteside, she would have married Jack the Ripper instead of founding the Red Cross." The ailing ogre being scolded by his nurse is of course Sheridan Whiteside in *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Now claiming the role made famous by **Monty Woolley** was none other than **Orson Welles**.



STAR PATIENT: ORSON WELLES AS WHITESIDE
"The part was written for me."

"The part of Whiteside was written for me," said Welles. "They offered it to me first, but I didn't do it." Thirty-three years later, Welles finally agreed to star in an "updated" TV version. The critics' reactions were as wispish as anything Whiteside might offer: "heavy-handed," "vulgar," "disastrous." Said Welles, a little chastened: "I probably blew it."

Out from durance vile: The Rev. **Philip F. Berrigan**, paroled, effective Dec. 20, in time for Christmas, after 38 months of a six-year term for raids on draft boards in Baltimore and Catonsville, Md. Berrigan, subsequently accused but acquitted of a "conspiracy" to kidnap **Henry Kissinger**, recently described himself as "a home-front P.O.W., jailed for waging peace." Also released: **Samuel L. Popkin**, Harvard lecturer, imprisoned for contempt for refusing to tell a grand jury all he knew about the compilation of the Pentagon papers. Freed after a week in jail because the grand jury itself was dismissed, Popkin said he had proved that university professors believe in the First Amendment, but "other than that I'm not sure I proved anything."

"I am delighted to be back—I'm delighted to be anywhere." **Ann-Margret** told a cheering Las Vegas audience. It was her first stage appearance since she fell 20 ft. from a giant hand-shaped stage set three months ago, suffering five facial fractures, a broken jaw and a broken arm. Along with singing and dancing and sailing aloft on the arms of chorus boys, Ann-Margret joked about her injuries: "If you really want to lose weight, go to the orthodontist and have him wire your jaws shut for six weeks. One of the joys was liquid pizza with anchovies. Or I'd say, 'Bring me another glass of prime rib.' One advantage of the whole thing is that I'm down to 110 lbs. I haven't weighed that since I was a cheerleader at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill."

RECOVERED: ANN-MARGRET TAKES TO THE AIR DURING COMEBACK IN LAS VEGAS NIGHTCLUB





WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED

💧
DROP

💧
BY DROP

The Supreme Court: Deciding Whether to Decide

In the view of its Chief Justice, the Supreme Court of the United States is choking to death on legal paper work. Speaking last week at a Columbia University dinner honoring the late Harlan Fiske Stone (Chief Justice from 1941 to 1946), Warren Burger noted that the annual docket has grown from 1,448 cases in 1945, to 4,202 in 1969—his first year on the court—to 4,533 cases last year. At last Friday's conference session, he added, the Justices had to consider whether to hear full-dress arguments on as many as 247 cases.

Some relief may be on the way. Next week, a seven-man committee of judicial experts, appointed by Burger and chaired by Harvard Law Professor Paul Freund, will formally propose that Congress create a new nine-judge court

Supreme Court building's main floor echo with the clatter of handcarts being pushed toward the well-guarded main conference room next door to the Chief Justice's office. The carts contain petitions for certiorari (requests for review, the normal means by which most cases reach the court), briefs, transcripts, memos from clerks, notebooks—every Justice's file on virtually every case that may come up during the taxing all-day session. It usually takes two or three carts to hold each Justice's material; 20 or more of them surround the massive mahogany table and nine high-backed chairs by the time the first Justices arrive and begin making small talk while pouring themselves cups of coffee from a silver urn.

When the last Justice walks in (it is

ceived more attention in conference than most petitions that reach the court. About half are never discussed at all, dismissed virtually out of hand because they did not attract the attention of a single Justice who was willing to request that they be discussed in the conference.

Until this year, every Justice and his clerks reviewed each petition as it arrived. At the suggestion of Freshman Justice Lewis Powell, the petitions are now assigned to one of the law clerks, who prepares a single pool memo of one to 15 pages for separate consideration by Justices Burger, Powell, White, Blackmun and Rehnquist. Douglas, Stewart, Brennan and Marshall have refused to go along with the innovation and each reads every petition or a memo on it prepared for him by his own clerk.

Toss-Outs. Deciding which cases to accept is very much an individual matter for each of the Justices. All agree that experience on the high court leads to a certain facility in identifying unworthy petitions: "A good number are obviously frivolous, and I'm seeing them more quickly now than I did at first," says one of the newer Justices. Matters that are purely local in nature, affecting only a few people and without any serious question of federal or constitutional law, are automatic toss-outs. Isolated cases of injustices are apt to be ignored too. "We've got to consider the importance of the point of the decision to the administration of justice," observes one of the judges. "If it's something that won't reoccur for 100 years or so, we'll probably pass it up." To some Justices, jailhouse petitions for *habeas corpus* are standard throwaways. Douglas, however, likes to read as many handwritten appeals as possible; he considers it a personal coup if he can force his brother judges to accept such a petition.

Cases that are automatically accepted are even fewer in number than automatic rejections. "It's easy to take a case where two or more circuit courts have interpreted an IRS rule in different ways," said one judge. "Things like that have to be straightened out quickly." Yet even when the Justices have an obvious conflict between circuit courts to resolve, or an overwhelmingly important constitutional question to decide, there is often a tendency to delay, to be cautious, to allow the controversy to ripen. "We benefit greatly from the wisdom of the circuit courts," says the same judge. "Even when I'm inclined to hear a novel case, I often vote to deny just so we can get more input, more perspective from the lower courts."

The mood of the country is also taken into account, several Justices admitted. One pointed out that in the late '40s and early '50s, the court declined to hear a number of desegregation cases



CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF SUPREME COURT FLOUNDERING THROUGH PAPERWORK*

composed of judges chosen on a rotating basis from the U.S. Courts of Appeals. That court would screen all cases now referred to the Supreme Court for review, and determine which were important enough for the high bench to hear. If the Freund committee proposals are accepted by Congress and the President, the Supreme Court Justices would still have the right to hear any case they wanted. In practice, if not in theory, though, they would surrender a substantial amount of the authority they now exercise in deciding which issues they are going to consider.

Since the 19th century, those decisions have been made by the nine judges at daylong conferences that take place every week during the court term. No outsider has ever been allowed to attend those unique secret sessions, but from interviews with several of the Justices (who agreed to speak on a background basis only), TIME Correspondent David Beckwith was able to put together a detailed picture of what they are like. His report:

A few minutes before 10 on Friday mornings, the marble corridors of the

considered discourteous to be even a minute late), the oak door is shut. By long tradition, the Justices then shake hands all around. Two guards are posted in the anteroom to ensure that the proceedings are undisturbed. If contact with the outside world is necessary, William Rehnquist, the junior Justice, will open the door slightly to hand out or receive a written message.

The Chief runs the meeting, and the Justices give their views in order of seniority. "All right," Burger might say, "the first case seems to be 72-118, *Gray v. White*. In the petition, the plaintiff claims an abridgment of his right to freedom of religion by prison authorities. I believe we settled this question three years ago in *Black v. Blue*. I would be inclined to deny." After concluding his reasons for denial, he would turn to William O. Douglas, the senior Justice, and ask: "Bill, what do you think?" So it goes, down the line. It may take the judges no more than five minutes to decide whether or not they will consider *Gray v. White*; even so, it would have re-

*From left: White, Powell, Brennan, Stewart, Burger, Blackmun, Marshall, Douglas and Rehnquist.

FTD[®] announces Extra Touch Service[™]



Send flowers with the extra touch.

Your FTD Florist adds the extra touch to your gift of beautiful flowers with any of six containers like the attractive cups and caddy shown above.

You have other choices, too! Send flowers in an elegant bone china cup and saucer.

Flowers in a shimmering silver sugar scuttle.

Flowers in a sparkling crystal compote.

Flowers in a handsome ceramic pitcher and bowl.

Or in a charming watering pitcher.

Speed-A-Gift flower/gift combinations are unique and lasting reminders of you and your extra care in gift giving.

They're suitable for all occasions. Like birthdays. Anniversaries. Congratulations. And housewarmings. Or just as a very nice surprise.

Call or visit your nearby FTD Florist. He'll send your Speed-A-Gift combination almost anywhere in the country the easy, FTD way. (Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.) Why not send someone you love a gift with flowers today?



Speed A Gift
DELIVERY SERVICE

Marlboro



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Kings: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine—
100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine— Lights: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—
Menthol: 16 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '72



Famous Marlboro Red.
Marlboro Menthol Green.
Marlboro 100's.
New Marlboro Lights.

You get a lot to like in Marlboro Country.



6 YEARS OLD, IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.5 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1972.



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH
SUPPLIERS OF CANADIAN CLUB WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WINDSOR, ONTARIO, CANADA

The world's most popular Christmas Club.
Luxuriously gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

THE LAW

that were very similar to *Brown v. Board of Education*. "If the issue had been decided earlier," he said, "it might have gone the other way or, more likely, it would have produced a divided court. In the long run, the delay was probably beneficial for the country." Often the decision whether to accept or reject a case hinges on a Justice's feeling about how the court will collectively rule on the matter. Explains one: "If I suspected a good decision by a lower court would be affirmed, making its application nationwide, I'd probably vote to grant." On the other hand, "a decision may seem outrageously wrong to me, but if I thought the court would affirm it, then I'd vote to deny. I'd much prefer bad law to remain the law of the Eighth Circuit or the State of Michigan than to have it become the law of the land."

The decision-making strategy is augmented by gamesmanship round the table. "Occasionally," says one member, "a Justice will just say 'I pass' and not express an opinion until everyone else has indicated a preference." A Justice will often say he's "inclined" to grant or deny, thus keeping his options open until the final tally. And if three Justices feel strongly about a case, "it's not unusual for another Justice to add a fourth vote as a courtesy." Since 1925, the informal but almost invariably followed "rule of four" has meant that a case is not accepted for a hearing unless four Justices vote for it.

Drained. Burger "has good sense of pace," says one of his colleagues. The Chief knows when to curtail drifting discussion and when to call a temper-cooling coffee break. But there are inevitable undercurrents of tension on the ideologically split court. While one Justice speaks of another as "a great storyteller, quick with very funny stories about cases he's tried," still another grouches that the conferences occasionally get bogged down with "war stories about famous cases I have judged." The occasional jokes that lighten the sessions tend to be a bit lawyerly. "For instance," explains a Justice, "somebody might say in the middle of a rape-case discussion, 'I think the central question here is the same problem we faced in that antitrust case a few minutes ago: Was there consent?' It doesn't seem too funny now, but it gets a big laugh at the time."

Most of the members of the court agree that they emerge from the six-to-seven-hour conferences "emotionally drained" and "completely exhausted." Indeed the amount of energy they devote to the task is testimony to the importance of the process. Says one hardy Justice: "I suppose a lot of people would think we've got it pretty easy—sitting there talking from 10 to 12:30 and from 1:15 to after 5. Well, I've done a lot of physical work and all-day hiking, and I've never been as tired as I usually am at the end of one of those conferences."

Movies without movie lights.



Four things Kodak did to make them possible:

Kodak has built four special features into the XL movie cameras that let in up to 6 times as much light as cameras without these features: **ONE.** An extra-fast *f*/1.2 Ektar lens. **TWO.** An enlarged shutter opening that lets in extra light. **THREE.** A special exposure control that doesn't block the light. **FOUR.** A viewing system that doesn't steal the light.

Just drop in a cartridge of high-speed Kodak Ektachrome 160 movie film and you're ready for movies without movie lights. This film is four times faster than Kodachrome II movie film.

See the Kodak XL movie cameras at your photo dealer's. From less than \$120. The XL55 (shown) with power-zoom, is less than \$215.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak XL movie cameras. Ektachrome 160 movie film.



BEHAVIOR

A Glimmer of Light?

"It is clear from the figures that more addicts can be salvaged by methadone than by any other method."

—Dr. Vincent Dole,
Rockefeller University

"Methadone is increasing the addiction rate among young people. I predict that in five years there will be millions of people on methadone and no reduction in crime. Methadone will turn out to be a tremendous national embarrassment."

—Dr. Mitchell Rosenthal,
Phoenix House

These statements, both by experts deeply concerned about epidemic drug abuse, typify the growing controversy over methadone as a substitute for heroin. Last week, in a book that may help to resolve the controversy, Consumers Union came out strongly on the Dole side of the argument. *Licit and Illicit Drugs*, a five-year study by Medical

Writer Edward Brecher and the editors of *Consumer Reports* (Little, Brown; \$12.50), advocates legalizing marijuana, supplying heroin, opium and morphine to some addicts on an experimental basis, and providing methadone maintenance—legal administration of methadone to heroin users—for every drug abuser who asks for it.

The C.U. recommendations are not based on any new scientific research but on a detailed review of available scientific evidence and on interviews with experts and addicts. "The ideal solution," conclude the authors, "would be a cure for opiate addiction. But no such cure exists, nor is there one on the horizon—and there exist no clues as to where such a miracle cure might be found. Methadone maintenance is not a panacea. But it frees addicts from the heroin incubus" and can turn "a majority of heroin addicts into law-abiding citizens."

In 1964 Metabolic Specialist Vincent Dole and his wife, Psychiatrist Marie Nyswander, conducted the first pioneering experiments in methadone maintenance. Their success helped make maintenance a preferred U.S. method of rehabilitation. Already some 60,000 of the country's 600,000 addicts are being treated at 460 public and private clinics in 40 states; another 30,000 are on waiting lists. As use widens, problems mushroom, and critics have begun to remind advocates that heroin itself, when it was discovered in 1898, was touted as a desirable alternative to morphine.

Transformed Lives. Methadone prevents withdrawal symptoms when the addict stops using heroin. Swallowed in individually regulated doses, it keeps him on an even keel without producing either euphoria or lassitude. It also helps suppress his craving for drugs—and keeps the addict from getting high on heroin if he tries going back to it. Most important, stabilizing an addict on methadone often brings his previously buried emotional problems to the surface where they can be treated.

The best clinics offer a balanced program of medication and rehabilitation. As a result, many methadone-maintained addicts hold jobs. In Boston, 70% of patients have jobs. In Washington, D.C., only 30% of patients are employed at the time they go on methadone, but 65% have jobs when they have stayed on it six months or longer. Thousands of addicts rehabilitated with methadone abandon crime as a way of life. The view of addicts who have managed to resume a near-normal existence is summed up by Pam Smith, 46, a Manhattanite who once supported her heroin habit with prostitution: "I'm a human being again."

But methadone is powerful stuff and carries its own dangers. To Psychiatrist

Mitchell Rosenthal of Phoenix House and Psychiatrist Leon Epstein and Sociologist Henry Lennard of the University of California at San Francisco, methadone "permits the illusion of a solution" while actually doing more harm than good. In a much-discussed article in *Science* last spring, they argued that methadone maintenance "reinforces the popular illusion that a drug can be a fast, cheap and magical answer to complex human and social problems." Because methadone is addictive, opponents also find maintenance morally abhorrent and believe that moving an addict from heroin to methadone is like shifting an alcoholic from bourbon to Scotch.

Bearing out this contention is the fact that there is a growing black market for methadone. In many cities, it is being sold by pushers to "virgin" drug abusers seeking the orgasmic reaction, almost as intense as the heroin "rush," that methadone produces when injected into a vein rather than taken orally. Besides, though complicated to manufacture, methadone is cheaper than heroin (perhaps \$20 instead of \$50 a day) partly because big crime has not—as yet—moved in.

Mouthwash. Worst of all, black-market methadone is said to have caused hundreds of deaths last year. Figures can be misleading; they often include deaths resulting from heroin or other causes when a trace of methadone is found in the victim's body. Nevertheless, the death totals are rising.

Ideally, methadone is mixed with fruit juice (to make injection difficult if the drug is stolen) and administered under the eyes of doctors or nurses. In practice, carelessness or corruption permits a few patients to hold the juice in their mouths until they can spit it into plastic bags and sell it as "mouthwash methadone." Some unethical doctors are selling the drug to non-addicts or prescribing unneeded amounts to real heroin users; many addicts are getting extra supplies by enrolling at more than one treatment center. In clinics where vigilance is slack or rehabilitation services inadequate, take-home privileges may be too quickly granted and too often abused: given enough methadone to tide them over a weekend or longer, addicts may reduce their need by tapering and sell the rest.

The best-run programs have built-in safeguards. In many cities, doctors have reduced dosages to the smallest effective amounts. Since instituting a computer system that prevents registration at more than one clinic, Georgia has had no overdose deaths or other indications of drug diversion. Regulations issued earlier this year by the Food and Drug Administration should help. The new rules make it easier to crack down on private dispensers and require clinic dispensers to be registered after screening. The rules also require at least one urinalysis a week for every patient to make sure that he has not gone back to



METHADONE CLINIC IN ATLANTA



UNDERGOING THERAPY IN DETROIT

Christmas TIME



Christmas TIME. It's as good as rest-of-the-year TIME, except you give it for the holidays.

To friends. Clients. Nephews. Business associates. And because it measures up to rest-of-the-year TIME, you know what kind of gift it will make. Informative. Entertaining. Enlightening. With 25 separate departments that make TIME one gift with something for everyone on your holiday list.

One thing that is different about Christmas TIME is the price.

Just \$10 for each one-year gift you give. Compared to TIME's regular \$14-a-year subscription rate. (We won't even bill you until after the New Year.)

And we will announce each gift subscription with a handsome holiday card sent in your name...followed, of course, by the full 52 weekly issues of TIME itself.

All you have to do is fill in the attached gift order card and put it in the mail.

So this Christmas-time, consider our Christmas TIME. It's really just rest-of-the-year TIME spruced up and priced down for holiday giving. But, oh, what a holiday gift it makes!

There's a movement in this country

A movement among people who want to do something—personally—about the problems that face us. Now that movement has a new focus.

It's called ACTION.

ACTION was created by the President and Congress to give concerned Americans a chance to *do something*—to volunteer to work with people who want help.

ACTION is the Peace Corps serving in developing nations around the world. ACTION is VISTA serving in communities here at home. ACTION is Foster Grandparents, helping children in need throughout the country. ACTION is SCORE—retired executives counseling small businessmen. ACTION is all this and more—it's thousands of committed Americans: college students and retired people, men and women, black and white, of all incomes, all ages and from all walks of life—working together, face to face, where it really makes a difference.

People in ACTION are working in many different fields: providing health care to migrant farm workers in California; counseling small businessmen in Philadelphia; teaching modern methods of farming to Peruvian peasants; working with Indian tribes in the

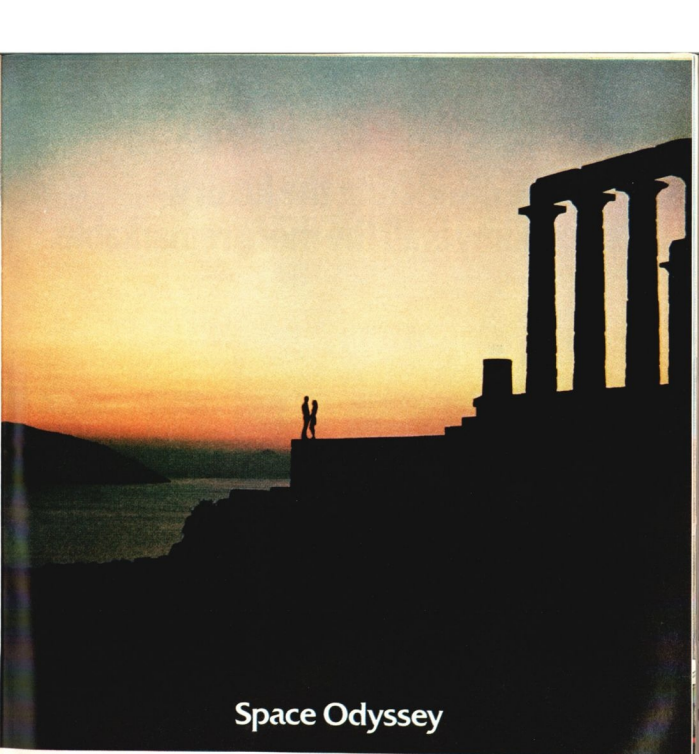
Southwest; organizing a fishing cooperative in Uganda; giving vocational guidance to ex-convicts in Wisconsin.

ACTION is seeking new solutions through new programs, such as University Year in Action—enabling universities to provide academic credit to students while they serve in social programs in inner cities, Indian reservations and migrant workers' camps. ACTION is working because people everywhere are learning to work together—meaningfully—to solve our mutual problems.

ACTION is at work in virtually every state of the union and in some 60 developing nations. Some people in ACTION work full time for a year or more. Others serve part time on a regular basis. But more important, they are each devoting a part of their lives to do what they can to help their fellow man.

Maybe you know how ACTION can be of service to your community. Or you may already be working in a project that needs assistance. Or you may want to join ACTION, using your knowledge and ability where they are most needed. Find out how you can be part of this new movement. Write ACTION, Washington, D.C. 20525.

ACTION
People helping people help themselves.



Space Odyssey

Take a trip back 2000 years. Take a friend. And take in Sounion, temple to a sea-god. Poseidon's place. You'll see that some things never change in Greece.

Even winter in the Greek Islands stays like high June. Sunny sandy beaches. Sailboats rigged and ready to float you on the blue blue sea around Rhodes and Crete so you can collect your suntan and your wits.

No crowds. No long lines. Greece has all the quiet in the

world when you want it. Plus all the social pleasures when you're ready. Plush shops. Open-air bazaars. Tavernas. Bouzouki. Wines from a different grape. Cozy little fishing-village cafes. And casinos where you can gamble and dance all the balmy Greek night. What if you don't break the bank? Relax. Even the luxury hotels are a buy.

Ask anybody who has been anywhere else in Europe lately. Or ask us.

GREECE

IS NEVER OUT OF SEASON

Greek National Tourist Organization
601 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 (212) HA 1-5777
627 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90017 (213) 626-6696

Gentlemen:
I'd like to getaway to Greece in the winter.
Please send more information.

T-1211

Name

Address

City State Zip

Presenting Datsun 610.

Considering the luxury, its economy is all the more remarkable.

The new Datsun 610 is something altogether new... a luxury economy car. A Datsun original.

Whether you choose the new 2-Door Hardtop, the new 4-Door Sedan or the new 5-Door Wagon, you get more power, more room, more quiet, just plain more car than any economy car has a right to be. But it comes with a Datsun price tag. And the kind of design sophistication you've come to expect from Datsun.

There's a new 1800 overhead cam engine and new power-assist front disc brakes for the perfect per-

formance combination. The 4-Door Sedan and 2-Door Hardtop have a new independent rear suspension, too.

As for the luxury, well, you've really got to drive it to believe it. The luxury touches—whitewalls, fully reclining bucket seats, tinted glass, full carpeting and custom vinyl interior—are just a beginning.

It's the new Datsun 610 series. Sporting performance, luxury accommodations and an economy car price. You've got to drive one to believe it. Drive a Datsun... then decide.



Own a Datsun Original.

From Nissan with Pride

BEHAVIOR

heroin and that he is swallowing rather than selling his prescribed dose.

No such simple measures can satisfy those who believe, with Lennard, that the only legitimate treatment goal for most addicts is abstinence. Some clinics are beginning to favor the "maintenance to abstinence" approach, with methadone only a way station. But "rehabilitation of any significant number of addicts in a drug-free condition is a completely unrealistic goal," according to the director of Georgia's drug program, Psychiatrist Peter Bourne. Psychiatrist Edward Senay, director of the Illinois program, reports that an addict who is back in the community after getting the heroin out of his system has "a 95% probability of returning to drug abuse."

The Alternatives. What about the so-called therapeutic communities like Phoenix House, Synanon and Daytop that shun all drugs, including methadone, and require patients to live together in treatment residences for a year or more? Harvard Psychiatrist Vernon Patch agrees with most methadone specialists that while an addict stabilized on methadone has "two chances out of three to make substantial changes in his life," a heroin user who tries a drug-free center has only "one, two or three chances out of a hundred."

Both C.U. and a new study by the American Psychiatric Association document this pessimistic view. The A.P.A. finds that "no therapeutic community has yet managed to graduate more than a tiny fraction of those who enter," and C.U. reports that only a "minuscule cadre of ex-addicts continue to live drug-free in the open community after graduation." Yet most communities claim cure rates of 50% and higher. They do so, say C.U. and A.P.A., by not counting dropouts as failures: of those who enter, 75% cannot tolerate the abstinence or the discipline and leave within a month or so. Even Synanon Founder Charles Dederich says of his "graduates": "I know damn well if they go out of Synanon they are dead. A person with this fatal disease will have to live here all his life." So the handful of cured addicts tend to stay on as counselors or as showpieces. To C.U., the communities, "without a single known exception, represent a major disaster, for they have helped persuade the public that heroin addiction is curable."

Yet methadone is no real solution. Says Billy Schwartz, counselor in a Manhattan methadone clinic and one of those rare ex-addicts who has made it from maintenance to abstinence: "Methadone is just a glimmer of light; it doesn't go to the heart of the problem." But it is a glimmer—provided efforts at rehabilitation accompany the medication. As Director Sidney Jenkins of the Detroit Drug Treatment Center puts it, methadone is "just an intermediate step so the addict can get his mind off finding a fix and get his head together."

**"The secret to a great Holiday party?
Lots of mistletoe.
And lots of the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."**



**Seagram's Extra Dry. The Perfect Martini Gin.
In a handsome gift carton, at no extra cost.**

Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y. 90 Proof. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from American Grain.

THE PRESS

Judges for Journalism

The press judges everybody, but who judges the press? Unlike other professions and the business community, the press has no machinery for setting formal standards or evaluating accusations of unfairness or bad practice. One often proposed solution: set up an independent council to perform this sensitive mission. That idea, however, has always evoked opposition from those who consider the press in quite a different category from the professions or

business and see it as a vital, independent part of the democratic system. Many journalists feel that a council would infringe on the freedom of the press, prove unworkable, or both. The question has become even more relevant in the past few years because of political attacks on the news media and legal disputes over reporters' rights to keep their sources confidential.

Now the council proposal will get what promises to be a thorough tryout. The Twentieth Century Fund, a small but prestigious nonprofit foundation, announced last week that it was creating a group with two missions: 1) to investigate and report on allegations against major news organizations and 2) to attempt to speak for the press when it is threatened by official restrictions. The project is the result of an 18-month study by 14 jurists, educators and newsmen.* They proposed establishment of a 15-member council comprising journalists and others yet to be named. The chairman will be former California Chief Justice Roger Traynor, 72.

The council will limit its investigations to national suppliers of news: the major wire services, weekly newsmagazines, TV networks, national newspapers like the *Wall Street Journal*, and the news services supplied by such papers as the *New York Times*. Journalists from these organizations will not sit on the council. A number of foundations will provide a budget of about \$400,000 a year.

A small professional staff will be recruited to investigate complaints about specific reporting performances. If an allegation cannot be resolved by mutual consent or by a lower-echelon complaints committee, the full council will hear and rule on the matter. The findings will have no legal or binding force; the hope is that wide publication of council opinions will give the organization moral authority. These procedures are modeled on those employed by Britain's press council (see box).

Whether the scheme can be transplanted is questionable. There is little doubt that the U.S. press faces something of a crisis of confidence, and the Twentieth Century group obviously felt that the council could help overcome

it; the task-force report argued that the absence of an independent appraisal process was a "barrier to credibility" for the press. But the council's own credibility and authority will be an issue, and will heavily depend on press cooperation. Some newsmen greeted the announcement with surprise, others with hostility. Though John Oakes, editorial page editor of the *New York Times*, was among the report's signers, his cousin and boss, Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, recently spoke out against the idea as "simply regulation in another form." A recent poll of the Society of Newspaper Editors also came down on the negative side. NBC said: "The press already has too many people looking over its shoulder."

CBS News President Richard Salant, one of the task force members, replied that "there simply hasn't been enough examination of what we [in journalism] do." Hence the need for "systematic, independent investigators." Commented Washington *Post* Publisher Katherine Graham: "If properly handled, it won't do any harm and might do some good."

Raw Competition

Journalism in much of Western Europe has long had a strong voyeur strain to it. Its glib magazines outfish their American counterparts and many general publications have large appetites for nudity and gamy gossip. Hoping to collar part of the European audience, Hugh Hefner has introduced Italian and German editions of *Playboy*. The mid-November debut of the Italian *Playboy* (circ. 350,000) posed a direct threat to *Playmen* (circ. 400,000), a home-grown imitation that has surpassed its American model in spice, if not in style, and

KEX REGAN—CAMERA 5



"PLAYMEN" PICTURES OBSERVED IN NEW YORK
Invading privacy, evading taste.

How London Does It

BRITAIN'S General Council of the Press has existed in its present form since January 1964. It is composed of 20 journalists and five "lay" members drawn from diverse occupations. Another five laymen will soon be added. The group meets every two months, and its eleven-member complaints committee, a cross section of the full body, gathers once a month to review charges that cannot be settled by negotiations. The annual budget of \$70,000, provided by newspaper associations and publishers, is spent on investigation of the nearly 400 complaints a year.

Although it has no legal or coercive powers, the council exercises considerable influence over Fleet Street. When it raps a paper, that publication—and all others—generally print the decision. One of the council's most publicized condemnations led the *News of the World* to tone down a series of after-the-fact confessions by Christine Keeler, the feminine lead in the 1963 Profumo scandal. Last September the council chided London's *Daily Mirror* for being "too definitive" in blaming a crew member for a plane crash while an investigation was just beginning. The *Mirror* apologized in print. When the council argued last January against further legal restrictions on news reporting, the government committee considering the proposed new rules decided that they were unnecessary.

Each year visiting journalists observe council procedures and return home both awed and puzzled. "It ought not to work," says Vincent Jones, former executive editor and vice president of the Gannett newspapers, "but somehow it does."

*The members: Co-Chairmen Lucy Wilson Benson, president, League of Women Voters, and C. Donald Peterson, associate justice of the Minnesota Supreme Court; Barry Bingham Sr., chairman, the *Louisville Courier Journal*; Stimson Bullitt, president, King Broadcasting Company (Seattle); Hoddin Carter III, editor, the *Delta Democrat Times* (Greenville, Miss.); Robert Chandler, editor, the *Bulletin* (Bend, Ore.); Ithiel de Sola Pool, professor of political science, M.I.T.; Hartford N. Gunn Jr., president, Public Broadcasting System; Richard Harwood, assistant managing editor, the *Washington Post*; Louis Martin, editor, the *Chicago Defender*; John B. Oakes, editorial page editor, the *New York Times*; Paul Reardon, associate justice, Massachusetts Supreme Judicial Court; Richard Salant, president, CBS News; and Jess Unruh, a Democratic leader now running for mayor of Los Angeles.



MOTHER OF THE ARTIST
BY
WHISTLER



SOUND-PANEL
BY
FISHER

The one on the right is a masterpiece.

Whether it is artistically superior to Whistler's "Mother" or not, the Fisher Sound Panel is certainly a masterpiece of engineering.

For many years, loudspeaker engineers have been trying to eliminate the need for bulky speaker boxes and create a flat, panel-like speaker system that could be used as a decorative screen or room divider, or even hung on the wall like a picture.

Until now, however, no one came up with a thoroughly mature, practical design.

Fisher Sound Panels are the first *really* thin-profile speakers (only 2 1/8 inches from front to back!) that offer the combination of excellent fidelity, very high efficiency, great looks and reasonable price. At only \$138.00, they compare favorably

in sound quality with air-suspension box speakers in the same price range and need considerably less amplifier power.

What makes all this possible is a new, patented invention that differs radically from cone speakers, electrostatics and all other existing systems. The design is inherently low in distortion and produces an outstandingly good dispersion pattern.

The size of a Fisher Sound Panel is two feet

by two-and-a-half, and the decorative grill cloth is available in many different designs, offering a

choice of abstract patterns as well as representational prints. It is up to you whether you place the speaker on the floor, use it as a screen, hang it on the wall or even suspend it from the ceiling.



Fisher Sound Panel and conventional air-suspension speaker with grill cloth removed, showing the radical differences in design.

But remember that, like Whistler's "Mother,"

Fisher Sound Panels were not made to be read about but to be experienced in person. See them and hear them at the Fisher dealer nearest you. To find out his name and address, call (800) 243-6000 toll free. In Connecticut, call 1-(800) 882-6500.



Choose your pattern. You can either mix or match.

\$7 value! The nearest thing to the technically perfect L.P. record. Only \$1! "The Fisher Fidelity Standard" is a compatible stereo/4-channel album for testing or showing off your equipment. To find out where to get it, call one of the toll-free telephone numbers listed above.

High-fidelity speaker systems only 2 1/8" thick.
Fisher Sound Panels.



Pioneer Stock.

The Isabella is a native grape that was first cultivated way back in the early 1800's. And Great Western makes a lovely light Rosé from it to delight you in the mood of the 1970's. Make a little history for yourself tonight. With Isabella Rosé. Great. Like all the wines from Great Western.



Great Western. The Great American Wines from New York State.
Pleasant Valley Wine Company, Hammondsport, New York 14840. Visit our winery. (And bring friends!)

"When the emergencies arose...Continental Bank was there."

"We're a chemical specialty house serving the electronic and electrical industries. We develop and manufacture chemicals used in the fabrication and assembly of printed circuits. We do business as Lonco throughout the nation and with jobbers throughout the world." Speaker: Robert I. Schub, President, London Chemical Company.

"Our company is concerned with steady, sound growth. This is what Continental Bank has helped us accomplish." Speaker: Kenneth W. Anderson, Vice President, London Chemical Company.

"In 1967, a neighboring company exploded and burned our plant. Before the firemen left, our banker was there. He took a personal interest in our situation and within six days, we were back in business at tempo-

rary headquarters. And today, with his help we are in a brand new plant.

"Then in 1969, competitive conditions forced us to open operations on the West Coast. We needed financial assistance fast.

Because of the rapport we had developed with our banker, the whole thing was handled quickly and efficiently. Today, our West Coast facility has proven itself to be a profitable venture.

"During the 1970-71 cost/price crunch we needed additional financial assistance to go into bulk receipt and storage of raw materials. Our banker from Continental analyzed our requirements and in a short time delivered on our needs.

"These were just three instances where dealing with Continental Bank made the difference. Our banker was able to personally relate to our various situations and to prove to us by

his actions how flexible a bank could be.

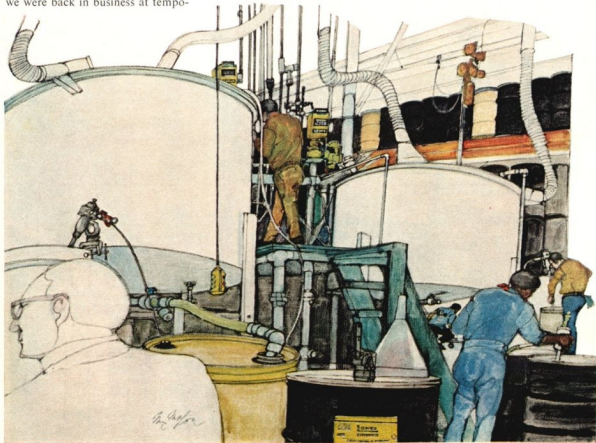
"In our business, time is of the essence because of our customers' immediate need for their orders. We can't afford to wait. And we can always be sure when the emergency arises—when a variation from the normal flow of events takes place—Continental Bank will be there."

At Continental Bank, we believe a banker should thoroughly understand a company's growth plans and be able to react to changing circumstances promptly and efficiently. If that sounds like the kind of rapport you want with a bank, call our business development specialist, Phil Lewin, Vice President, at 312/828-3727.



CONTINENTAL BANK

Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago
231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603. Member F.D.I.C.



Get away from hot taste.
Come up to KOOL, with pure menthol,
for the taste of extra coolness.



Milds 14 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette,
by FTC method. Kings 18 mg. "tar," 1.5 mg. nicotine,
Longs 18 mg. "tar," 1.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. 72.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



14 mg. tar,
1.0 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds

THE PRESS

has won a profitable niche for itself (TIME, Jan. 18, 1971). While Rome took in Hefner's prepublication ballyhoo, *Playmen* Editor Adelina Tattilo, 40, a stunning mother of three, behaved like a card shark with the winning ace.

At month's end, the December *Playmen* appeared, bearing the most sensational set of nude pictures in recent memory. There, in full color, were 14 shots of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis lounging on Husband Ari's isle of Skorpios. Nothing of Jackie was left to the imagination, and within days nothing of *Playmen* was left on newsstands.

Chivalry. The indecent exposure of the ex-First Lady excited Europe, where Jackiemania is still rampant, and enthralled Italians of both sexes. "It was the women, above all, who were curious," observed Rome's *Il Messaggero*. "Not very sexy," purred one Italian matron, "and a little bit wooden." Milan's *Il Giorno* noted chivalrously—and accurately—that Jackie's figure, at 43, is "still elegant, slim, and young."

According to Tattilo, the shots were taken from a motorboat during the summer of 1971 by "five or six photographers, some Italians, some Greek." Although she refused to identify them further, the word in Athens is that a well-known Greek veteran of past photographic raids on Skorpios was a participant. It has been rumored that ten photographers worked 15 months on and under the waters off Skorpios and that one of them almost drowned. Another report claimed that the pictures were taken with a remote-control movie camera hidden on the island.

Signora Tattilo bought the pictures from Milan Photographic Agent Settimio Garritano (for, she claims, "more than \$34,000 and less than \$51,000") and saved them for the rainy day of *Playboy's* Italian appearance. Others put the price far higher and far lower. The Italian newsmagazine *Panorama* purchased two black-and-white reproductions for an undisclosed sum. Exclusive rights to the portfolio were being hawked in other European countries and the U.S. for fees reportedly as high as \$62,000. By week's end, the sole confirmed taker was Paris' *France Dimanche*, which says that it paid only the "usual price" and promises to air-brush Jackie into a bikini. On Times Square last week, scarce import copies of *Playmen* were selling for \$5 and \$6—twice the normal U.S. price.

The financial wheeling and dealing does not quite obscure the stark invasion of Jackie's privacy. Editor Tattilo is unrepentant. "After all," she said last week, "Jackie knew that photographers have shot at that particular location more than once. If she didn't want to be photographed, she should not have exhibited herself." Others, more concerned with taste and privacy, might echo Turin's *La Stampa*, owned by Fiat Chief Gianni Agnelli, a longtime friend of Jackie's: "Italy would have done better not to publish those pictures."



Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives every day.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week

more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only \$12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

Since 1938, American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

So won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 26511
Richmond, Va. 23283

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____
☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month. I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____. ☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.
TI 3600

Records: Pick of the Pack

George Crumb, *Black Angels* (13 Images from the Dark Land) for Electric String Quartet (New York String Quartet; CRI, \$5.95). The avant-garde LP of the year. In 1968, as a virtual unknown of 39, Crumb won the Pulitzer Prize in music for his orchestral suite *Echoes of Time and the River*. In the years since, he has been winning something perhaps even more important—a reputation as one of the major innovators of American music. One hallmark of the Crumb style is his fondness for programmatic schemes that can be startling and bizarre, but usually display his uncanny knack for drawing unfamiliar sounds from familiar instruments. "A kind of

tache, which could have been written by Schubert. Also *Wilt Thou Be Gone, Love?*, an Italianate duet for Romeo and Juliet. And many more, including, of course, *Beautiful Dreamer* and *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair*. Adding to the joy of the album are the authentic accompaniments, played on an 1850 Chickering piano, melodeon, keyed bugle and other instruments at Washington's Smithsonian Institution.

The *Art of Joseph Szigeti* (Columbia, 6 LPs, \$23.98). Now 80 and living in Switzerland, Szigeti at his peak was that rare performer fully entitled to be called both a musicians' musician and a violinist's violinist. With Szigeti, the usual egoistic trappings of the virtuoso life took second place to a kind of earthy

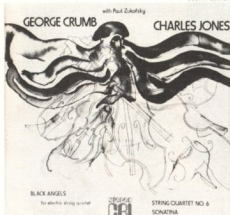
bravura coloratura style that (among mezzos) only Marilyn Horne might match. Conductor Claudio Abbado not only has opted for a newly cleaned-up version of the score (with spurious arias discarded, and some of Rossini's original instrumentation restored), but has produced a performance totally dedicated to the opera's unceasing wit, sane dramatics and will-o'-the-wisp musical acrobatics.

Stolen Goods, Gems Lifted from the Masters; The Outrageous Dr. Teleny's Incredible Plugged-In Orchestra (Zack Laurence conducting; RCA quadrads, \$5.98). The cover of this album shows a James Bond type suspended by rope above an alarm-jeweled floor making a heist of some bejeweled busts of the great composers. The first track is called *The People, Yes*, and turns out to be Chopin's *Revolutionary Etude* done up in the sex and violence of an 007 film's sound track.

Ludwig's Gig is a lush snippet from Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*; *Superjaro*, an electronically extravagant "lift" of Bach's *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring*; *Wild Turkey*, a toe-tapping treatment of Mozart's *Turkish Rondo*, and so on. Of its jazzing-the-classics type, basically an appalling genre, this is better than most, and the stereo sound from one of RCA's new quadrads is stunning. One of the outrageous things about Dr. Teleny is that he does not exist. His orchestra is a London pickup ensemble put together by the creators of the album, Freelance Arrangers Ken Howard and Alan Blaikley, who number Elvis Presley among their clients.

Mozart, *Violin Concertos Nos. 1 to 5, Sinfonia Concertante for Violin and Viola, K. 364 (and other works)* (David Oistrakh, soloist and conductor, Berlin Philharmonic; Angel, 4 LPs, \$23.92). The riddle of the Sphinx is nothing compared with the mystery of Mozart interpretation. How else explain the existence of so many otherwise great men of music (Horowitz, Stokowski, to name but two) among the ranks of failed Mozarteans? David Oistrakh is emphatically not one of them. His playing (that curvaceous tone especially) has a touch of the romantic, but not enough to tarnish the piquant bloom of youth that imbues all these works. Mostly, Oistrakh's way is a perfect blend of ingenious inner detail and simple, uncomplicated exteriors. That applies also to his viola playing in the *Sinfonia Concertante* (Son Igor takes the violin solo) as well as to his conducting of the Berlin Philharmonic, which plays with more energy and bite than it usually does under its regular conductor, Herbert von Karajan.

The *Sea Hawk*, the *Classic Film Scores of Erich Wolfgang Korngold* (National Philharmonic Orchestra of London, Charles Gerhardt conducting; RCA, \$5.98). In the days when almost everyone loved Hollywood for its epic



"BLACK ANGELS" ALBUM JACKET

A parable for a troubled world and lush snippets from the masters.

parable on our troubled world," to quote the composer, *Black Angels* uses the surrealistic screech of amplified strings to call forth the grim world of night insects in a way the listener is not likely soon to forget. Elsewhere, the players trill with thimble-capped fingers, bow crystal glasses tuned with water, even play maracas and tam-tams. What others might have left at the level of mere gimmickry, Crumb has turned into a chilling evocation of medieval damnation and redemption. Not for easy listening, though.

Songs by Stephen Foster (Mezzo-Soprano Jan DeGaetani, Baritone Leslie Guinn, Pianist Gilbert Kalish; Nonesuch, \$2.98). One of the prime movers in the Scott Joplin revival, Nonesuch now appears to be trying the same trick for the composer of *Old Black Joe* and *Old Folks at Home*. The company deserves to succeed. Foster (1826-64) was America's first great songwriter, and there is much more in his song bag than just the minstrel ballads with Uncle Tomish lyrics by which he is usually remembered. There is, for example, the sprightly *If You've Only Got a Mous-*



"STOLEN GOODS" ALBUM JACKET

piety based on prodigious musical insight and a troth-like pledge between him and the composer. Here are some of his finest concerto recordings—notably the Brahms with Hamilton Harty (1928), the Beethoven with Bruno Walter (1932), the Prokofiev First, Mozart Fourth and the Mendelssohn with Sir Thomas Beecham (1933-35) and, at long last on LP, the Beethoven *Violin and Piano Sonatas Nos. 5 and 10* with Artur Schnabel (1948). Though the sound is monaural, it has been restored lovingly and retains much of the warmth that characterized the best of Europe's prewar 78-r.p.m. shellacs.

Rossini, *La Cenerentola* (Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Renato Capecchi, Paolo Montarsolo, London Symphony Orchestra, Scottish Opera Chorus, Claudio Abbado conducting; Deutsche Grammophon, 3 LPs, \$20.94). Despite the greater popularity of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, this is actually the composer's comic masterpiece, a work in which the stuff of childish fantasy is transformed breath-takingly into the best kind of adult fun and games. In the title role, Spain's Teresa Berganza sings with a

**What makes
Mustang different
is the way
it looks, handles,
and makes you feel.**



Mustang options, many of which are shown on the Grandé model above, include automatic transmission, air conditioning, AM/FM stereo radio, power front disc brakes, white sidewall tires, steel-belted radial-ply tires, and more.



From top: Mustang Hardtop, Convertible, Mach I.



This luxurious Grandé interior is shown with optional arm rest/storage compartment.

Better idea for safety... buckle up!



There are at least three reasons why Ford Mustang has been the top-selling car in its class since 1965.

Good looks. Mustang is sporty and sleek. Inside and out. Your choice of five models: Mach I, SportsRoof, Grandé, Hardtop and Convertible.

Good handling. Mustang's low silhouette and compact size make its handling as beautiful as its looks. You get independent front suspension with anti-sway bar, for decisive sporty car handling

with a comfortable passenger-car ride.

Great feeling. Driving a Mustang adds up to a statement of personal style. It feels great to you... it looks great to whoever's watching.

Discover Mustang for '73, at your Ford Dealer's.

FORD MUSTANG

FORD DIVISION



**HOW LAUDER'S SCOTCH
BECAME AN OVERNIGHT
SUCCESS IN JUST
138 YEARS**

FOR MATURE AUDIENCES

Suddenly the time was
right for a good honest
Scotch at a good honest
Scotch dollar price. And
that's what Lauder's
success is all about!
Taste, tradition and value.

**86 Proof. Still at a
Scotch Dollar Price.**

Authentic Scotch Dollar
(Crown) minted between
1603-1625.
Symbol of Lauder's.

100% Blended Scotch Whiskies, Imported and Bottled by Gooderham & Worts, Detroit, Mich.

MUSIC

swashbucklers, almost everyone in Hollywood loved Erich Wolfgang Korngold for his epic, swashbuckling film scores. Starting in 1935 with *Captain Blood*, Korngold pretty much set the pattern—virtuoso tone poems that re-inforced character with melodic motif—heightened situation with orchestral effect and commented relentlessly on just about everything taking place on screen. Such gems as *The Constant Nymph*, *Kings Row*, *Juarez*, *Anthony Adverse* and *The Sea Hawk* followed.

All these and more are handsomely recorded on this LP under the supervision of Korngold's producer son George. The record is also the only stereo document currently available of a composer who was one of Europe's most brilliant prodigies half a century ago. When Korngold was 13, Artur Schnabel was playing his piano sonata in Vienna and Berlin. Four years later Conductors Bruno Walter and Otto Klemperer were doing his orchestral works. In 1921, when Korngold was 24, his opera *The Dead City* was mounted at the Metropolitan Opera, and legendary Soprano Maria Jeritza made her debut in it. Korngold promised much, but he kept that promise, sad to say for the world of serious music, in Hollywood, where he died in 1957.

Bach, *Italian Concerto*, *English Suite No. 2*, *French Suite No. 6*, *Fantasia in C Minor* (Pianist Alicia de Larrocha; London, \$5.98). Once best known for her exquisite interpretations of fellow Spaniards like De Falla, Turina and Granados, De Larrocha has been cutting a new Continental image for herself in recent years. That includes some scintillating Chopin and Mozart, and now this disk, which is breathtaking in its dramatic separation of contrapuntal lines, ravishing ornamentations and sheer pianistic delight.

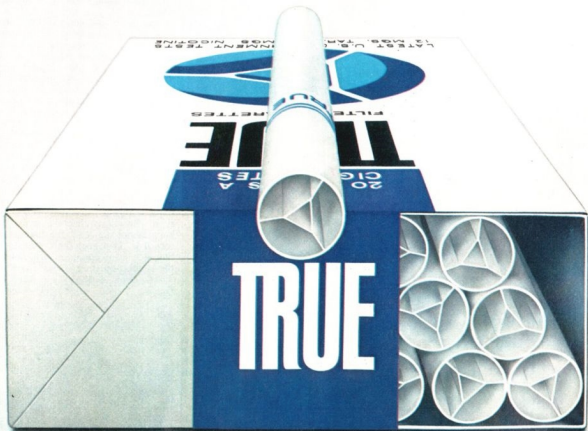
Beethoven, *The Five Cello and Piano Sonatas* (Cellist Pierre Fournier, Pianist Artur Schnabel; Seraphim, 2 LPs, \$5.96). Whether darkly probing his psyche or demonstrating sheer joy, Beethoven was a composer who believed that music should be dramatic and expressive. So, fortunately, do Fournier and Schnabel, in this historic collaboration dating from 1948, now issued in its entirety for the first time on an American LP. It is hereby recommended as an antidote for today's "cool" and bloodless school of Beethoven interpretation.

Wagner, *Tristan und Isolde* (Tenor Jon Vickers, Soprano Helga Dernesch, Soprano Christa Ludwig, Baritone Walter Berry, Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conducting; Angel, 5 LPs, \$29.90). What a cast of performers! What a disappointment! Given Karajan's past flair for Wagner, not to mention stalwart Tenor Vickers as Tristan, this could well have been the stereo statement of Wagner's endless paean to adultery. Instead, it is merely a smooth, workmanlike job, ham-

True: America's leading low tar and nicotine cigarette.

U.S. Government tests show True is lowest
in both tar and nicotine of the 20 best-selling brands.
Lower, in fact, than 98% of all other cigarettes sold.

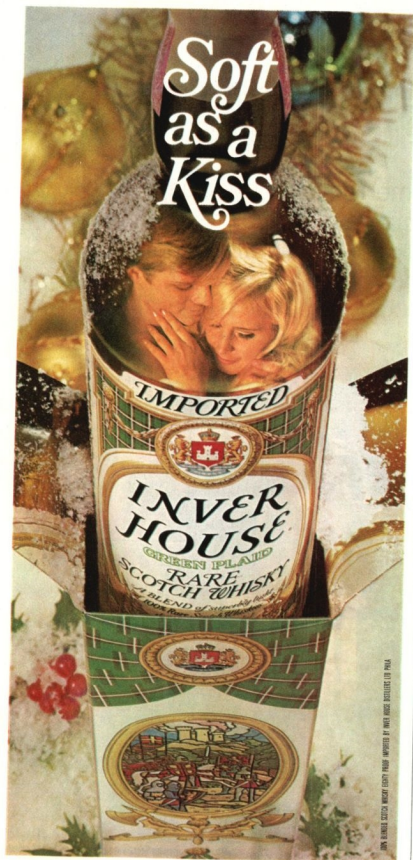
Think about it. Shouldn't your next cigarette be True?



Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine,
Menthol: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

© Lorillard 1972

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



JOHN RUSSELL SCOTCH WHISKY BOTTLE IMPORTED BY JOHN RUSSELL BOTTLE CO. PHILA.

MUSIC

pered by Dernes's inability to make Isolde alive enough so that her death is significant. The record is also marred by the cavernous, "first-row-of-the-balcony" acoustics that Karajan seems to enjoy these days. The 20-year-old *Tristan*, starring Kirsten Flagstad and Conductor Wilhelm Furtwängler, incomparable and still available in excellent mono, remains the set to have.

Wagner, *Der Ring des Nibelungen* (assorted soloists, Chorus and Orchestra of the RAI-Radiotelevisione Italiana, Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting; Seraphim, 19 LPs, \$53.98). With Beethoven and Brahms, Furtwängler could be infuriatingly eccentric. When he was conducting Wagner, though, his stately, expansive, analytic style produced performances that were ingeniously congruent with the composer's convoluted purpose. Drawn from a 1953 series of radio broadcasts from Rome in mono sound that ranges from only dim to adequate, this is a *Ring* that every Wagnerian will at least want to hear, and probably own as a low-priced but high-keyed contrast to excellent latter-day sets by Solti and Karajan.

The *Anno Russell Album* (Columbia, 2 LPs, \$6.98). In case of a Christmas overdose of Wagner, try this chaser concocted by the crown princess of musical parody. As Miss Russell plays the piano and sings, her hilarious analysis of the *Ring* is based on the reasonable premise that the way to solve the crime (operatic especially) is to learn the motif. "The scene opens," she chirps, "in the River Rhine. IN IT!" The Rhine Maidens? "A sort of aquatic Andrew Sisters." Wotan? "The head god, and a crashing bore, too." The incestuous relationship between Sigmund and Sieglinde? "That's the beauty of grand opera, you can do anything as long as you sing it." The beauty of Russell is that the more you know about the *Ring*, the funnier the record is. That goes for the other soloquies in the album as well, notably the bubble-bursting *How to Write Your Own Gilbert and Sullivan Opera*. ■ William Bender



ANNA RUSSELL ALBUM JACKET
Wotan was a bore.

COVER STORY

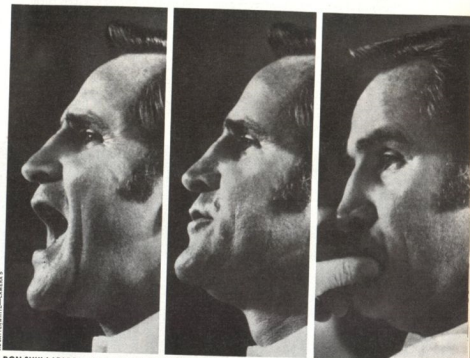
Miami's Unmiraculous Miracle Worker

Miami, that lotus land of sun, sand, surf and swimming pools, is also a city of golf and mah-jongg, of Shecky Greene and Liza Minnelli—a high-rolling town where lacquered young ladies comb the bars along Collins Avenue through the long, hot winter, trading favors for bread. It is an unlikely kind of football town. Who thinks of apple-cheeked American youth playing a fast game of touch on Jackie Gleason Drive or Arthur Godfrey Road? Who would expect hoarse cries of "Dee-fense! Dee-fense!" from a bathing-suit salesman dressed in a robin's-egg blue sports jacket and other slacks?

Miami expects just that. Lately even the girls have taken to requesting professional football tickets in lieu of cold cash. Like everyone else in town, they know that the hottest action around is not on the jai-alai courts or out at Hialeah, but in the Orange Bowl. There the Miami Dolphins are grinding up National Football League opponents like so many herring. And irony of ironies, the undisputed hero of sybaritic, leisure-loving Miami is the leader of the Dolphin pack, Coach Don Shula, 42, a rock-jawed, Jesuit-trained disciplinarian who would seem to fit the city's image about as well as Frank Sinatra would suit Painesville, Ohio.

Bleak Memories. Shula and his dead-dolphins are the wildest thing to hit Miami since Nick the Greek and a team of shills took Oilman Harry Sinclair for \$900,000 at a memorable craps party. Car bumpers are plastered with "I Am a Dol-Fan" stickers; "Dial-a-Dolphin" programs are stealing the play away from local disk jockeys. Raving fans pack the Orange Bowl (capacity: 80,010) to wave white handkerchiefs at their rugged young superteam. The reason is simple: more than anything Miami loves a winner, and Shula's Dolphins are the biggest winners in pro football. Starting the season with bleak memories of the 24-3 birching administered to them by the Dallas Cowboys in last January's Super Bowl, the Dolphins have reeled off twelve victories in a row, including last Sunday's 37-21 win over the hapless New England Patriots at Foxboro, Mass. Having clinched the American Conference's Eastern Division title, the Dolphins are sailing toward the N.F.L.'s first undefeated season in 30 years.* More important, they have established them-

*The last two N.F.L. teams to go undefeated in regular season play were the 1934 Chicago Bears (13-0) and the 1942 Bears (11-0). The Cleveland Browns turned the trick (14-0) in 1948 in the weaker, now-defunct All-American Conference.



DON SHULA LEADS WITH HIS FAMOUS CHIN FROM DOLPHIN SIDELINES
Iron discipline and a devotion to excellence.

selves as the early favorites to take the Super Bowl trophy that has twice eluded their doughty, determined coach.

The football climate in Miami was not always so sunny. A 1966 expansion team in the old American Football League, the early Dolphins won only 15 out of 56 games in their first four seasons and seldom drew more than 30,000 fans to home games. In 1970, tired of losing both money and football games, the Dolphins' principal owner, a fast-talking attorney named Joe Robbie, tried to lure Coach Paul ("Bear") Bryant to the University of Alabama. Bear declined, so Robbie then turned to Shula, who had twice been named N.F.L. Coach of the Year during seven successful seasons with the Baltimore Colts. Shula won a lifetime enemy by bolting a five-year contract with Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom (who this year swapped his downsliding Colts for the Los Angeles Rams) to snap at the hook Robbie had baited with part ownership. Rosenbloom filed a "tampering" charge with the office of N.F.L. Commissioner Alvin ("Pete") Rozelle, who responded by awarding Baltimore the Dolphins' No. 1 draft choice for 1971.

Characteristically unmindful of the controversy snarling around him, Shu-

la looked over his new team, which had a modicum of talent, a minimum of organization and a miserable won-lost-tied record (3-10-1) in 1969. "I'm no miracle worker," he announced. "I don't have a magic formula that I'm going to give to the world as soon as I can write a book. I'm not a person with a great deal of finesse. I'm about as subtle as a punch in the mouth. I'm just a guy who rolls up his sleeves and goes to work."

New Dynasty. In fact, as his players and many of his coaching peers agree, Shula has perhaps the soundest, best-organized technical mind in pro football today. Studying films hour after eye-reddening hour, harping with drill-sergeant insistence on conditioning and the execution of fundamentals, Shula began to build a new dynasty. His 1970 team, green in more than the color of its jerseys (average age: 25) compiled a 10-4 record, gained the A.F.C. play-offs and won Shula his third Coach of the Year award. Last year the Dolphins won ten regular-season games, as well as the longest game in history, an exhausting two-overtime thriller against the Kansas City Chiefs (27-24). Then they whipped the Colts 21-0 for the A.F.C. title before the battle-tested Cowboys shattered their dream of be-

SPORT

coming the youngest expansion team ever to win an N.F.L. title.

They have another chance to realize that dream this season. In Miami, Shula seems to have honed and polished a team that has everything. At 27, Bob Griese (TIME cover, Jan. 17) is one of the best young quarterbacks in the game; he is almost ready to be reactivated after having missed seven games because of injuries. At 38, crew-cut Veteran Earl Morrall, Griese's mid-season replacement, has demonstrated that he may be the best old quarterback in the game by keeping intact the Dolphins' winning streak. Sleek, swift Paul Warfield is a nonpareil pass catcher who runs square-out patterns of almost geometrical perfection. The other starting wide receiver, Howard Twilley, is small and slow, but he has an uncanny knack

up an average of only twelve points a game. Just as significant, and more than a little frightening to opponents, is the fact that the Dolphins figure to get better before they get worse: only four players on this extraordinarily well-drilled squad of 40 are over 30.

Injuries are the bane of any ball club, but Miami, thanks to Shula's shrewd stockpiling of excess talent, has as much depth as any team in the league. That was demonstrated in the Dolphins' fifth game of the season, against the San Diego Chargers. In the first quarter, Deacon Jones and Ron East hauled Griese to the ground, dislocating the star quarterback's ankle and breaking a bone in his leg. But Shula had come prepared. In reserve he had reliable Earl Morrall, the seasoned N.F.L. journeyman whom Shula had picked up from

"From July until the end of the draft, that man devotes every waking moment to football."

After a game, Shula relaxes briefly at his home in the upper-middle-class suburb of Miami Lakes, has a steak and takes a few quiet moments with his wife Dorothy. More often he and Dorothy will take the assistant coaches and their wives out to dinner. A devout Catholic, he arises promptly at 6:30 a.m. to attend 7 o'clock Mass in the white chapel at nearby Biscayne College. (The president, Father John McDonnell, accompanies the Dolphins on road trips to celebrate morning Mass for Shula and other Catholics on the team.) After a brief breakfast of sliced grapefruit and coffee, while looking over the Miami Herald in the college cafeteria, Shula arrives at his office at 7:30, a full



MORRIS FLYING AGAINST NEW YORK JETS



BUONICONITI CHARGING A FUMBLE



CSONKA RUNNING

for getting open and holding on to passes in a crowd.

In a year of the running back, which may see a dozen N.F.L. players gaining more than 1,000 yds., Miami has three of the best: Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick (known as "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid") run through and over opposing lines like wounded rhinos, helped by blocking from all-pro Guard Larry Little; stocky Mercury Morris (5 ft. 10 in., 190 lbs.) runs around them. When their runners are stopped, or their passes fall incomplete, the Dolphins figure to get points from the talented instep of another new Miami folk hero: soccer-style Place Kicker Garo Yepremian, an off-season tie salesman who was born in Cyprus, of all places, and who led the A.F.C. in scoring last year.

Then there is Miami's stingy, aggressive "no-name" defense—so called because a majority of the starters are relative unknowns—which has given

Baltimore last April for the \$100 waiver price. "I happen to have a good memory," says Shula crisply. "I remember what Earl did for me in 1968 when John Unitas was out all season." What Morrall did then was take over the Colt reins, guide the team to the Super Bowl and get himself named N.F.L. Player of the Year. Once again, Morrall has risen to the task. In the first seven games after replacing Griese, he completed 56 of 99 tosses (including seven for touchdowns).

Devout. With Morrall at the controls, the Dolphins last month defeated the Patriots by a score of 52-0, setting a team scoring record. It was also a personal record for Shula: his 100th victory since becoming a pro coach. (He is the first man in N.F.L. history to win that many games within one decade.) As it happens, there is no great secret to his success: in his own words, it is "singleness of purpose." Says he: "Basically I'm shy, but I can talk to people or go on television okay by concentrating on the subject. That's what happens in a ball game. I just shut everything else out." To hear others tell it, he does the same thing before and after a game. Says Owner Robbie:

30 minutes before his six assistant coaches are due to arrive.

The day after a game (Monday, unless the Dolphins are playing in the Monday night Cosell Bowl) is spent entirely in the film room. Every few hours the coaches emerge squint-eyed to fill their cups from an endless river of black coffee and scan their dog-eared yellow pads with notes spilling off the edges. On Tuesday the players come in to watch the films, then get off with a light one-hour practice. Not so Shula and his staff. They order sandwiches and start working out next Sunday's game plan, a process that usually lasts until 11 p.m. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are mere twelve-hour days for Shula, with the offense in full gear on Wednesday, the defense on Thursday and both units on Friday. His practice sessions are noted for their meticulous planning. Says Offensive Line Coach Monte Clark: "Everything is laid out to the minute, like 4½ minutes here, 18 minutes there."

There lies the bedrock of the Shula style: a passion for detail and thoroughness that could become maniacal if Shula did not have such complete, rational control of himself and his job.

*Despite the Dolphins' delight in the title, it is becoming something of a misnomer: End Bill Stanfill, an All-America at Georgia, and Safety Jake Scott were both all-A.F.C. selections last year, while Nick Buoniconiti has long been recognized as one of football's best middle linebackers.

Even as a workout progresses, a detailed log is being made for post-practice skull sessions with the players. The logs are reviewed regularly during the season to see if a man is having any trouble breaking bad habits or proving to be a slow learner, a shortcoming with which Shula has little patience. At times Shula's zeal for precision does seem a bit extreme. Clark recalls that once, when he first joined the Dolphins, "before the players got here, Shula took the coaches out on the field and made us go through all the warmup exercises just the way he wanted the players to do them. He had an exact spot planned for each man to stand." Adds Clark: "I've been around organized teams before, but Shula gives the term another dimension."

All of this may smack of order-of-

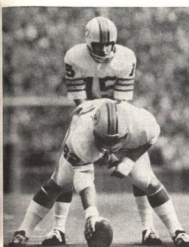
on me quick." Adds Csonka: "He doesn't give you big fines if you're late or something. He humiliates you a little bit, makes you feel as if you've let the whole team down. But he also creates great fellowship on this team by treating everybody alike. He's fair, but he's going to pressure you into being the best." Buoniconti, the defense leader, sums up, "He made us into a family."

Winning ways, iron discipline, devotion to excellence, a strong sense of religion and family, all this suggests another famous football coach. In fact, Don Shula has more than once been compared with Vince Lombardi, late mentor of the Green Bay Packers and Washington Redskins. There are, as it happens, other traits the two men had in common: an incandescent temper and a penchant for chewing out miscre-

coaching is to do what your personnel dictates, not try to force your system on them." Also, Shula's pupils get to graduate: Griese and Morrall call their own plays, something not even the great Otto Graham in his heyday as quarterback for the Cleveland Browns could persuade Brown to let him try.

Prayer. Shula is not likely to run up against Brown in this year's playoffs. In the five years since he returned to active coaching, Brown has transformed the Bengals from a woeful expansion team into a tough title contender. Nonetheless, Cincinnati has dropped two games behind Cleveland and the newly tempered Pittsburgh Steelers in the A.F.C. Central Division. It is quite possible, however, that Shula may once again meet Tom Landry and his mechanical Cowboys in the Super Bowl.

AL SATTERWHITE—CAMERA 8



MORRALL CALLING SIGNALS



YEPREMIAN BOOTING A FIELD GOAL



THE "NO-NAME" DEFENSE TACKLING

battle procedures up at headquarters. Yet Shula is more master architect than the martinet commander; out of his drive for slide-rule excellence has come the firm shape of a once shapeless team. Although the Dolphins have more than a few free spirits on the roster, they have every respect for Shula's tactics—winners always respect whatever has made them win. Says Running Back Kilick: "Before, I was just a football player: I ran here and caught passes there. I used to run right into the defensive coverage; he taught me to read them." Adds Receiver Twilley: "Don's a great technician, but what makes him a great coach is his ability to size up a situation and then get his players ready to handle it."

Some are even more impressed with Shula's nontechnical capacity to impart a sense of cohesion, and his own indomitable positivism. Says Place Kicker Yepremian: "He's the kind of guy who knows when to pat you on the back and when to put you down. Even if I miss a kick he says, 'Keep your head up. You'll get the next one.' But one day he caught me doing something I shouldn't have, punting on the practice field, and he got

ant players, often in front of their confederates. While Shula is every bit as consecrated as Lombardi was to the idea that "winning isn't everything, it's the only thing," he leans harder on quiet attention to detail and less on histrionics. Lombardi taught his men to hate their opponents so much that they occasionally came to hate him even more. Shula tends to think of his opponents as chess pieces to be eliminated.

That professorial attitude makes him more the spiritual son of the strict constructionist of football coaches, Paul Brown, formerly of the Cleveland Browns, now coach of the Cincinnati Bengals. Although Shula says that "I've never tried to pattern my style after anybody," he also admits, "Paul Brown was the greatest influence on me, especially in the teaching aspect of coaching. In football, it's not what you know but what your ballplayers know that counts. We make it as much like a classroom as possible, using all sorts of teaching aids, followed by practice on the field, followed by going over mistakes and improvements in the classroom." Shula, though, is generally more flexible than Brown. He believes that "the key to

It is even more likely that he may have a different and perhaps more interesting sort of rematch with Coach George Allen of the Washington Redskins, who have won the N.F.C.'s Eastern Division title. In 1967, Shula's Colts and Allen's Los Angeles Rams had identical 11-1-2 records; the Colts lost the division title because of an arbitrary decision by the league office.

In their own special ways, Landry and Allen rival Shula for pre-eminence in the delicate art and imperfect science of team building. It may be no coincidence that all three men are particularly respected in the trade as coaches of defense rather than offense. Allen's method, which has its living embodiment in the Redskins' Over-the-Hill Gang, is to trade away draft choices and promising rookies for the experienced veterans who can play his brand of hit-and-run, no-mistakes football. Landry, whose emotional range makes Shula seem almost like a stand-up comic, believes in the power of pre-game prayer; to play it safe, he also has the most carefully structured, highly computerized organization in the N.F.L.

While Allen would appear to have



HALFBACK SHULA AT JOHN CARROLL
Admitting his limitations.

a Machiavellian streak, and Landry tends to sound as if he were Billy Graham with a game plan, Shula is a positive thinker in the mode of a Norman Vincent Peale. He is the son of a Hungarian immigrant who came to Painesville, Ohio, in 1910. As Don remembers, "I always wanted to do anything to the best of my ability. I always got upset, even in grade school, whenever I thought anybody was giving less than full effort." His shyness almost kept him out of the game he loves. He missed the opening football practices as a freshman at Painesville's Harvey High School, because he had the measles and was later too embarrassed to try out for the team. The coach talked him into trying anyway, and he went on to star for three years as a halfback.

At John Carroll University, a Jesuit school in Cleveland, Don took stock of himself and decided, "I was not good enough to become a really good halfback." He concentrated instead on learning how to play cornerback on defense. In part, that experience may explain Shula's knack for getting men to play above and beyond their skills; a mediocre talent himself, he learned early to admit his limitations and make the most of his assets. Although slow and a bit bulky (5 ft. 11 in., 200 lbs.) as defensive backs go, Shula was nevertheless drafted by the Cleveland Browns in 1951. Traded to the Colts in 1953, he soon established himself as one of Baltimore's "main men"; even though he played in the secondary, Shula called defensive signals for the Colts, a job normally handled by the middle linebacker.

Shula played four years for the Colts and one more for the Washington Redskins before hanging up his spikes. After two brief hitches as an assistant coach at Virginia and Kentucky, he signed on in 1960 as defensive coach

for the Detroit Lions. Shula's work gained him enough professional notice to get a crack at a head coaching assignment—back on the Colts. There he laid down the guidelines for his highly disciplined style, even as he showed a flair for improvisation. When both John Unitas and back-up Quarterback Gary Cuozzo turned up injured for the 1965 Western Conference play-off game against Green Bay, Shula converted all-purpose Running Back Tom Matte—once a nonpassing signal caller at Ohio State—into an instant pro quarterback. The Colts lost by a slender 13-10 margin—and then only after a widely disputed field-goal call.

Nicknames. Despite his well-respected temper, Shula seldom complains about officiating, a fact that endears him to Commissioner Rozelle's office. But a few Colt veterans had their own complaints about Shula's parade-ground manner. "He was strong, demanding, exact," Matte recalls. "He didn't mince any words. You had to have a thick skin." Another problem, claims Unitas, was that "when he was here he tried to do all the coaching. That put some of his assistants in a difficult position." Some black players charge that Shula would blister them for errors that a white player could make without being scathed. Others suggest that his position with the Colts, including his relations with many of the players, deteriorated after Joe Namath and his upstart A.F.L. Jets humiliated the supposedly superior Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl. Shula even picked up a couple of undignified nicknames, such as "Shoes" (from Shula) and "Chisel Chin" (for obvious reasons). Whatever the situation, Shula had no regrets about leaving the Colts to take on the task of whipping up Joe Robbie's Dolphins.

In all fairness, the Dolphins were probably just about ready. Joe Thomas, then Miami's director of player personnel and now general manager of the Colts, is considered to have one of the canniest eyes for talent in the game. His shrewd drafts had given the Dolphins the beginnings of a potent arsenal: Griese, Csonka, Kiick, *et al.* Thomas also engineered the trade that brought the incomparable Paul Warfield from Cleveland in return for a first-round draft choice. But as Griese, who finished statistically next to last among A.F.L. passers in 1969, puts it: "We were ready to go, but we needed someone to take us."

When he got to Miami, Shula quickly found he had to build a brick team with no straw: a players' strike left him with but one week to install entirely new systems of offense and defense and get Miami ready for its first exhibition game with Pittsburgh. When the strike ended, the astounded Dolphins were suddenly faced with four practice sessions daily (the pro norm is two) that were filled with terse orders and trenchant criticisms. The players also ran what became known as "gassers"—four successive wind sprints across the

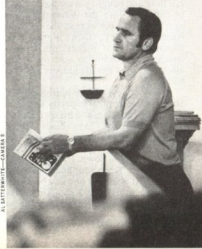
53 $\frac{1}{2}$ -yd. width of the football field. Of course, Shula ran them too, and still does (a standing joke among the Dolphins is that their coach's wife does not come out to practice for fear he would make her run gassers as well).

One were the days, the Dolphins soon learned, when they could decide for themselves what their playing weight ought to be. One of Shula's first moves was to order Larry Csonka to trim off 15 lbs. and report in at 235 lbs. "I haven't been that light since high school," the running back protested. Shula's icy, unanswerable reply: "You will play better at that weight." Csonka pared and went on to become the second-leading ground gainer in the A.F.C. Naturally, a lot of players complained about the tough new regime. But after Miami under Shula won its first four exhibition games, Receiver Twilley recalls, "we looked around and said, 'Hey, maybe this stuff works.'"

It certainly has. Blood, sweat and a few tears, Shula-style, have brought Miami to the top rung in pro football in only three years. And the coach is showing no signs of letting up. Aside from an occasional cigar, a Scotch-and-water now and then and a little time snatched for golf matches (sometimes with Vice President Spiro Agnew), Shula still lives and breathes football as if salvation itself were involved. His passion for the game permeates his entire family: one of his two sons is now playing junior-high ball, and two of his three daughters are cheerleaders. Off the field, he is a mite friendlier with his players than he was as coach of the Colts, and he has tried to put something of a check on his temper. Still, it is impossible to imagine that he can or will relax until he wins the only thing that really matters to him: the Super Bowl game ball.

If and when that happens, just watch the vermilion-trousered gents and leopard-leoparded ladies of Miami go gloriously to pieces. It may even be a better show than the day the town's most durable entertainers, Zorita and her dancing boa constrictor, got busted.

THE COACH AT DAILY MASS





*We don't make them
like we used to.*

Which is a better shirt? The 1916 Arrow Collar Man above? Or the 1972 Arrow Collar Man below?

Same name. Same basic look. Each one the finest shirt in the Arrow line.

Which one would you choose?

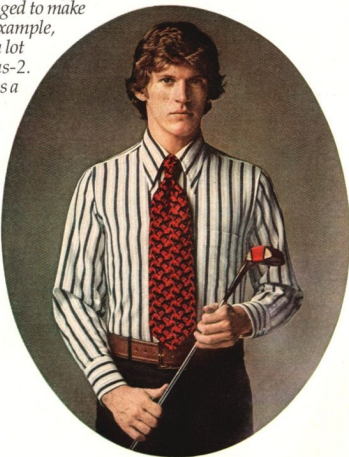
If you're one of those people who thinks old things are always better than new things, you're wrong. Both shirts may have that same classic look.

But over the years we've managed to make some major improvements. For example, today's Arrow Collar Man lasts a lot longer. It's labeled Sanforized Plus-2. The shirt's collar is attached. It has a long, sleek seven button front.

And the pattern is exclusive to Arrow. Which means this is one shirt you won't see yourself coming and going in.

At Arrow we've always made them good. We just keep making them better.

→Arrow→
A division of Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



We make them better.

SPORT

coming the youngest expansion team ever to win an N.F.L. title.

They have another chance to realize that dream this season. In Miami, Shula seems to have honed and polished a team that has everything. At 27, Bob Griese (TIME cover, Jan. 17) is one of the best young quarterbacks in the game; he is almost ready to be reactivated after having missed seven games because of injuries. At 38, crew-cut Veteran Earl Morrall, Griese's mid-season replacement, has demonstrated that he may be the best old quarterback in the game by keeping intact the Dolphins' winning streak. Sleek, swift Paul Warfield is a nonpareil pass catcher who runs square-out patterns of almost geometrical perfection. The other starting wide receiver, Howard Twilley, is small and slow, but he has an uncanny knack

up an average of only twelve points a game. Just as significant, and more than a little frightening to opponents, is the fact that the Dolphins figure to get better before they get worse: only four players on this extraordinarily well-drilled squad of 40 are over 30.

Injuries are the bane of any ball club, but Miami, thanks to Shula's shrewd stockpiling of excess talent, has as much depth as any team in the league. That was demonstrated in the Dolphins' fifth game of the season, against the San Diego Chargers. In the first quarter, Deacon Jones and Ron East hauled Griese to the ground, dislocating the star quarterback's ankle and breaking a bone in his leg. But Shula had come prepared. In reserve he had reliable Earl Morrall, the seasoned N.F.L. journeyman whom Shula had picked up from

"From July until the end of the draft, that man devotes every waking moment to football."

After a game, Shula relaxes briefly at his home in the upper-middle-class suburb of Miami Lakes, has a steak and takes a few quiet moments with his wife Dorothy. More often he and Dorothy will take the assistant coaches and their wives out to dinner. A devout Catholic, he arises promptly at 6:30 a.m. to attend 7 o'clock Mass in the white chapel at nearby Biscayne College. (The president, Father John McDonnell, accompanies the Dolphins on road trips to celebrate morning Mass for Shula and other Catholics on the team.) After a brief breakfast of sliced grapefruit and coffee, while looking over the Miami Herald in the college cafeteria, Shula arrives at his office at 7:30, a full

UPI: NEIL LEIFER—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



MORRIS FLYING AGAINST NEW YORK JETS



BUONICONTI CHARGING A FUMBLE



CSONKA RUNNING

for getting open and holding on to passes in a crowd.

In a year of the running back, which may see a dozen N.F.L. players gaining more than 1,000 yds., Miami has three of the best: Larry Csonka and Jim Kiick (known as "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid") run through and over opposing lines like wounded rhinos, helped by blocking from all-pro Guard Larry Little; stocky Mercury Morris (5 ft. 10 in., 190 lbs.) runs around them. When their runners are stopped, or their passes fall incomplete, the Dolphins figure to get points from the talented instep of another new Miami folk hero: soccer-style Place Kicker Garo Yepremian, an off-season tie salesman who was born in Cyprus, of all places, and who led the A.F.C. in scoring last year.

Then there is Miami's stingy, aggressive "no-name" defense—so called because a majority of the starters are relative unknowns—which has given

Baltimore last April for the \$100 waiver price. "I happen to have a good memory," says Shula crisply. "I remember what Earl did for me in 1968 when John Little was out all season." What Morrall did then was take over the Colt reins, guide the team to the Super Bowl and get himself named N.F.L. Player of the Year. Once again, Morrall has risen to the task. In the first seven games after replacing Griese, he completed 56 of 99 tosses (including seven for touchdowns).

Devout. With Morrall at the controls, the Dolphins last month defeated the Patriots by a score of 52-0, setting a team scoring record. It was also a personal record for Shula: his 100th victory since becoming a pro coach. (He is the first man in N.F.L. history to win that many games within one decade.) As it happens, there is no great secret to his success: in his own words, it is "singleness of purpose." Says he: "Basically I'm shy, but I can talk to people or go on television okay by concentrating on the subject. That's what happens in a ball game. I just shut everything else out." To hear others tell it, he does the same thing before and after a game. Says Owner Robbie:

30 minutes before his six assistant coaches are due to arrive.

The day after a game (Monday, unless the Dolphins are playing in the Monday night Cosell Bowl) is spent entirely in the film room. Every few hours the coaches emerge squint-eyed to fill their cups from an endless river of black coffee and scan their dog-eared yellow pads with notes spilling off the edges. On Tuesday the players come in to watch the films, then get off with a light one-hour practice. Not so Shula and his staff. They order sandwiches and start working out next Sunday's game plan, a process that usually lasts until 11 p.m. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday are mere twelve-hour days for Shula, with the offense in full gear on Wednesday, the defense on Thursday and both units on Friday. His practice sessions are noted for their meticulous planning. Says Offensive Line Coach Monte Clark: "Everything is laid out to the minute, like 4 1/2 minutes here, 18 minutes there."

There lies the bedrock of the Shula style: a passion for detail and thoroughness that could become maniacal if Shula did not have such complete, rational control of himself and his job.

*Despite the Dolphins' delight in the title, it is becoming something of a misnomer: End Bill Stanfill, an All-America at Georgia, and Safety Jake Scott were both all-A.F.C. selections last year, while Nick Buoniconti has long been recognized as one of football's best middle linebackers.

Even as a workout progresses, a detailed log is being made for post-practice skill sessions with the players. The logs are reviewed regularly during the season to see if a man is having any trouble breaking bad habits or proving to be a slow learner, a shortcoming with which Shula has little patience. At times Shula's zeal for precision does seem a bit extreme. Clark recalls that once, when he first joined the Dolphins, "before the players got here, Shula took the coaches out on the field and made us go through all the warmup exercises just the way he wanted the players to do them. He had an exact spot planned for each man to stand." Adds Clark: "I've been around organized teams before, but Shula gives the term another dimension."

All of this may smack of order-of-

on me quick." Adds Csonka: "He doesn't give you big fines if you're late or something. He humiliates you a little bit, makes you feel as if you've let the whole team down. But he also creates great fellowship on this team by treating everybody alike. He's fair, but he's going to pressure you into being the best." Buoniconti, the defense leader, sums up, "He made us into a family."

Winning ways, iron discipline, devotion to excellence, a strong sense of religion and family, all this suggests another famous football coach. In fact, Don Shula has more than once been compared with Vince Lombardi, late mentor of the Green Bay Packers and Washington Redskins. There are, as it happens, other traits the two men had in common: an incandescent temper and a penchant for chewing out misre-

coaching is to do what your personnel dictates, not try to force your system on them." Also, Shula's pupils get to graduate: Griese and Morrall call their own plays, something not even the great Otto Graham in his heyday as quarterback for the Cleveland Browns could persuade Brown to let him try.

Prayer. Shula is not likely to run up against Brown in this year's playoffs. In the five years since he returned to active coaching, Brown has transformed the Bengals from a woeful expansion team into a tough title contender. Nonetheless, Cincinnati has dropped two games behind Cleveland and the newly tempered Pittsburgh Steelers in the A.F.C. Central Division. It is quite possible, however, that Shula may once again meet Tom Landry and his mechanical Cowboys in the Super Bowl.



MORRALL CALLING SIGNALS



YEPREMIAN BOOTING A FIELD GOAL



THE "NO-NAME" DEFENSE TACKLING

battle procedures up at headquarters. Yet Shula is more master architect than the martinet commander; out of his drive for slide-rule excellence has come the firm shape of a once shapeless team. Although the Dolphins have more than a few free spirits on the roster, they have every respect for Shula's tactics—winners always respect whatever has made them win. Says Running Back Kikic: "Before, I was just a football player. I ran here and caught passes there. I used to run right into the defensive coverage; he taught me to read them." Adds Receiver Twilley: "Don's a great technician, but what makes him a great coach is his ability to size up a situation and then get his players ready to handle it."

Some are even more impressed with Shula's nontechnical capacity to impart a sense of cohesion, and his own indomitable positivism. Says Place Kicker Yepremian: "He's the kind of guy who knows when to pat you on the back and when to put you down. Even if I miss a kick he says, 'Keep your head up. You'll get the next one.' But one day he caught me doing something I shouldn't have, punting on the practice field, and he got

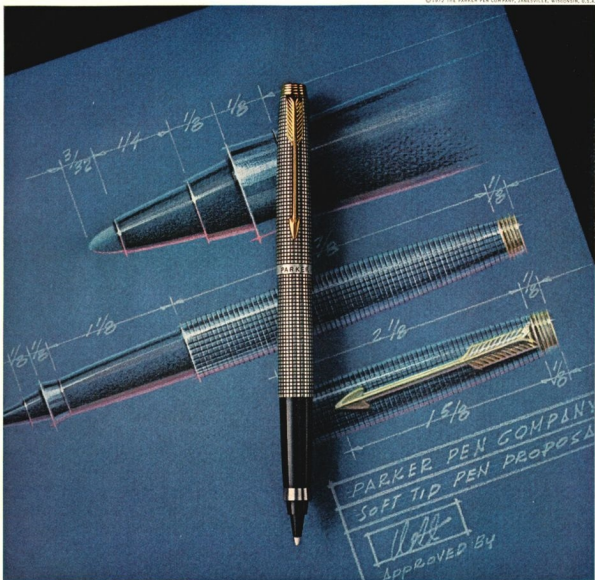
at me quick." Adds Csonka: "He doesn't give you big fines if you're late or something. He humiliates you a little bit, makes you feel as if you've let the whole team down. But he also creates great fellowship on this team by treating everybody alike. He's fair, but he's going to pressure you into being the best." Buoniconti, the defense leader, sums up, "He made us into a family."

That professorial attitude makes him more the spiritual son of the strict constructionist of football coaches, Paul Brown, formerly of the Cleveland Browns, now coach of the Cincinnati Bengals. Although Shula says that "I've never tried to pattern my style after anybody," he also admits, "Paul Brown was the greatest influence on me, especially in the teaching aspect of coaching. In football, it's not what you know but what your ballplayers know that counts. We make it as much like a classroom as possible, using all sorts of teaching aids, followed by practice on the field, followed by going over mistakes and improvements in the classroom." Shula, though, is generally more flexible than Brown. He believes that "the key to

It is even more likely that he may have a different and perhaps more interesting sort of rematch with Coach George Allen of the Washington Redskins, who have won the N.F.C.'s Eastern Division title. In 1967, Shula's Colts and Allen's Los Angeles Rams had identical 11-1-2 records; the Colts lost the division title because of an arbitrary decision by the league office.

In their own special ways, Landry and Allen rival Shula for pre-eminence in the delicate art and imperfect science of team building. It may be no coincidence that all three men are particularly respected in the trade as coaches of defense rather than offense. Allen's method, which has its living embodiment in the Redskins' Over-the-Hill Gang, is to trade away draft choices and promising rookies for the experienced veterans who can play his brand of hit-and-run, no-mistakes football. Landry, whose emotional range makes Shula seem almost like a stand-up comic, believes in the power of pre-game prayer; to play it safe, he also has the most carefully structured, highly computerized organization in the N.F.L.

While Allen would appear to have



First soft tip pen designed for giving. The Parker 75

This is Parker's newest pen. Admittedly it's not one of the things that all the world has been waiting for. Crafted in solid sterling silver and priced at \$20, it's an out-and-out luxury, which is exactly what we planned it to be. Special gift occasions and the very special "Thank you" are what this pen was made for.

It makes a truly memorable gift because you don't own it for a few brief weeks. Or a matter of months. It's a long-term proposition. The entire pen is guaranteed—in writing. If it fails to perform due to defects in materials

or workmanship, we will repair or replace it. Free.

Go ahead, pick it up. The heft tells you it's solid sterling silver. Silver that grows more beautiful the more it is handled. And it gives the pen an almost ideal balance through hours of comfortable use.

Now get to the real pleasure. Write with the Parker 75 soft tip pen. Try a big, bold signature. This pen is so natural in hand, so quick on paper, and so free in its response, the simple act of writing becomes a new experience in self-expression.

When it's time to refill it, simply slip in a convenient cartridge. Choose from four vivid ink colors and two point sizes.

Give a Parker 75 soft tip pen to a great, good friend and for thousands of words to come he'll be proud to write with it, draw with it and just plain show it off. Even if he's hard to impress when it comes to gifts, he can't help but treasure this exceptional writing instrument.

PARKER

World's most wanted pens

The Parker 75 Soft Tip Pen in solid sterling silver is \$20. Also available in warm vermeil, \$45; radiant 14K gold-fill, \$30; dramatic titanium, \$15. Matching ball pens and pencils. You'll find the famous arrow clip on every Parker, from the \$1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the \$350 Parker 75 Presidential Pen.

That T-Bone Religion

No other country quite matches the U.S. in the razzle-dazzle, freewheeling preaching of its religious pitchmen, and perhaps none of those preacher-salesmen is more bizarre than the Rev. Frederick J. Eikerenkoetter II, better known as "Reverend Ike." One trait especially distinguishes Ike from the others: his clear-eyed, unabashed love of money and other things material. TIME Correspondent Timothy Tyler heard that note loud and clear as he recently followed Reverend Ike from Los Angeles to Houston. Tyler's report:

Eyes shut, up on stage, Reverend Ike is having a vision: "I see myself...successful—prosperous—with money—and now, in my imagination, I open my...bankbook. Wowwww! Gee, I paid all my bills and still I have that...terrific balance. Boy...that's a sharp car...It rides so easily: zoooo! And now, here I am...on a...vacation. Here I am, on this beautiful beach...the water...cool...and later...room service? You have any good steaks down there? Yes...send up a nice T-bone...and a nice salad...and...a strawberry shortcake..."

Bosomy ladies and men wearing carnations pass big red buckets around as the service ends. All those buckets of money march down front and Reverend Ike takes one of his quick, practiced glances at his diamond watch. While the people file out he climbs into his favorite Rolls, the two-tone rose one with a rose painted on the trunk, and heads for his next stop.

Blessing Plan. Ike has done it again: taken in another \$20,000 or so to stoke up his flourishing evangelistic operation. He claims 1,400,000 followers, to whom he sends a weekly newsletter and a full-color monthly magazine relentlessly pitching his "Blessing Plan" ("Pledge at least \$100!"). He does radio broadcasts on 80 American stations and occasional television specials. Almost every week he conducts live services somewhere in the U.S.

Tawny, twinkly eyed, Johnny Mathis-handsome, Eikerenkoetter is 37 now. Until he was 30, he was just a doom-saying, fundamentalist black preacher, a Baptist minister's son from Ridgeland, S.C., trying to make good in the world of black storefront religion in Boston and New York. But in 1965, he adopted the style that was to set him apart. Instead of preaching humility and meekness, he began to preach a pride bordering on arrogance. "Say it after me," Ike tells his listeners. "That that God is, I am." He also stopped talking about hell. "I discovered after analyzing the whole thing that people are already in hell. They want some practical ways of getting out." So Ike invented the money rake: "The money rake is your good,



REVEREND IKE IN LOS ANGELES
Prayer is dangerous.

positive belief about money. If on the inside you have a right, positive feeling about money, this feeling will rake money to you."

He began telling his congregations: "Don't be a hypocrite about money. Say, 'I like money. Money is not sinful in its right place. I bless the idea of money in my mind.'" So many people liked this approach that by 1966 Ike was able to buy a \$600,000, block-sized movie theater in Manhattan's Washington Heights. The theater became the headquarters for his new United Church and Science of Living Institute. Now Ike's ads pointedly trumpet that his church "is NOT located in Harlem."

At home or on the road, Ike hammers on his favorite theme. At a service in Houston's Convention Center recently, Ike heard a man testify that he had participated in Ike's giving plan and developed the right idea about money. In return, the man prospered sufficiently to get a new house and "a Cadillac car...I have the Cadillac car home right now...parked right outside." The audience of 5,000 cheered, and Ike breathed, "That's...style. Enjoy your new brick home and ride your Cadillac!" Over the amps and right on from the audience, Ike reiterated his philosophy: "Do not wait for your pie in the sky, by and by. Get youah paaaaaiee no-ow! With ice cream on top!"

Beyond Ike's message of the power-of-positive-greed is the ego-building, in-

stant-divinity trip he offers his followers—far from the traditional admonitions to repentance. "The Bible says, 'with God all things are possible,'" he explains. "It also says 'all things are possible to one who believes.' Therefore the person who believes in himself is God." No soul-saving nonsense for Ike. "One thing even Jesus didn't do," he preaches, "he didn't save the world." As for prayer, Ike issues a warning: "When you kneel down to pray, you're putting yourself in a good position to get a kick in the behind."

Of course Ike would not get away with any of this if he did not have his own immense style. He stands there glowing in his tan jumpsuit and ocher-print blazer and patent leather boots and says, "I want you to be proud of the way I look, because you spend \$1,000 a week* to buy my clothes. I go down to Tiffany's, and these rings and things [he is wearing two big gold rings plastered with diamonds, a watch to match and an oversized topaz] just crawl up on my hands." Then it's donation time again, and Ike stresses, "I don't want to hear change rattling; it makes me nervous in the service." The buckets go out, and Ike, waiting only long enough to hear the rustle of the bills, grins and makes for the airport.

Trouble in Toulouse

The Southern French industrial city of Toulouse has for years enjoyed a warm relationship between its left-leaning worker-priests and its liberal archbishop. Last week the alliance was severely ruptured, as six priests and a nun resigned their parish offices. The issue: celibacy. The occasion: the disciplining of a brother priest, Bernard Forestier, 29, for living with a young social worker named Cecile, 24.

Though many parishioners apparently knew of the liaison and were not disturbed by it, Cecile's parents did complain—to Toulouse's Archbishop Jean Guyot. In a gentle, anguished message read from Toulouse pulpits, Guyot said, "I wish I could remain silent," but reluctantly stated that priests who violate their vows of celibacy must consider themselves "relieved of their priestly functions." Thereupon, Forestier resigned, together with six of his colleagues in the working-class parish of St. Francis Xavier; the seven posted a statement of solidarity on their parish-house door. Though Forestier's comrades were somewhat embarrassed by the fact that the couple had scorned a civil marriage ceremony, they accepted the union as a genuine marriage. To deny any man the right to marry, they argued, reveals "the injustice and oppression of the men who run the church."

*Much of which apparently comes under the heading of expenses. Ike's salary is \$40,000 a year, but the church pays for his traveling expenses, owns his Hollywood and New York residences, two Rolls-Royces, two Mercedes and a Bentley.



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. W. TURNER



PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. W. TURNER

CENTRAL PARK IN 1862 (ABOVE) & SAME SCENE NOW

ENVIRONMENT

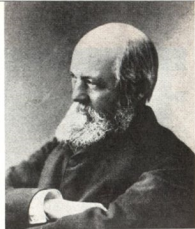
The Prescient Planner

"The main object and justification of [Central Park] is simply to produce a certain influence in the minds of people...The character of this influence is a poetic one and it is to be produced by means of scenes, through observation of which the mind may be more or less lifted out of moods and habits into which it is, under the ordinary conditions of city life, likely to fall." Frederick Law Olmsted's words on his noble design for Manhattan may ring with some irony in a New Yorker's ears today as he promenades his German shepherd past a sniffling junkie on a park bench and settles down to meditate on the future of *rus in urbe* among the tattered newspapers and paper cups surrounding some graffiti-sprayed rock. But the fact is that New York, to the extent that it is still habitable, remains so partly by virtue of Olmsted's prescient and humane planning.

Many of his urban designs have since been bastardized, and the parks he completed have been eroded by careless crowds, inadequate maintenance and spurious development. Consequently some of Olmsted's New York projects—Morningside Park in Manhattan, Tompkins Park and Prospect Park in Brooklyn—are now parodies of their 19th century selves. Moreover, a

changed idea of leisure has bitten into the patterns that Olmsted left. Parking lots, baseball diamonds and 27 playgrounds, not to mention the Metropolitan Museum's expansion, have severely damaged Central Park itself. So grasping Olmsted's work is partly a matter of archaeology: the achievement must be reconstructed. This is the aim of a fascinating exhibition at Washington's National Gallery organized and directed by William Alex in commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Olmsted's birth.

The son of a prosperous Connecticut merchant—his ancestors had immigrated to America in the early 17th century—Olmsted was a capable writer, and his thoughtful, closely researched books on conditions in the South were acclaimed as the best record of the slave society that had been written before the Civil War. He farmed too, and dabbled (with disastrous results to his purse) in publishing. His career as a planner and designer spanned more than a generation, from his appointment in 1857, at age 35, as the superintendent of an as yet undesigned Central Park to his retirement in 1895. Throughout, Olmsted was known as a landscape architect. This "miserable nomenclature," as he called it, fretted him; but what else could Olmsted call himself? "For clearness, for convenience,



FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED IN LATE 1880s

for distinctness," he complained, "you do need half a dozen new technical words at least." The fact that his culture had no exact name for his work is an interesting proof of Olmsted's originality.

As Elizabeth Barlow writes in a graceful new study, *Frederick Law Olmsted's New York* (Praeger; \$12.50): "At the time of his birth" his type of activity "was almost beyond imagining." America's image of itself was still Arcadian and rural; the city was generally considered to be past redemption, a sink of iniquity and profit. Even by the mid-19th century, there was no American equivalent of the royal parks in which Londoners could refresh themselves. From Boston to Buffalo to Chicago to Minneapolis, Olmsted set out to supply them. He also designed a park for San Francisco, which unfortunately was never built. As Mrs. Barlow puts it, he "did not turn his back on the process of American urbanization; rather, he took the Jeffersonian rural ideal and carried it into the heart of the city."

Complete Systems. His prototypes were, naturally, English. Olmsted had absorbed the lessons of the "picturesque" on his first visit to England and Europe in 1850—that mode of articulating a landscape or a park so that it seemed not designed, but modulated, into a suggestive wildness. The sight of hawthorn hedges and coppices, glistening under the mild English sun, threw him into transports of delight; two of the key texts on English romantic gardening, Sir Uvedale Price's *On the Picturesque* and William Gilpin's *Forest Scenery*, so influenced him that he later enjoined his pupils to read them "seriously, as a student of law would read *Blackstone*."

Olmsted's mind, so delicate in its attention to detail and so wide in its grasp of social issues, was of a sort not often found elsewhere in 19th century America; he was, in fact, the first American planner to think holistically, in terms of complete systems. Architect, sociologist, ecologist, engineer and conservationist, he felt an abiding concern for the refreshment of human life by an interaction with nature, but with a nature that was planned or, if not planned, low-

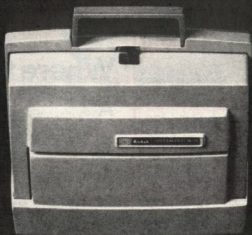
ENVIRONMENT

ingly preserved. He drew up a project that restored Niagara Falls after its defacement by commercial exploiters; and the conservation of Yosemite Park, whose rock outcroppings were already splashed with patent medicine ads as early as 1860, is largely the result of his dedication.

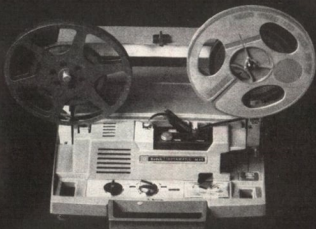
But it was in urban design that his genius revealed itself. No living architect could propose a more humane suburb than the cellular plan for Riverside, Ill., with its sociably curving layout and "character of informal village greens," which Olmsted and his partner Calvert Vaux drew up in 1868. Similar master plans for The Bronx and other areas of New York were not carried through; instead, the builders and real estate speculators imposed the mechanically uniform grid system that was a special target of Olmsted's anger—and remains today. The landscape of New York City—which, well into the 19th century, was still a landscape, mostly farm land—vanished under the relentless leveling, cutting and filling, and one of history's greatest urban bangles was consummated.

Waste Space. Except, fortunately, in Central Park: there, Olmsted and Vaux had a free hand. They won it with great difficulty against a phalanx of businessmen and politicians who could see no point in creating such "waste space" in Manhattan. Olmsted's tenacity was such that when his thigh was broken in three places by a carriage accident, he insisted on being carried round the park in a litter while he issued his orders to the foremen and struggled to complete, in grass and trees, his "gallery of mental pictures." Though he disapproved of such grand formal gardens as Versailles, the park entailed a stupendous effort of engineering. Ten million cartloads of earth and stone were dragged in and out of the area, millions of trees, vines and shrubs were planted, the brooks that traversed it were turned, by an impressive feat of hydraulic engineering, into lakes and reservoirs; even the four systems of traffic circulation, which Olmsted designed with unusual finesse, still work admirably after more than a century. No detail, from the marble inlay of a niche or the angle of a fountain jet to the disposition of a hickory grove, escaped him or Vaux. The result was a masterpiece.

Its uses have changed—the dubious honor of driving the first car in Central Park went to one Winston Buzby in 1898, and the present infestation of buildings and ugly monuments was no part of Olmsted's plan. Today, the character of Central Park is stretched to its elastic limit. But it still survives, and Olmsted's words to his partner Vaux (who got dispirited sometimes) still speak for many New Yorkers: "I have none of your feelings of nausea about the park. There is no other place in the world that is as much home to me. I love it all through, and all the more for the trials it has cost me."



The case for seven speeds.



Closed, it's as handy to tote as an attaché case. Opened, it's the most luxurious dual super 8 and 8mm movie projector Kodak makes. It's the Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector.

At the flick of a switch, it goes from slow motion, to normal speed, to fast motion—in forward or reverse. Lets you "freeze" on a single frame, too. Seven speeds in all.

Automatic threading, built-in "houselights" control, 400-foot reel capacity, choice of three lenses including zoom, are only a few of its many fine features. See the M95 at your photo dealer's. From less than \$180.

Kodak makes your pictures count.

Kodak Instamatic M95 movie projector.



Price subject to change without notice.

HOW EACH STATE FARES

	PER CAPITA PERSONAL INCOME 1971	PERCENT INCREASE SINCE 1966
NEW ENGLAND	\$4,454	39.3%
Massachusetts	4,562	42.6
Maine	3,375	38.7
Vermont	3,638	37.9
Connecticut	4,995	36.1
New Hampshire	3,796	35.7
Rhode Island	4,126	35.4
EAST	\$4,697	39.8%
Dist. of Columbia	5,870	49.2
Maryland	4,522	43.2
New York	5,000	40.0
Pennsylvania	4,147	39.1
New Jersey	4,811	38.1
Delaware	4,673	34.7
GREAT LAKES	\$4,348	34.0%
Illinois	4,775	35.2
Wisconsin	3,912	34.4
Ohio	4,175	33.9
Michigan	4,430	33.7
Indiana	4,027	31.8
PLAINS	\$3,958	37.8%
North Dakota	3,538	46.0
Minnesota	4,032	40.7
South Dakota	3,441	39.8
Kansas	4,192	39.7
Missouri	3,940	38.4
Nebraska	4,030	38.3
Iowa	3,877	28.8
SOUTH	\$3,442	48.4%
Florida	3,930	53.0
Mississippi	2,788	51.9
South Carolina	3,142	49.3
Georgia	3,599	49.2
Virginia	3,899	48.7
North Carolina	3,424	47.8
Alabama	3,087	47.6
Arkansas	3,078	46.2
Tennessee	3,300	45.6
West Virginia	3,275	45.6
Kentucky	3,306	44.5
Louisiana	3,252	40.0
SOUTHWEST	\$3,686	42.4%
Arizona	3,913	53.6
Texas	3,726	41.2
Oklahoma	3,515	40.2
New Mexico	3,298	39.5
ROCKY MOUNTAIN	\$3,809	42.4%
Colorado	4,153	46.3
Wyoming	3,929	42.1
Idaho	3,409	39.7
Utah	3,442	38.0
Montana	3,629	36.8
FAR WEST	\$4,522	33.9%
Nevada	4,822	42.5
Oregon	3,959	35.4
California	4,640	34.6
Washington	4,132	27.9
Alaska	4,875	44.2
Hawaii	4,738	48.8

REGIONS

Where the Boom Is Brightest

AS bright as the holiday lights decorating crowded stores, the business indicators make it clearer every week that the economy is now in a boom. Auto demand is so high that some plants will remain open during part of Christmas week, even though the companies will have to pay triple-time wages. American industry in October produced 9% more than a year ago. Corporate profits after taxes for the third quarter rose 18%. Housing starts are running at a record 2,400,000.

What counts for most executives and wage earners, though, is not the national but the local scene. People in every state have had a substantial rise in personal income in recent years (see chart). But this year there is a remarkable chiaroscuro of regional lights and shadows in the U.S. economic picture. A guide to the variations, from brightest to darkest:

THE SOUTH is in economic overdrive, powered by new residents and industries. South Carolina textile mills have added 3,100 workers this year and increased the average work week to 41.8 hours. Mississippi, though still the only state with per capita income below \$3,000, is increasing total personal income by more than 11% per year. The tourist and construction surge in Florida, sparked largely by the Walt Disney World amusement park, has sent an economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta to the Disney movie *Mary Poppins* to find a suitable description: supercalifragilisticexpialidocious.

THE SOUTHWEST is faring better than the rest of the nation. Dallas is rolling in construction money for a new 55-story skyscraper and the \$750 million Dallas-Fort Worth airport scheduled for completion next summer or early fall. Houston has a jobless rate of only 3.1%, v. 5.5% nationally. The city is getting a further boost from the continuing trend among oil companies to relocate their headquarters there. Pennzoil United, despite its name, plans to put up two 34-story buildings in the city to house its operating center. Retail sales are brisk. Typically, one big Houston store by last week had sold more color TV sets than in the entire 1971 Christmas season.

THE MIDWEST is picking up in line with, or slightly better than, the national trend. Unemployment in the Chicago area is down to 3.5%. Along the lake-front ten skyscrapers are being built or planned. In the Kansas City area the

dollar volume of residential construction during the first three-quarters of this year ran 43% higher than in the equivalent period of 1971. In Des Moines, Charles Duchon, president of the Younkers Bros. department-store group, basks in a 10% third-quarter increase in sales and says: "The outlook is good. The people are in a relaxed mood because Viet Nam is winding down, the election is over, and there is less uncertainty about who's running the country."

THE FAR WEST is recovering from the aerospace slump but has a long distance to travel in order to come up to the national level. Unemployment in the Seattle area has fallen from a peak of 15% in May 1971 to 8.8%. Boeing has added 7,000 workers to its local payroll in the past year, and more jobs are opening up in the lumber, machinery and electronics industries. The California jobless rate has declined from 7% a year ago to just under 6% now—still well above the national average. Personal income, however, is rising a bit more in California than nationally.

THE NEW YORK CITY AREA is stuck in neutral. In the city, department-store sales during the first eight months of this year were up an unimpressive 3% from 1971, and unemployment in the metropolitan area has only recently stabilized at around 6%. Joblessness in New Jersey is 7.3%. Wage-price inflation has been much more rapid in the New York area than elsewhere, making its industries increasingly less competitive with those in other regions.

NEW ENGLAND is barely out of the recession. The area's industrial production is still below the 1967 level, and the unemployment rate is around 7%. During the past year, construction of commercial, industrial and public buildings in Massachusetts sank to a five-year low. The region's old factories are being hurt by competition from newer plants in the U.S. South, Europe and Japan.

These regional variations pose a problem for economic planners of the second Nixon Administration. They will have to judge when the national upturn becomes overexuberant and should be dampened to head off a new inflation. But when that point is reached nationally, it may well have been far overshoot in Florida, Houston and perhaps Chicago, while New England and New York may still be below economic par.

The pleasure tree.



J&B
RARE
SCOTCH
The Pleasure Principle.

Have a Dickens
of a Christmas
with Marley's ghost,
Bob Cratchit, and Scrooge
—all delightfully depicted
on the very attractive
J&B gift carton—
yours at no extra cost.



There's a safer way to get firemen to



the fire. With help from U.S. Steel.



Often firemen are in greater danger driving to fires than fighting them.

This lime-yellow fire engine is the first of a new line designed to give firemen greater protection on the road.

The manufacturer built it with the strong, low-cost metal: steel.

But without high-cost tooling—in order to keep it within the budgets of the nation's 18,000 volunteer fire departments.

The fire-engine maker used a system of construction developed by U.S. Steel. It's really very simple: a safety cage of strong steel tubing, wrapped inside and out with rugged steel sheet.

Yet the system is so flexible, the basic cab design can be varied to seat anywhere from three to seven men. Often that's the whole crew, so nobody needs to hang on outside.

The construction system gives the cab so much strength, there's more room for windows—so visibility is better.

Besides fire engines, our system can be used for buses, ambulances and motorhomes. We're offering it to anybody who builds any of them.

Why? Because the steel we make, makes vehicles safer. For firemen. And for everyone else.

United States Steel, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

USS is a registered trademark.



**We're
involved.**



If there's a cigar smoker on your list, you've just found his present.

Gold Label cigars. Great idea. But what kind? Palma? Corona de Ville? Jaguar? Swagger? Light Brigade?

Don't worry about the names. They refer to different sizes and shapes of Gold Label cigars. If he prefers a long, slim cigar, pick out a stylishly long, slim Gold Label. A magnificent, big cigar? A big, magnificent Gold Label. It's easy to do the right thing, because Gold Label comes in just about every size and shape there is.

Whichever Gold Label you buy, it's more than a casual, token gift. You see, Gold Label cigars have a fine tradition dating back to 1886, when don Ignacio Haya opened Gold Label Factory No. 1—the first in Tampa's long list of great cigar makers.

And we've never forgotten what we learned from don Ignacio, about searching out fine tobaccos; blending them in special hardwood chambers; aging the cigars in darkened vaults until, in their own sweet time, they reach a state of absolute perfection.

And when you give one to somebody, he'll wonder when you became a cigar connoisseur. For the holiday season, Gold Labels come in gentlemanly gift boxes priced from \$5 to \$14.

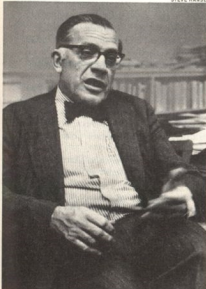
Gold Label
Factory No. 1, Tampa, Florida

CONTROLS

A Program That Works

The skyscraping settlements of the construction unions long stirred public resentment, whetted the aspirations of the rest of organized labor and created nightmares for Government inflation fighters. The hardhats' demands became so economically disruptive that early in 1971 President Nixon set up the Construction Industry Stabilization Committee. Manned by four representatives each from management, labor and the public, who meet in Washington only one day a week, the group has operated with an unorthodox autonomy that has ruffled some Pay Board bureaucrats and pooh-bahs from nonconstruction unions. Yet after 20 months of free-form negotiations, Committee Chair-

STEVE HANSEN



HARVARD DEAN DUNLOP

An unorthodox autonomy.

man John Dunlop, a Harvard dean who talks more like a pipe fitter than a pedagogue, can justifiably say of the nation's oldest wage-control apparatus: "We've done a lot better than I thought we would or most other people thought we would."

The rate of pay increases in construction has been cooled from 15.6% in 1970 to 10%-11% last year to 5.7% this year. Costly strikes have been reduced from one in every three contract expirations in 1970 to one in eight today. The greatest force for effectiveness is Dunlop, a missionary's son who became an economist. As dean of Harvard's Faculty of Arts and Sciences, he supervises 2,000 academics and, when the university set out to recruit more able young professors a few years ago, he was chosen to be chairman of a faculty search group that was informally called "The Committee to Keep Harvard from Going to Hell." His nick-

name on campus is "Tiger," and with his gravel voice and fondness for four-letter words, he can and does talk tough to both labor and management. Having spent many of his 58 years studying unions, he knows as much as anyone in the nation about the fractious construction industry.

Just Us Top Dogs. Dunlop helped persuade Nixon to form the stabilization committee and then persuaded construction union leaders to cooperate. He knew that they were worried that the insatiable demands of militant local leaders were pricing unions out of the market, leading to increased use of nonunionized labor (nonunion labor accounts for about 30% of the construction work force). The committee's very existence gives national labor chiefs a justification for moderating pay demands. Says Dunlop: "We are using this mechanism to get done a great many things that responsible union leaders have known for years needed to be done." Almost from the start Dunlop has run a closed-door operation, barring the public from meetings and handing out information sparingly; in January he even stopped publicly reporting on the amounts of individual settlements.

He made union chiefs promise to attend every meeting of the committee, arguing: "No substitutes, no subordinates—just us top dogs." And he refused to be bound by a hard-and-fast guideline for pay increases. If one craft was earning far less than another in the same area, he allowed a large wage increase—30% or more in some instances. "I'm not interested in one number," argued Dunlop. "That's a lot of hogwash."

Over the months, however, he whittled down the average raises. One major aid was the committee's computer data bank, which can provide instantly the wage-and-benefit rates for every craft in every locality of the land. If one union demands an out-of-line increase, Dunlop and his fellow committeeemen have strong grounds to talk it down. A goal of the committee is to bring order to construction's crazy-quilt negotiating patterns, in which union locals try to outdo each other in gaining ever richer contracts. In an industry that has 10,000 competing locals, Dunlop is striving to set up a union-management board that would settle labor disputes at a national level.

Last week President Nixon's newly named Labor Secretary Peter J. Brennan, head of the New York Building and Construction Trades Council, called for dismantling wage controls. Yet Brennan has gone along with the committee in the past and as Labor Secretary—and the committee's nominal boss—he is unlikely to try to undercut Dunlop. Both men realize that whatever progress has been made in unscrambling construction's chaotic pay pacts could only have been accomplished by forceful Government intervention in the bargaining process.

PRICES

Kid Stuff

John Malachowsky, an eighth-grader in West Babylon, N.Y., has been an avid builder of model rockets and airplanes since he was eight years old. When the price of his favorite enamel went from 15¢ to 19¢ a bottle, he realized that his \$2-a-week allowance would not absorb the shock. So he sent a complaint to the Price Commission, charging that the Testor Corp. of Rockford, Ill., had raised the list price of its "Pla Enamel" well over 25%. "This is only \$.04," he wrote, "but being only 12½ years old, this is a big strain on my allowance. Thank you. A Concerned Consumer!"

The Price Commission referred the complaint to its enforcement arm, the

THE NEW YORK TIMES



MODEL BUILDER MALACHOWSKY

What a kid can do.

Internal Revenue Service, which sent an agent to the Testor plant. The IRS issued a notice of violation to Testor for clearly exceeding the 2.5% price increase guideline. Last week the Cost of Living Council announced that the Justice Department has filed a suit charging Testor with unlawfully collecting revenues in excess of \$150,000. The suit also complained that Testor had hiked the price of its spray paint by 14% and recommended that a federal court order the company to reduce its prices enough to allow customers a saving equivalent to the alleged illegal revenues.

John Malachowsky has continued his crusade to keep up with inflation. He brought his case before his parents and was awarded a 112½% increase in his allowance, to \$4.25 a week. If he is lucky, the price controllers will not crack down on him for exceeding the 5.5% ceiling on wage raises.

Energy & America

Let's face the facts about our energy outlook.

The nation's requirements for energy will about double between now and 1985. In this period, we shall have to rely upon oil, gas, coal, and nuclear power for at least 95% of our needs. If present trends continue, our indigenous resources of these materials will not be developed fast enough to meet our growing requirements.

NATURAL GAS IS SCARCE. Shortages already confronting us will increase. Domestic production is projected to decline about 1/3 during the next 15 years. With more imports of natural and liquefied gas and synthetic gas from naphtha and coal, we may hold gas availability at about its present level. This will be sufficient to satisfy less than half of our potential gas requirements by 1985.

CRUDE OIL IMPORTS WILL HAVE TO QUADRUPLE. Domestic production of crude oil is projected to show little net change. To meet rising demand, imports will about quadruple, reaching 10 to 15 million barrels a day in 1985. Even larger imports will be needed if we fail to meet our goals with respect to nuclear power and coal.

NUCLEAR POWER—WHERE IS IT? We should launch a major new effort to construct the equivalent of at least 280 nuclear energy plants of 1,000 megawatts each during the next 15 years. Today, we have the equivalent of only ten such size plants in operation and only 46 actually under construction. Progress is being retarded by technical difficulties and environmental restraints.

COAL—WE PRODUCE NO MORE NOW THAN 50 YEARS AGO. Production of coal should be approximately doubled during the next 15 years. We have adequate reserves. Limiting factors are the availability of manpower, environmental considerations, and mine health and safety precautions.

INVESTMENT—WE'LL HAVE TO DOUBLE IT. Enormous capital inputs will be necessary to provide for our energy requirements. Between now and 1985, the United States energy industries will have to invest between \$400 and \$500 billion in new productive and distribution facilities, an annual average of about \$30 billion, compared to present outlays of about \$16 billion.

NEAR-TERM SHORTAGES—WE CAN'T ESCAPE THEM. We may be able to relieve our near-term energy problems through appropriate government and industry action, but there is no realistic probability of a complete escape from them. This is true because of the long lead times—often five to eight years—required for the development of major new energy supplies. The critical "balance wheel" will be the volume of foreign oil imports; this will be the element which will adjust for our failures or successes in other energy areas.



John G. McLean, chairman and chief executive officer of Continental Oil Company, is also chairman of the National Petroleum Council's Committee on U.S. Energy Outlook. The committee's initial appraisal provides the statistical basis for the following. The conclusions are Mr. McLean's.

What do the facts foreshadow?

We shall become increasingly dependent upon foreign countries, primarily in the Middle East, for a vital portion of our energy supplies. At the present time, we obtain about 26% of our crude oil and 12% of our total energy requirements from foreign sources. By 1985, we will probably draw about 40% to 55% of our oil and 23% to 32% of our total energy from abroad.

CONCENTRATED DEPENDENCE.

Most of the oil will have to come from the eleven OPEC countries (particularly Saudi Arabia and Iran), which today have 85% of the Free World crude oil reserves outside the United States and

Canada and account for 90% of the oil exports moving into world markets. Dependence upon a small number of distant foreign countries for a vital portion of our energy supplies will be a new fact of life in the history of this nation. We shall need to take a new look at our foreign policies with respect to the Middle East and attach to them a much higher priority than they have thus far been accorded.

We will be vitally dependent upon peace in that troubled area for continuity in oil supplies; our friends in Western Europe and Japan will be in a similar position; and Russia will be the only major world power in the coming decade that will be self-sufficient in energy resources. The diplomatic and national security aspects of this situation demand a great deal more attention than they have yet been given.

BALANCE OF PAYMENTS PROBLEMS. Growing oil and gas imports will provoke a large, growing deficit in the U.S. balance of trade in fuels. By the early 1980's, this deficit could be in the \$20 to \$30 billion range, compared to a current deficit of less than \$3 billion. Today, our total exports of goods and services are only about \$66 billion. To pay for our imports of fuel, we will need to seek additional exports of other goods and services.

What will we sell and to whom? We cannot look to the industrialized countries of Western Europe and Japan, because they will be struggling to increase their own net exports to pay for growing fuel imports. Ultimately, the situation can come to equilibrium worldwide only when the oil exporting countries are able to absorb greatly increased imports from us and other oil importing countries. But they do not have the populations, markets, and economic infrastructures to accept large imports from us. This problem will be a critical national issue in the decade ahead.

NEW FINANCIAL CENTERS. Our growing purchases of oil and gas, coupled with those of Western Europe and Japan, will create major new centers of financial power. By 1985, the oil-producing countries of Africa and the Middle East could be collecting oil revenues at an annual rate of almost \$50 billion. Most of these countries are not yet ready to use internally new funds of this magnitude. A large portion of the oil tax revenues will thus move into the short- and long-term money markets of the Free World in ways, and with impacts, which are difficult to

predict. One clear possibility is that these countries could become large equity holders in the financial institutions and industrial companies of the United States, Western Europe and Japan.

ENERGY COSTS ARE BOUND TO RISE. We have exhausted a large share of our cheapest and most accessible energy materials. New indigenous supplies will come at higher prices. Coal mines will be further underground; oil and gas wells will be drilled to greater depths and in deeper waters offshore; the development of oil shale and other synthetics will require expensive new technology.

At present the composite wellhead or minemouth cost of energy produced in the United States is about 35 cents per million BTU's. By 1985, it could easily be 50% to 100% higher.

These increases are significant, but they can be absorbed in our economy without serious disruptive effects. For the past decade, the real cost of energy in the United States has been declining. Today, we spend only about 5% of our national income for fuels. We are in a favorable position vis-a-vis the other world powers with respect to basic energy costs and will probably continue to be so even after the increases I have suggested. Our most urgent problem is one of adequacy and continuity of energy supplies—not one of energy costs.

What can we do to improve our situation?

We should take prompt action to establish a single, high-level agency in our government to develop a national energy policy and to coordinate our efforts relating to energy matters. I do not mean that our federal government should play a larger role in the discovery and development of natural resources. This task should be left to private enterprise. The chief mission of the central government agency should be to establish priorities and guidelines and to eliminate delays, conflicts, and confusion.

WE CAN INCREASE DOMESTIC ENERGY PRODUCTION. We should take prompt action to stimulate the development of our indigenous energy resources. We have an adequate resources base; our problem is to get new supplies at a faster rate.

We need some practical trade-offs in the ecological area. The production and consumption of energy inevitably involves some ecological impairment. We cannot achieve our environmental goals overnight and still give the U.S. economy all the energy it requires and the public demands. Some pragmatic, graduated approaches to our ecological goals are urgently needed. Here the federal government should take decisive action—and very promptly.

We need to decontrol natural gas prices and to establish that the price of synthetic gas manufactured from coal and naphtha will not be subject to federal restraints. Our present preoccupations with imports of liquefied natural gas from Russia and Algeria are a national absurdity in the face of continued control of indigenous gas prices at much lower levels.

We need to accelerate the leasing of federal lands on reasonable terms for resource development, particularly the Outer Continental Shelf which contains some of our most promising potentials for new oil and gas discoveries.

WE CAN CONSERVE ENERGY. We should reduce waste in the consumption of energy. I am not suggesting curtailments which would have a negative impact on the growth of our economy. On the contrary, I believe the consumption of energy should be encouraged because it increases the efficiency of our economy—providing that the energy is used for socially desirable ends.

There are, however, many areas in which we could conserve energy without impairing economic growth. For example, 20% of our energy is used for commercial and residential heating; savings can be made through better insulation. About 25% of our energy is used for transportation; savings can be made through the development of mass transportation and smaller and more efficient automotive engines. Another 25% of our energy is used for the generation of electric power in processes which waste about 70% of the energy input; savings can be made through the development of more efficient conversion systems.

WE CAN COOPERATE WITH OTHER NATIONS. Most of the major industrial nations of the Free World will be facing the same energy problems as we do. Clearly, the situation provides opportunities for cooperative research and engineering in the development of new energy sources. And clearly, there is a need for collaboration in the development of a sound framework of political relationships with the countries of the Middle East to promote stability and peace in that area.

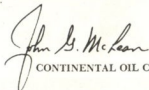
What about our long-term energy position?

While our medium-term problems—through about 1985—are acute, our long-term energy position is reasonably sound. Our country is liberally endowed with energy materials. To meet our long-term requirements, we have:

- Potentially recoverable oil reserves sufficient to meet present demands for over 65 years;
- Potentially recoverable gas reserves sufficient to meet present demands for over 50 years;
- Measured and indicated coal reserves, commercially accessible with current mining methods, equivalent to nearly 300 years' supply;
- Uranium reserves sufficient to meet our present total electric power needs for 25 years; and
- Recoverable shale oil reserves sufficient to meet our oil needs, at present demand levels, for about 35 years after our natural oil reserves are exhausted.

Taken in the aggregate, our potential energy resources have an energy content sufficient to meet our needs for at least 200 years, at present consumption rates. Long before the end of that period, advances in technology should bring us new energy sources, such as nuclear fusion and solar power, which will greatly diminish the drain upon our natural energy materials.

It is our medium-term energy outlook that is of serious concern. We can and will solve these problems. But the task will not be easy, and it will require a greater sense of urgency and commitment on the part of both industry and government than presently exists.


CONTINENTAL OIL COMPANY



This statement comprises excerpts of an address by Mr. McLean. For full text in booklet form write Continental Oil Company, Dept. TM, High Ridge Park, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

SCANDALS

"One of the Largest Frauds"

AFTER Founder Bernard Cornfeld finished manipulating and misusing the Geneva-based IOS mutual fund complex in 1970, it was a wonder that there were any assets left to drain off. In fact, enough cash and American stocks remained in IOS-managed funds to provide the makings of an international scandal juicier than any that Cornfeld produced. Last week the Securities and Exchange Commission accused Cornfeld's successor, Robert L. Vesco, and a group of Vesco's associates of "looting" no less than \$224 million from four IOS funds so far this year. The SEC brought a civil action to stop the alleged plundering from the funds' hundreds of thousands of shareholders, mostly Europeans, Latin Americans and U.S. citizens living abroad.

SEC Commissioner Philip Loomis called it "one of the largest securities frauds ever perpetrated." The scene of the dealings sweeps from New York to Luxembourg, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico and Costa Rica, and the characters in the story are a movie director's dream. Besides Vesco, who denies all charges, the 42 individual and corporate defendants include James Roosevelt—oldest son of the President who created the SEC—three lawyers from Wendell Willkie's old Wall Street firm and a gaggle of shadowy American, European and Latin financiers. Involved on the fringes of the case, though not named in

the complaint, are Costa Rican President José ("Pepe") Figueres, Spanish Prince Gonzalo Borbón y Dampierre, and Donald A. Nixon, 26-year-old nephew of the President.

The key figure is Vesco, a dapper mystery man who will turn 37 this week. The engineer son of a Detroit auto worker, Vesco appeared on the financial scene out of nowhere in 1965 to create by merger International Controls Corp., a New Jersey electric equipment company, which he once said he had built "on financial agility." He entered IOS in 1970 in the role of savior, arranging a desperately needed \$10 million loan and later becoming chairman. Soon, though, the SEC charged, Vesco began acting as despoiler. His "brazen" scheme, according to the agency, unfolded in three steps:

1) Vesco first set out to cement his control by buying out Cornfeld, who had been deposed as chairman but still held a large block of IOS stock. In early 1971, Vesco secretly bought the block

for \$5.5 million—\$3,500,000 more than the market price—through a dummy Panamanian corporation called Linkink. Later, Vesco had International Controls buy Linkink. The SEC complaint states that Vesco chose this circuitous route because he wanted to hide his operations as thoroughly as possible. If the charge is true, Vesco bought Cornfeld's stock at an inflated price by using stock of an International Controls' subsidiary without ever fully explaining to International Controls' shareholders what he was doing with their assets.

2) Having got rid of Cornfeld,* Vesco and associates zeroed in on the securities held by four IOS-managed mutual funds: Venture Fund, Fund of Funds, International Investment Trust (IIT) and Transglobal Growth Fund. Between April and October of this year, the SEC says, Vesco and friends sold out of the funds' holdings nearly a quarter of a billion dollars worth of stocks, including Chase Manhattan, General Motors, Mobil Oil, A T & T and IBM, and used the cash to further "their personal interests and pursuits."

Some \$99 million of the money has simply vanished. The other \$125 million, says the SEC, was mostly "spirited" away to Luxembourg and Bahamian banks controlled by Vesco's group and then placed in a series of dummy corporations also serving as fronts for Vesco.

Some \$15 million went to Gulf Stream (Bahamas) Ltd., a Vesco company that is trying to buy the Paradise Island gambling complex in the Bahamas from Resorts International. Vesco's IIT fund also lent \$2,150,000 to Sociedad Agrícola y Industrial San Cristobal, a company that was founded and is still partly owned by Costa Rican President Figueres. Meanwhile Fund of Funds put \$60 million into Inter-American Capital, a shell company allegedly controlled by Vesco and formally headed by Alberto Inocente Alvarez, an adviser to Figueres.

According to the SEC, Vesco has chosen Costa Rica as a "haven" and Alvarez is helping him relocate there. President Figueres says that Vesco is still welcome to Costa Rica. At IOS's complex of buildings at Ferney-Voltaire in France, just across the border from Geneva, functionaries are preparing for relocation. They are selling everything movable, including bosses' rosewood desks and even toilet seats. Rumors are that the move will be either to Madrid or—no surprise—Costa Rica.

3) All the time that the stock sales were going on, Vesco sought to conceal his part in them by pretending that he was out of IOS. He resigned as chairman in September 1971 and later had International Controls sell its IOS stock.

*Who has moved to Beverly Hills, where he is raising money to produce movies.



IOS FOUNDER CORNFELD



ROBERT L. VESCO



COSTA RICAN PRESIDENT FIGUERES



JAMES ROOSEVELT

Also three lawyers, some shadowy financiers and Nixon's nephew.

But, says the SEC, the stock was sold to Kilmorey Investments, yet another dummy company set up by Vesco in the Bahamas.

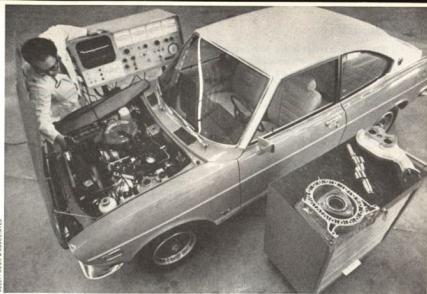
Whether Vesco is out even yet is unclear. Kilmorey on Oct. 30 sold control of IOS to a group of Spanish and Latin American businessmen headed by Prince Gonzalo Borbón y Dampierre and including Rafael Diaz-Balart, a former brother-in-law of Cuba's Fidel Castro, but the group now is reportedly trying to back out of the deal. In any case, the group has ties to Vesco; one of its members is Alberto Alvarez, the head of the Costa Rican company that got \$60 million from Fund of Funds.

Receiver. If the SEC can prove its allegations, several reputations will be tarnished. Most of the defendants are accused of helping Vesco set up his dummy corporations. As a director of three of the funds, James Roosevelt, according to the SEC, knew what Vesco was up to and did nothing to stop it; the SEC says that Roosevelt's independence was "impaired" by a \$150,000 loan from a Vesco-controlled Bahamian bank. Three members of the law firm of Willkie Farr & Gallagher—Allan F. Conwill, Raymond W. Merritt and John S. D'Alimonte—are accused of having used their legal skills to help Vesco plan and carry out his schemes. The lawyers and Roosevelt protest innocence.

Donald Nixon has not been accused of anything, but he has worked for nearly two years as an administrative assistant to Vesco. Young Nixon said that he took the job because it offered him the best opportunity for business experience. Vesco gave \$50,000 to the reelection campaign of Donald's uncle in September and October—by coincidence or not, the very time when the SEC investigation of Vesco was reaching a climax.

So far, the SEC is seeking only civil remedies: an injunction to stop further illegal acts, and appointment of a receiver for the four IOS-managed funds. The receiver would try to track down and get back the money allegedly siphoned off by Vesco. Trial of the case against Vesco and the others has been set for February. If the SEC can prove its charges, it could later hand over to the Justice Department a readymade criminal case.

The SEC is trying to break new legal ground. In the past, "offshore" mutual funds—the IOS-managed type that raise money abroad but invest it in the U.S.—have operated in a regulatory vacuum. No government believed that it had full jurisdiction over them. The SEC contends that a U.S. court can assert authority over foreign-headquartered funds for a variety of reasons, among them a principle in international law that a country can halt activity occurring outside its borders if it "causes an effect" within those borders. If the SEC can make that claim stick, the offshore funds' freedom from supervision



MECHANIC CHECKING MAZDA (LOWER RIGHT: ROTOR INSIDE HOUSING)
The only place to get it fixed is at a dealer.

may be over—too late to help IOS-fund shareholders who have suffered the Cornfeld and Vesco regimes. In early 1970, IOS-managed funds had almost a million shareholders and assets of \$2.3 billion; now the count is down to about 300,000 shareholders and assets of roughly \$630 million—including the \$224 million that Vesco allegedly made off with. But closer regulation of offshore funds might safeguard the money of future investors.

AUTOS

The Mazda Monopoly

With less than 1% of U.S. auto sales to its credit and a headquarters staff of exactly 30 people, Mazda Motors of America seems a trifle small to qualify as a monopoly. Yet for nearly two more years, or until Detroit is ready with its own rotary engine, Mazda will be the only car sold in the U.S. with the rotary: a power system, first designed by West Germany's Felix Wankel, that is half the size of the conventional piston engine and has only three moving parts. v. 166 in a piston engine with comparable horsepower. In the best tradition of U.S. monopolists, the Japanese-owned car maker is making all the hay it can while the sun is shining. Last week the company expanded to two big, new sections of the nation, opening 72 dealerships in ten states in the East and Midwest. There are still no dealers in New England, the Plains states and some border areas, but Mazda plans to have at least one agency in every state by 1975.

The car has been racing through the West since it was introduced about two years ago. In California, Mazda is already the fourth-biggest-selling import, ahead of Fiat and Volvo. U.S. sales have grown from almost nothing in 1970 to an estimated 60,000 this year, and are expected by company officers to at least double next year. Mazda officials ex-

pect the operation to reach optimum size in 1975, with 655 dealers selling 300,000 cars annually. That could well put Mazda among the top five car sellers, about even with American Motors.

Much of the credit for Mazda's forward drive goes to C.R. ("Dick") Brown, who became general manager of the main U.S. operation two years ago. The parent company, Toyo Kogyo, had previously set up separate importers in the Northwest and Florida. Brown convinced his Japanese bosses that they should quickly mount a high-volume marketing effort throughout the nation. A former sales director for American Motors in Canada, Brown realized that the key to Mazda's acceptance would be a strong lineup of dealers who could explain and service the unfamiliar engine.

Brown banned dealers who wanted Mazda only as a second or third line. About 70% of Mazda's dealers own another auto agency, but they are required to set up an entirely separate operation handling Mazdas exclusively. Service men are required to spend several days attending one of Mazda's six maintenance schools as well they should. Until many more rotaries are on the road, the only reliable place to get a Mazda fixed is at a dealer.

Fast Pickup. There are a few other drawbacks. The bestselling RX-3 five-passenger station wagon is not exactly oversized for its price (\$3,700, with automatic shift, air conditioning and radio). Mazda's engine and complex emissions system, though admirably low-polluting, tend to develop a popping effect unless points, plugs and carburetor are meticulously tuned. Nearly all Mazda drivers find that gas consumption is about 10% higher than for comparably sized cars; the Mazda drinks a quart of oil every 1,500 miles. Still, the car has a lot of selling points, including a fast pickup that carries it from 0 m.p.h. to 60 m.p.h. in about 9½ seconds, and sheer technological

BUSINESS

novelty. The latter is tied to a two-year-long fuse, but Brown insists that Mazda, which has been building rotary engines for five years, will stay ahead of Detroit. His chiefs at Toyo Kogyo apparently agree. They have increased production at their Hiroshima plant from a monthly average of 13,000 earlier this year to 20,000 at present.

SUPERMARKETS

Banking Against A. & P.

Like an angered heavyweight who decides to slug instead of box, the huge A. & P. food company has been weighing in on competitors for the past year with a pulverizing cut-rate price policy called Where Economy Originates, or WEO. By paring its markups from 20% to 13% on total sales, A. & P. aims to regain consumers whom it had been losing to more inventive food merchandisers. Fighting back, A. & P.'s rivals are offering big price cuts of their own as well as 24-hour service and more nongrocery goods. The clash is spilling red ink all over supermarket chains in the East and Midwest, and if it continues some firms could well collapse.

Hit by WEO (pronounced we owe), Kroger, National Tea and some other chains are reaching the limits of their normal borrowing capacities. According to *Supermarket News*, profits for the 48 largest supermarket chains totaled only \$22.6 million in the last quarter, an astounding drop of 76% from the equivalent period last year. Losses were posted by five of the top ten—Kroger, Food Fair, Acme and National Tea, as well as A. & P. itself.

Now A. & P.'s competitors have gained a powerful ally, the First National Bank of Chicago, which is calling on other bankers to take a more understanding position in making loans to help struggling supermarket chains ride out A. & P.'s assault. Two weeks ago, Jay Doty, vice president of a First National loan division, told a gathering of 700 bankers in Chicago that "this cutting of corporate throats is conceivably what A. & P. intended." Doty estimated that A. & P. began its drive with \$60 million in cash reserves plus \$100 million in bank credit lines, and that at its present rate of loss it could continue price paring for another year and a half without outside financing. To avoid a wipeout of some food chains, Doty urged bankers to help well-managed supermarket companies hold out.

Doty argued that if A. & P. becomes dominant east of the Mississippi, it will be able to raise its prices with relative impunity. First National is extending especially liberal credit terms to two national supermarket chains (it refuses to identify them). In Doty's view, bank loan officers should take a lenient position with faltering food chains, assessing the firm's chances for survival, its record of profitability and the location

and attractiveness of its stores. So long as the A. & P. offensive continues, Doty also urges, troubled supermarkets should "reduce overhead to an absolute minimum, postpone maintenance and modernization outlays, reduce or pass up dividends and improve inventory control."

Doty, who believes that even for A. & P. the WEO drive is misguided, says: "When all this is over, A. & P. will hardly be better off than it was before. Its market share will be greater, but it will not have updated its outmoded stores, it will not have moved to better locations. Thus in three or four years A. & P. will again see its share of market fall." For the moment, though, consumers paying steep prices for food can take some comfort in the knowledge that prices would be even higher without the battle of the supermarkets.

CORPORATIONS

Feverish Activity

Bio-Medical Sciences, Inc., was founded five years ago by a man who was then only 21, and it has never earned a profit or sold a single product. Yet some major financiers have invested \$30 million in the company. Among them, Allstate Insurance has put up \$3,000,000, Prudential Insurance \$2,000,000, the Rockefeller family \$1,560,000 and the Yale University endowment fund \$1,000,000. Merrill Lynch co-managed a \$25 million private placement for the firm in September. The company's highly speculative stock, issued at \$10 a share in 1969, was selling last week at 84½ over the counter, giving Bio-Medical a total market value of more than \$62 million.

Why have so many invested so much in Bio-Medical? The company is working on a family of disposable medical instruments that may offer some advantages in convenience, cost and sanitation over products now available. Among other things, Bio-Medical has developed a throwaway version of the simplest and most frequently used medical instrument: the thermometer.

Unlike the reusable (and breakable)

glass thermometer, the new product looks something like a Band-Aid. It is a short, thin strip of plastic-coated aluminum printed with a series of numbers from 96° to 104°. Next to every number is a row of five small dots representing gradations of two-tenths of a degree, and each dot contains a different chemical formulation, which reacts and turns blue at a precise temperature. When placed in the mouth for 30 seconds, v. three minutes for a conventional thermometer, the device shows a progression of blue dots until the person's temperature is reached (*see cut*). The thermometers come in plastic packs of ten or 20, and they are chemically activated only after being pulled through rollers inside the dispenser.

Some 30 million glass thermometers now are sold each year in the U.S., and prices usually range from \$1.50 to \$2; Bio-Medical spokesmen say that the plastic thermometers will cost less than a dime each. Since they can be used only once, the company indicated in a prospectus filed with the SEC that distributors expect to sell around 1,000,000 thermometers daily.

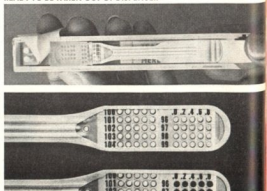
Johnson & Johnson has contracted to market the product in the U.S., and Sweden's drug-making AB Astra has signed up to sell it in Scandinavia. J. & J. will begin a test-marketing program in 1973. Bio-Medical has built a pilot plant in Fairfield, N.J., to make the thermometers and has applied for patents in more than 30 countries.

The disposable thermometer was developed by Chairman Berel Weinstein, now 26. The son of a cardiologist, he graduated only six years ago from Brooklyn College. Weinstein started the company with the help of a former W.E. Hutton & Co. stockbroker, a Manhattan attorney and a printing-company executive. All the money that has been invested in Bio-Medical has gone to developing the thermometer and other possible products. Weinstein figures that the time-temperature dots may also be used to indicate spoilage in packaged foods. For Weinstein, who lives quietly with his wife in Sparta, N.J., the venture has already paid nicely. He owns 21% of the company's stock, and his holdings have a paper value of \$13.3 million.

THERMOMETER IN USE



READY TO BE TAKEN OUT OF DISPENSER



UNUSED THERMOMETER (TOP)

AND ONE REGISTERING 98.8

As mellow and traditional as the historic Kentucky taverns it's named after.
As convivial as a get-together with old friends. Kentucky Tavern Bourbon.
Taste a taste of the easy-going past.



A nice place to linger awhile

**KENTUCKY
& TAVERN**

Glenmore Distilleries Company, Louisville, Kentucky. 86 Proof.

TIME-LIFE RECORDS PRESENTS

as you remember

At last—delightful melodies with that original magic, many never before available in stereo.

TAKE YOUR 30
GREAT HITS ON
EITHER THREE
12-INCH STEREO
LP RECORDS
... OR ON TWO
8-TRACK TAPE
CARTRIDGES
... OR ON TWO TAPE
CASSETTES.

Whichever you choose, a lavishly illustrated book, "The Men and The Music," plus a 24-page book of "Notes on the Music" is included.



them

HERE ARE THE 30 HIT MELODIES YOU GET WITH VOLUME ONE:

Fly Me to the Moon
Charmaine
A Taste of Honey
Theme from
"Limeight"
Love Is a Many-
Splendored Thing
Moonglow and Theme
from "Picnic"
Holiday for Strings
Lisbon Antigua
Theme from
"A Summer Place"
Around the World
Canadian Sunset
Autumn Leaves
April in Portugal
When Sunny Gets Blue
Cumaná
Cherry Pink and Apple
Blossom White
How Insensitive
Music to Watch Girls By
Love Is Blue
Two for the Road
Melody of Love
Pink Panther
A Man and a Woman
More (Theme from
"Mondo Cane")
Theme from "Exodus"
Alone Together
Gigi
Wonderland by Night
Desafinado
Alfie

Enjoy them all for 10 days free... a fabulous collection of all-time great melodies newly recorded as you heard them first, loved them best—now more brilliant than ever in modern stereo.

Now you can actually hear your favorite melodies just as you remember them. TIME-LIFE RECORDS has re-created each hit tune to capture in stereo that magic moment when you first heard it and thought: "I really like that!" For that's what musical memories are made of—the heart-tugging nostalgia of the "Song from 'Moulin Rouge,'" the bitter-sweet joy of young love in "A Summer Place," the Chaplinesque charm of "Poor People of Paris."

A unique new music series. Here's the result—a magnificent eight-volume collection of the world's best-loved melodies. "As You Remember Them." All your favorites are here—blossoming as never before in radiant, dazzling stereo—played note for note from reconstructions of the great original arrangements that made them famous. You'll hear those happy trumpets in "A Taste of Honey" ring clear and true. You'll recognize instantly that seductive rhythm of "The Girl from Ipanema," and you'll welcome like an old friend the warming "Melody of Love."

An exciting new dimension to listening
Feast your ears on great movie themes like "Alfie," "Goldfinger," "Airport."

"Love Story." Feel the goose-bump suspense of TV favorites like "Mission Impossible" and "Peter Gunn." Try romantic mood setters like "Love Is Blue," "Gigi," "A Man and a Woman." And for a change of pace—future volumes will also include great choral and vocal arrangements like "Born Free," and "Moon River"—just as you remember them. We've turned each into a stereo gem, and now you can start enjoying them all by taking your first volume in this wonderful series for 10 days free. Volume One brings you three stereo LP



records with all 30 great melodies shown at the left. In addition, you'll receive a lavishly illustrated, 64-page, book—"The Men and the Music"... plus a colorful 24-page listener's guide, "Notes on the Music." Together, they make up a fabulous entertainment experience you won't want to miss.

A remarkable offer

Enjoy Volume One from the "As You Remember Them" series for 10 days FREE. If, within that time, you're not completely delighted, return the volume and owe nothing. Or you may keep Volume One for an unusually low price and we'll enter your subscription for additional volumes in the series. Each of the seven future volumes will come to you on the same try-before-you-buy plan at approximately two-month intervals. You are never under any obligation to buy any volume, and you may cancel your subscription whenever you wish.

Act now. All 30 great melodies of Volume One are available on either three stereo LP records, or two 8-track tape cartridges or two tape cassettes. Whichever you choose, a wonderful world of music becomes yours. So return the attached card today. Or fill out and mail the coupon below.

TO: TIME-LIFE RECORDS Time & Life Bldg., Chicago, Ill. 60611

Yes, please rush Volume I of "As You Remember Them" to me for 10 days' free audition and enroll me as a subscriber to the series. Within 10 days I may return the three records and I will then receive other albums and handling, I will pay \$13.95 plus shipping to keep them. I am under no obligation to purchase any minimum number and may cancel my subscription and free-examination privilege at any time.

NOTE: If you would prefer tapes instead of the three stereo records, check one of the two choices below.

☐ 045 Please send me all 30 great hits of the first "As You Remember Them" volume on two 8-track tape cartridges (\$2 extra). The book "The Men and the Music" is included.

☐ 046 Please send me all 30 great hits of the first "As You Remember Them" volume on two tape cassettes (\$2 extra). The book "The Men and the Music" is included.

NAME _____

(Please print plainly)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

*In Canada, add \$2.00 for records. (Tape cartridges and tape cassettes not available outside United States.)

0514

TIME-LIFE RECORDS, TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

A good club soda is like a good woman: it won't quit on you.

The only thing better than a club soda that's full of life at the end of a party is a girl who's full of life at the end of a party.

But what a man probably knows about a woman (or vice versa), you might not know about club soda. Especially ours.

You see, Canada Dry Club Soda gets its life through a special process called pin-point carbonation. Which means an uncapped bottle of our bubbles will last for twelve, twenty-four, even forty-eight hours.

So next time you're having a party with an intimate acquaintance, or a few hundred friends, mix your scotch or whiskey with Canada Dry Club Soda.

It may not do wonders for your love life. But it can do wonders for your drink.



Canada Dry: club soda with a long lasting bubble.

(Check listings for Canada Dry's T.V. Christmas Special. Check local dealer for Canada Dry's White Christmas Sweepstakes.)

The business gift for special people... flowers.



Don't settle for old stand-bys when you make that always difficult decision on what to give your customers and business associates. Give something different, something more appropriate for today. Give thoughtful, colorful flowers. Flowers brighten a home or an office beautifully. They let you thank special people for favors. Your professional Allied Florist member will arrange and package a beautiful holiday arrangement and deliver anywhere.



THIS SEASON—
more than ever—give flowers.

CINEMA

Rhetorical Question

WHY

Directed by NANNI LOY
Screenplay by SERGIO AMIDEI
and EMILIO SANNA

This is a movie that confounds all preconceptions and expectations. The plot—an innocent man is vaguely accused of a crime and shunted from prison to prison—suggests political reform, social outrage, harrowing character study and, ultimately, Kafka. But thanks to the skill of the superb comic actor Alberto Sordi and the subtly inflected direction of Nanni Loy (*The Four Days of Naples*), *Why* is a comedy that smiles like a razor.

Giuseppe Di Noi (Sordi), on vacation with his wife and two young children, is asked to step into the customs office at the Italian border, "a mere formality" that accelerates from terror to nightmare to catastrophe. Di Noi is charged with manslaughter, the victim a German named Franz Katlenbruner of whom he has never heard. He is transported all over Italy while his wife trails after him with the family camper, trying unsuccessfully to learn something specific about the case against him. Even when Di Noi, after weeks of imprisonment, is finally allowed to see a prison official, he bungles the interview. Di Noi requires a lawyer. The one he chooses is so incompetent that for another client, one of Di Noi's fellow prisoners, he draws a severe sentence on a minor charge, driving the prisoner to suicide. After this and accidental implication in a prison riot, Di Noi slips into despair and madness.

The movie is rather abrupt and disconnected, partly because that is the nature of Di Noi's trial, but also because Director Loy too often seems eager to get his character through the course.



ALBERTO SORDI IN "WHY"
Silent despair.

HUNGARIAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE MEXICAN.

Between chile and paprika, you have a hot time of it either way. And when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they turn down the burners with Tokay Aszu, a golden wine with a faintly madeira-like flavor. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here.

Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN TOKAJ ASZU
International Vintage Wines, San Francisco.

THE HAVERSCOPE



So startlingly different are the design and performance of the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM that you won't really believe it until you see it and use it. ■ With its standard objective, the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM is an 8x, wide-angle (8.2°), 24mm monocular telescope—more powerful than most field glasses and binoculars. For an even larger field, just quick-change objectives and you have a 6x, super-wide-angle (11°), 18mm telescope. ■ The prismatic, fully coated optics are of the same uncompromising quality that you expect from the finest Japanese cameras—crispness, brilliance and complete planarity. ■ As an added bonus, the objectives may be used as 3x and 5x wide-field magnifier/loppers, of unexcelled definition and clarity. ■ Weight 3½ ozs., length only 3½". Comes with handstrap and soft, flat, zippered case that fits snugly in gentleman's pocket or lady's purse.

□ Send me the HAVERSCOPE SYSTEM with case and exchange objectives. Satisfaction guaranteed. Refund in two weeks if not delighted. My check for \$19.95 plus \$1 for post. & ins. is enclosed. (Calif. resid. add 5% tax.)

Name _____

Address _____

Zip _____

haverhill's

584 Washington Street
San Francisco, CA 94111
Phone (415) 581-5688

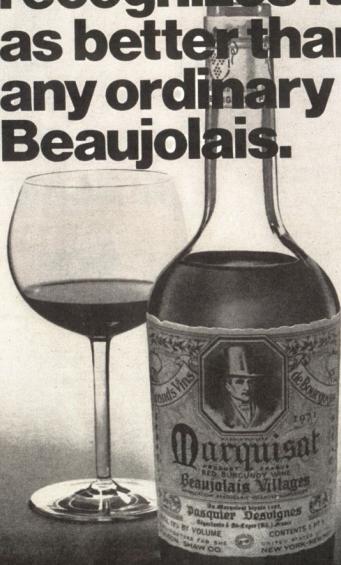
11213

Marquisat.

Look at the words "Beaujolais Villages" on the label. They tell you that Marquisat is no ordinary Beaujolais.

French law permits only those wines that come from the best wine-producing villages in the Beaujolais District to bear these words. Ask for Marquisat. It's not just an ordinary Beaujolais. But a great Beaujolais Villages.

French law recognizes it as better than any ordinary Beaujolais.



SOLE IMPORTER U.S.A. MUNSON SHAW CO. N.Y.

CINEMA

Sordi's face is India rubber, his body a whole silent vocabulary of bewilderment. He is a grand master of the single, perfect gesture that can not only shape a scene but punctuate it. Added after submitting to a quick series of police mug shots, Di Noi is asked for his "other profile" and hastily turns the back of his head to the camera. Protesting his innocence during the cell-block rebellion he is brained by a zealous guard, and shrugs in bewilderment even as he falls to the ground. After Di Noi is finally acquitted and released, still fearful and partly insane, he is waiting with his family at the border to try to begin the vacation again. He plunges his fingers around in a cigarette pack with the eagerness and frustration of a child reaching into a fishbowl to catch a guppy. Retrieving the cigarette and putting a match to it becomes in Sordi's skillful hands the sort of small victory on which a whole new life is built.

Why is a series of such miniature combats, of ironies and outrages made acute because they are so palpably possible. Di Noi is too self-effacing for an Everyman, too funny for a Job. He is only ordinary, but through Sordi and Loy he is remarkably and indelibly so.

■ Joy Cocks

Toxic Effects

RAGE

Directed by GEORGE C. SCOTT
Screenplay by PHILIP FRIEDMAN
and DAN KLEINMAN

Dan Logan is one of those grave, gritty Westerners whose dignity seems to have been whipped into him by the prairie wind. He is a sheep farmer, not poor but far from prosperous, a widower and a careful father. Camping out with his son Chris (Nicolas Beauvy) he awakes in the morning to find the boy sweating, bleeding from the nose, comatose. In the field all around him are the sheep, many dead, some still dying. Logan rushes Chris to the hospital and is advised by his personal physician and old friend (Richard Basehart) to admit himself as well. Chris convulses and dies. Logan, purposely isolated, is not informed.

Roughly to this point *Rage* is a tight, tense suspense melodrama, rigorously and shrewdly staged by Scott, here directing his first feature film. Scott shows a sharp instinct for depicting edgy, nagging uncertainty and isolating a look or a gesture that takes on indefinitely ominous implications, as when two doctors quickly clutch each other's forearms in a cabalistic grip. He also plays Dan Logan, with a kind of distance that seems to be restraint at first but comes to look very much like indifference. His performance, like the movie, becomes with each new scene grimmer, more muddled and finally hysterical.

Chris Logan's death is due to the toxic effects of a new chemical being tested in the area by the Army; Dan,



GEORGE C. SCOTT IN "RAGE"
Deranged impulse.

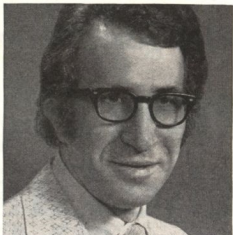
also infected, probably will not live out the week. He learns all this, after days of bureaucratic soothing and sedation, when he sees Chris' clothes being carried out of the hospital in a clear plastic bag. Logan breaks out, vowing vengeance on the officials and the doctors who have lied to him. He blows up the plant where the chemical was manufactured, then, although slowed by the poison, heads for the Army base to take the same kind of reprisal there.

What might under different circumstances have been an act of blind heroism or brutal revolution begins to look like a mere deranged impulse. The very fact that Dan's death is imminent means that he is not really putting himself on the line or taking any risk: his actions are morally hollow. The deadly chemical apparently is being tested by the Army for military use, but this point, once made, is quickly buried. (The Army curtailed "open air" testing in 1969, but did not completely eliminate it.) In *Rage* it is not necessarily alarming that the military conducts such tests, or that it might use the chemicals to subdue or even to slaughter. It is merely a pity that the tests happen to kill Dan Logan and his boy.

A lot is wasted: a good—if perhaps too pat—idea, and some fine supporting performances, especially by Martin Sheen as an unctuous Army surgeon, Barnard Hughes as a frightened public health official, and Robert Walden as a callous clinician out from Washington to observe. Scott's direction is precise and more than promising. What *Rage* lacks is real tough-mindedness and courage, qualities it perhaps once had but seems to have lost somewhere along the way to the Army base. ■ J.C.

For an exceptional product, an exceptional man.

PAUL ETTERMAN BRITANNICA MAN



Paul Etterman, like most Britannica Men, is a family man first and foremost. While he enjoys playing golf and basketball, and his wife likes to work on her art and needlework projects, they're happiest when they're sharing activities with their 12 year old son, Bruce. Family life is important to Paul, and he has a real feeling for sales work; that's a combination that makes him an ideal Britannica Man. Says Paul:

"When you have a family of your own, you want the best for them. And, you want other people to share that concern for their children's future. That's why being able to introduce other families to Britannica, and helping them bring the Britannica Program into their homes, is so tremendously satisfying."

The Robert Conklin family agrees completely with Paul's enthusiasm for what Britannica brings to a home with growing youngsters. Their 9 year old son Robert finds Britannica Junior enjoyable as well as helpful. Robert used it most recently to look up advice on how to take care of his frogs and fish, a hobby he developed after



The Robert Conklin family

envying his Dad's aquarium. And Mr. Conklin, a business equipment company Supervisor, finds Encyclopaedia Britannica a real help to him in his night school college work.

Paul Etterman is proud of the fact that he brought Britannica into the Conklin home. He knows it's an acquisition that will enrich their family life for years and years, and that's the important thing for him.

What's important to young people is important to our people.

If you'd like to become a Britannica Man, write or phone:

 **Encyclopaedia Britannica**

Mr. Irv Schlossberg, Division Manager
4747 West Peterson Avenue, Suite 102
Chicago, IL 60646, Phone: (312) 282-7717

Our goal: No unhappy owners.

**“We’ll fix it right
the first time
or we’ll fix it free
the second time.”**

**6,283 Ford and
Lincoln-Mercury dealers
guarantee it.**

**...has a better idea
(we listen better)**

BOOKS

Unpatriotic Gore

HOMAGE TO DANIEL SHAYS:

Collected Essays by GORE VIDAL
449 pages. Random House. \$8.95.

Taps for John Horne Burns (*The Gallery*), burned out and dead at 36. A volley for Tom Heggen (*Mister Roberts*), a suicide at 30. Honorable discharges for Irwin Shaw, James Jones, John Hersey and James Michener. Of that generation of promising World War II novelists, only two have combined the talent, versatility, nerve, style and combative instincts to make it in the great big American way that joins in the oak-leaf cluster of durable celebrity to money. Obviously one is Norman Mailer. The other, not usually thought of as having been a young war novelist, is Gore Vidal. At 20 he published *Williwaw*, a taut, widely praised tale of life aboard a World War II Army tanker in the North Pacific.

Like Mailer's in recent years, Vidal's celebrity rests less on his novels than on his political and cultural journalism—to say nothing of his public feuding. There was that scrap with Robert Kennedy, the nasty split with stepister Jacqueline Onassis. Then Vidal endured an expensive lawsuit by William F. Buckley Jr. that stemmed from a joint TV appearance in which Vidal called the conservative columnist a "crypto-Nazi."

But with all that, Vidal has been able to write a dozen novels, as well as find the time and energy to rewrite and republish a few of them. He is now into No. 13, a heavily researched historical novel about Aaron Burr, best known for killing Alexander Hamilton in a duel but also the man who dreamed of establishing his own empire in Mexico. Vidal has completed the first draft, doing much of the work at his farmhouse in West Cork, Ireland. (It is an integrated neighborhood: just over the hill, Chicago Mayor Richard Daley is preparing a retirement home.)

Whether criticizing the "American Empire" or taking the burial measurements of Western culture, unpatriotic Gore thrives on repetition. Of the collected essays and reviews in this book nearly two-thirds have previously been bound in hard covers: *Rocking the Boat* (1962) and *Reflections upon a Sinking Ship* (1969).

For those who still care for polished English prose these 20 years of chronologically arranged essays can be read or reread as one would replay old records. There are such golden oldies as "The Holy Family" (the Kennedys),

"Nasser's Egypt," "E. Nesbit's Magic," "Tarzan" and "Writing Plays for Television," which offers a self-assessment yet to be equaled by Vidal's critics: "I am at heart a propagandist, a tremendous hater, a tiresome nag, complacently positive that there is no human problem which could not be solved if people would simply do as I advise."

Vidal believes (and who can argue?) that there is nothing more effective for a writer than having something intense to say. He is never at a loss, especially when scoring satirical bull's-eyes at three feet, as in his hilarious overkill of Dr. Reuben's split-level moralizing about sex. At his best, Vidal can turn

sense of mortality with a meditation on the significance of the Japanese writer's grandstand suicide in 1971. In the end, it is not Yukio Mishima's writings that impress Vidal but the romantic act of conditioning his body for death. Ritual suicide is not Vidal's own cup of tea, though he is in poignant sympathy with the Japanese. "Worshipping the flesh's health and beauty," says Vidal, "is as valid an aesthetic—even a religion—as any other, though more tragic than most, for in the normal course half a life must be lived within the ruin of what one most esteemed."

Another esteemed ruin, as far as Vidal is concerned, is the 18th century radicalism of the Declaration of Independence. In writing of contemporary American piety, hypocrisy or corruption, he evokes the ghost of Daniel

Shays, a veteran of the American Revolution who led a futile rebellion against the propertied founding fathers when they sought to replace the confederation of states with a central government empowered to collect taxes. Shays, says Vidal with obvious approval, sounding a little like a Dixiecrat, "did not want London to be replaced by New York." Still the Property Party, as Vidal calls those who rule the U.S., has also produced remarkable exceptions like Eleanor Roosevelt, the subject of one of the finest pieces Vidal has ever written. He turns what is ostensibly a book review (of Joseph Lash's *Eleanor and Franklin*) into one of the best thumbnail biographies since Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*. To Vidal, F.D.R.'s widow is the finest example of the Christian Puritan aristocrat, dedicated to improving the lives of the masses. In recalling her funeral, he concludes with a passage that out of context seems embarrassingly sentimental but

actually reveals a great deal about this "tremendous hater and tiresome nag": "As the box containing her went past me, I thought, well, that's that. We're really on our own now." ■ R.Z. Sheppard



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & GORE VIDAL, 1960
Love among the esteemed ruins.

an epigram with the wittiest of the 19th century. "The worst that can be said of pornography," he writes, "is that it leads not to 'antisocial' sexual acts but to the reading of more pornography."

But Vidal is also capable of delivering compact and provocative insight. On cliché analogies between the Roman Empire and the United States, for example: "I should not look to Rome for comparison but rather to the Most Serene Venetian Republic, a pedestrian state devoted to wealth, comfort, trade and keeping the peace, especially after inheriting the wreck of the Byzantine Empire, as we have inherited the wreck of the British Empire."

Scintillating pessimism and imperious disdain have always been Vidal's stock in trade. But in two previously uncollected pieces he demonstrates a humane, empathetic mastery of so-called personal journalism. In "The Death of Mishima," he blends his own acute

Big R/Big N

TRANSPARENT THINGS

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

104 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$5.95.

Some day Vladimir Nabokov may succeed in writing a novel that is impossible to review. Certainly *Transparent Things*, his first new work since *Invitation of a Beheading*, would be easier to review for an audience that had already read it. Like the work of any great writer, the book is best enjoyed when read for the surprises in the story, the diaphanous beauty of the prose, the clear irony and humor. But Nabokov makes such a reading infernally difficult. He is not

only writing his story but writing about writing.

The mechanics of narration, the conundrums of time and the intertwining trinity of tenses, the vexing headaches of omniscience—all these familiar aesthetic matters are considered and worked out on the page. More than usual, though, *Transparent Things* delivers the teller along with the tale.

Ostensibly the story concerns the problems of Hugh Person, a likable editor in a New York publishing house: his father's death, marriage to a mean-spirited girl whom he strangles in his sleep, incarceration, finally death in a hotel fire. But the presiding genius of the book is one Baron R., a famous novelist who lives in Switzerland but is published by Hugh's American firm. In fact, it is broadly hinted that Hugh may exist only as a creature of R's pen.

"Big R," as he is sometimes called, and big N have a lot in common be-



VLADIMIR NABOKOV
A trinity of tenses.

sides Swiss residence and a New York publisher. R is the latest of the unreliable, self-mocking fictional silhouettes of himself Nabokov has written. R has a nasty reputation for deflowering very young girls, wretched insomnia, and a contempt for Freud. Since R is a writer, N has opportunities for even more teasing. One need reach no farther than the book for words to praise it. R is a "true artist...with a diabolically evocative style." Indeed it seems that R's prose has "a richness, an ostensible dash, that caused some of the less demanding reviewers in his adopted country to call him a master stylist." To aid that laggard crowd, Nabokov has provided some blatant examples of the wordplays he is famous for. Proofreading R's new book, he puzzles about an incidental character named Adam von Librikov. Lest anyone miss the point, Nabokov adds, "Or was the entire combination a sly scramble?"

As always, Librikov manages to find amusing new ways to air his old crotchets about the waywardness of mechan-

HUNGARIAN, MANDARIN, MEXICAN AND ITALIAN FOOD ARE ALL ALIKE.



They're spicy. And, when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth—paprika with everything—they've developed just such wines—a tradition of fine winemaking that's outlasted empires.

There's "Bull's Blood"—Egri Bikaver—a robust red wine that's excellent with steak, roasts, venison, and goulash; Tokay Aszu—golden, fragrant, exquisite, a dessert wine

once so scarce it was known as "Liquid Gold"; Greyfriar Szurkebarat—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet unique to Hungary's Lake Balaton region.

Now International Vintage Wines of San Francisco has brought these great Hungarian vintages—ideal with highly-seasoned foods from all



over the world—to better package stores. The only authentic Hungarian wines imported into this country, you can find them with a distinctive "Wines of Hungary" label.



Great wines to serve with spicy food.

International Vintage Wines, San Francisco. Merchants of the finest bottlings of Europe and California.



Trust.



Cooperation.



Enthusiasm.



Support for each other.



A sense of humor.



The ability to work out differences.

Six games no other news team in America would dare play.

To learn what they really think of each other, we enrolled Flynn, Daly, Frink, Coleman and Drury in an encounter group at the famed Klopffmann Institute for Sensitivity Training.

There they played six authentic encounter group games designed to measure the group's true feelings toward one another.

Dr. Klopffmann himself reports the findings:



"This group exhibits absolutely no hostilities, frustrations, jealousies or deep-seated emotional conflicts. What fun are they?"



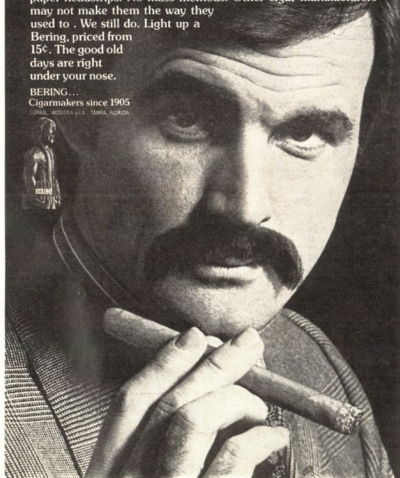
**Eyewitness News
5, 6 and 10**



The "Good Old Days" are right under your nose... with a Bering.

For as little as 15¢. Today's fine Bering cigars are made with the same care that we have been using since 1905. The same careful blending of imported tobaccos that we've kept a family secret for three generations. Imported long filler, whole leaves, laid the full length of the cigar, to keep your smoke cool. Bound in a leaf of fine tobacco. Wrapped in another leaf of real tobacco. No chopped tobacco filler, no reconstituted binder or wrapper. No paper headstrips. No mass methods. Other cigar manufacturers may not make them the way they used to. We still do. Light up a Bering, priced from 15¢. The good old days are right under your nose.

BERING...
Cigarmakers since 1905
CORRAL, WISCONSIN U.S.A. TAMPA, FLORIDA



BOOKS

ical contrivances and other intrusions upon daily serenity. The standard taxi door is accurately compared to "an opening for emerging dwarfs." The plumbing in an old hotel is like a whining, stupid pet that tries to follow one out of the lavatory. For all its naughtiness, *Transparent Things* is also an autumnal, even philosophical work—a feat, considering the book's brevity, even for Nabokov. Apparently finished with the luxuriant digressions of *Ada*, he is impatient to confront the mysteries of art and death and human folly that have always preoccupied him.

Transparent things are those "through which the past shines." Pencils, hotel rooms, characters in novels like Hugh have such potential transparency. Yet one should be wary about breaking through the film of the present. "The inexperienced miracle-worker will find himself no longer walking on water but descending upright among staring fish"—a warning to experimental novelists if there ever was one.

But the author, as a somewhat bored virtuoso of the past, yearns for access to the future that eludes even him. The fundamental note of the book is one of frustration. On the first page R wonders, "If the future existed, as something that could be discerned by a better brain, the past would not be so seductive." On the last page he concludes, "This is, I believe, it: not the crude anguish of physical death but the incomparable pangs of the mysterious mental maneuver needed to pass from one state of being to another." Nabokov may have reached that lonely rim of consciousness himself. ■ Marjorie Duffy

Beasts in the Jungle

THE MANTICORE
by ROBERTSON DAVIES
310 pages. Viking, \$7.95.

One of the best novels of a couple of years ago was Robertson Davies' *Fifth Business*, an investigation of the psychological and metaphysical tangle surrounding the life of a Canadian schoolmaster. Now comes *The Manticore*, a working out of one of the dark patterns visible in the earlier book.

It is a satellite, dependent on *Fifth Business* for its orbit. Yet it is a good novel for all that—subtle, solid and funny. David Staunton, the main figure, is a successful Canadian criminal lawyer. The court in which he finds himself struggling at mid-career is not the legal kind, however, and he is not defense attorney but defendant. Staunton is a skilled professional, a rationalist, a cynic and a celibate whose pose in personal matters is to remain aloof. In reality, he lives in an increasingly overgrown clearing surrounded by an unexplored psychological jungle, whose advance he slows by drinking a bottle of whisky a day. One of the beasts lurking here is his beloved father, a rich bully whose obnoxious character was seen in *Fifth*



Now you're talking my language.



Kahlúa® Black Russian. What an intriguing idea.

A mood in a glass. So simply achieved. An ounce of Kahlúa, two ounces of vodka, rocks. Perfect before or after dinner... the theatre... or anything at all.

For all manner of intriguingly different Kahlúa ideas, send for our recipe book. Our treat. Because you deserve something nice.

an oasis for your ears

Far from the noisy
crowd of Chicago radio stations,
all the way over at
1390 AM or 107.5 FM . . .
take your choice . . .
discover another world
of radio. WNUS is an
oasis for your ears.
(a very fertile oasis
for advertisers, too)



LAKE MICHIGAN



LAKE MEAD



You don't need Mrs. O'Leary's cow to warm things up this winter. Simply call your travel agent and tell him you want reservations on the next jet to Las Vegas. You won't find any ice in Lake Mead (unless you drop your cocktail overboard), and while chill winds whistle down Michigan Avenue the Las Vegas breezes are as warm as a great entertainer's welcoming applause on opening night. Enjoy the top stars of TV, Broadway, and motion pictures in an array of unrivaled stage presentations offered twice nightly. Take off your mittens and dial your travel agent for hot news about Las Vegas.

Las Vegas

A Las Vegas Convention Authority Advertisement.



This is not an ordinary gift.
Because it's not an ordinary gin.

Pronounce it "Tanker-ray"

Distilled & Bottled in London, 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 94.6 Proof. Imported by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

The relocation of IBM and Standard Oil to their own new headquarters makes available one entire floor of 10,000 square feet immediately and 7 contiguous floors of 10,000 square feet each in mid 1973

available immediately in Chicago

624 S. MICHIGAN AVENUE

The attractive rental rates offered are made possible only by today's sharply competitive marketplace. Your independent survey of available space elsewhere in the Central Business District will prove this to be true. We shall be most pleased to show you this excellent space at your convenience.

Within Chicago's dynamic Central Business District immediately adjacent to the Conrad Hilton, Blackstone and Congress Hotels—5,000 fine hotel rooms and exceptional business and restaurant facilities within a two minute walk

- Prestigious, convenient location overlooking Grant Park and Lake Michigan
- Two minutes to one of the finest expressway systems in the United States
- Five minutes to the McCormick Place Convention Center
- Twenty five minutes to O'Hare International Airport, fifteen minutes to Midway Airport, five minutes to Meigs Field on the lakefront
- Five minute walk to the Illinois Central Commuter Station
- Ten minutes by shuttle bus from the North Western Station, CTA transportation to the front door—elevated and subway stations nearby
- Ample public parking nearby, including Park District underground garage
- A distinguished office building with the new look through complete modernization



CONTACT:

Tom Head at 312 State 2-0500
624 South Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60605

BOOKS

Business, and when Father dies mysteriously, Staunton flees from Toronto to the office of a psychiatrist in Zurich.

The doctor is both a Jungian and a woman, and Staunton finds the second fact more alarming than the first. Rightly so; the females in Davies' novels are some of the most fearsome in literature. But Jungians, with their emphasis on myth, are well equipped to deal with beasts in jungles, and soon Staunton has identified a number of monsters, including the manticore—a creature with the head of a man, the body of a lion and the tail of a dragon. It is himself, the barbed and beastly rationalist. The colloquies between patient and healer are of a high order; now and then they veer unexpectedly into a mad kind of comedy, as when he tells of the attempt of his socially ambitious stepmother and an inept dentist friend to mold a plastic death mask from his father's corpse, with the result that the old man



ROBERTSON DAVIES
A sixth business.

goes to his grave lacking eyebrows.

One danger in a novel of psychological explication is that when the jungle has been explored, it may be seen to be merely an ordinary nature preserve, down whose graveled paths the convalescent hero ambles in his bathrobe. Davies wisely breaks off before the analysis is finished. He also involves Staunton, a bit inconclusively, with some characters from *Fifth Business*. Since the author is an impeccable craftsman, the unraveled endings may be a cheerful sign that indeed a novel cycle is in progress.

■ John Skow

Tangles and Bloodnests

SOMEWHERE ELSE
by ROBERT KOTLOWITZ
373 pages. Charterhouse. \$7.95.

"In my family," Robert Kotlowitz writes at the beginning of this first novel, "we tell stories about each other all the time, and what we're not told, I try to pick up by eavesdropping. I like the

HUNGARIAN FOOD IS JUST LIKE MANDARIN.

It's spicy. And when you serve dishes that people have been spicing up for centuries, you need wine that's been bred to bring fiery dishes down to tolerable temperatures. In Hungary, where people eat what must be the spiciest diet on earth, they keep their cool with Greyfriar Szurkebarat—a dry, full-bodied white wine with a characteristic mellow bouquet. Now this classic Hungarian vintage is available in better package stores here. Next time you're serving spicy food, take the edge off the way the Hungarians do.



HUNGARIAN GREYFRIAR
SZURKEBARAT

International Vintage Wines, San Francisco.



CITY BANK

Incorporated under the banking laws of Denmark

5 Amagertorv,

DK-1160 Copenhagen Denmark

Authorized by the Highness Prince Gorm of Denmark

9%

Savings account
No Danish Taxes
Full Secrecy and
Safety

Write for further details

Name

Address

Town

Country

Valid only where legal

MÉDOC

LE GRAND DE BORDEAUX



TREASURES OF THE WINE-CELLAR

Highest among the nobles, whether they belong to the truest aristocracy of the «CRUS CLASSES 1855».

The WINES OF MÉDOC are at the same time the product of tradition of generations of wine growers and of the particular earth as well as of the climate of Médoc.

You will lay down these noble bottles in the shadow of your cellar and patiently let them acquire their full flavour.

Then lovingly, you will bring them to room temperature, and decant them before serving and so, you will be able to taste and relish with due respect the wines of MÉDOC.

Château
DURFORT-VIVENS
MARGAUX



Château Giscours
MARGAUX



Grand Vin de Bordeaux
du Marquis
de Las Cases
St JULIEN



CHATEAU
BRANE-CANTENAC
MARGAUX

BOOKS

real stuff, inside information, the sight and bristling sound of other people's dramas, especially when the plots are taken from family life and its fractioned heart, the snarled bloodnest of fathers, sons, and everyone else; there lies the source of every clue about ourselves." Kotlowitz has been the managing editor of *Harpers* magazine, and is currently a director of New York's Channel 13. In *Somewhere Else*, Kotlowitz's imagination fetches back through Jewish generations not only to find the bloodnests and tangles of family life in 19th century Poland and Edwardian England but to reinvent the precise gestures and textures and words and smells of those times. That of course is what any historical novelist tries to do—a kind of retrospective new journalism. But Kotlowitz's premise is more com-

JILL KREMENTZ



ROBERT KOTLOWITZ
Family eavesdropping.

plicated. His novel seems an act of familial, almost racial piety.

Kotlowitz means to recover the moments of profound transition, when the Jewish life of Eastern Europe began, to be borne forward into the 20th century. Other writers—most notably Isaac Bashevis Singer—have handled this familiar theme with more versatility, more dramatic élan. Not all of the novel is totally alive, but Kotlowitz writes extraordinarily well at times. His act of conjuration is clear-eyed, without a trace of sentimentality.

Mendel, the son of a rabbi, grows up in Lomza, Poland. He breaks away and, on forged papers, emigrates to London, where he encounters the seductions of assimilation—oysters, Christian girls, spats, the troublesome dogmas of secularism. By degrees, Mendel sheds his Jewishness, finally adopting the professional name of Maurice Moritz. He becomes a party entertainer, singing *The Amorous Goldfish* and *There's a Hole in the Bottom of the Sea* in drawing rooms while aristocratic guests snooze in their dinner jackets.

Some of Kotlowitz's set pieces are

We've got three words for last-minute Christmas shopping...

TZZ...NA-1...UBZZ!

TZZ...NA-1...UBZZ. Or, translated on the nearest phone dial, 800-621-8200. That's the toll-free, trouble-free number you can call right now to solve your last-minute shopping problems. With full-year gifts of LIFE, TIME, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED or FORTUNE.

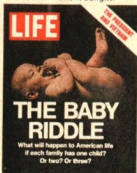
One of these great magazines is bound to be right for every person remaining on your holiday list. And our representatives are waiting right now to take your order. You can call from anywhere in the U.S. Free.

As soon as we hear from you, we'll send distinctive gift announcements (hand-signed to order) to each lucky friend. Relative. Business Associate. And we'll see that those announcements arrive before Christmas does.

The subscriptions themselves will start as soon as possible—faster if you're fast. The only thing we won't rush is the bill. That won't come until after New Year's. And with the low holiday gift rates available on all four magazines...the bill shouldn't be too hard on your budget, even when it does arrive.

So pick up the phone right now. We know you've probably got your own choice words for last-minute Christmas shopping. But if you dial TZZ...NA-1...UBZZ (800-621-8200) now, you probably won't have to use them.

LIFE...a single one-year gift is \$8.50. Two gifts or more just \$7.50 each. With dramatic photography and cogent text, LIFE promises weekly excitement, entertainment, information, delight.



TIME...each one-year gift just \$10. Perfect for thinking men and women who are interested in the world around them. Features 25 separate departments from science to sports, education to environment...behavior to business.



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED...first one-year gift is \$12. Each additional gift just \$10. From eight to 80...if they like sports they'll love the magazine that puts them in the middle of all their favorite action each week.



FORTUNE...each one-year gift just \$10. For every important person in business, this is the one essential magazine...a feast of valuable, informative reading each and every month.



Call right now toll-free.

800-621-8200

In Illinois, please call 800-972-8302

Kids, sugar and psychology.

Do you have that little impulse to say "no no" whenever you see your little one enjoying something with sugar in it? Lots of mothers have this prejudice. But, in fact, sugar can often do kids quite a bit of good.

For one thing, you may not need calories, but children certainly do. They run around so strenuously that they sometimes run their supply of body fuel just about out. And at the same time that they're running around, their

bodies are growing. Which means that the protein a kid takes in should be used for growth, not for energy.

Sugar puts in the energy kids need in a form kids like. It not only helps youngsters stoke up fast, but the good natural sweetness gives them a sense of satisfaction and well-being.

So the sweet little treat that perks them up is also good psychology.

Nutritionists say that sugar, as an important carbohydrate, has a place in a balanced diet. A diet that includes the right kinds and right amounts of protein, vitamins, minerals and fats, as well as carbohydrates.

Sugar. It isn't just good flavor; it's good food.



How to tell if your child is overeating. Just going and growing, kids burn up a lot more body fuel than adults. If you're worried about over-eating, take a look at your child. If he's not fat, he's not overeating.

For more facts about good nutrition, and sugar's role in it, write:

Sugar Information, General P.O. Box 94,
New York, New York 10001.

BOOKS

fine. Great-Great-Grandfather Eliezar, 104 years old, flatulent, pedantic, almost abstractly randy, argues minutiae of the Talmud with his 75-year-old son and dies one Friday night when he falls asleep and sets fire to himself. Kotlovitz's best creations are the Pilchik sisters, a pair of earthy, lively, possibly stupid originals from Odessa who try to convert Mendel to socialism. They disappear into the larger historical drama of the October Revolution with an over-the-shoulder verdict that Mendel "is not a serious man."

■ Lance Morrow

Literary Conglomerate

THE ODESSA FILE

by FREDERICK FORSYTH

337 pages, Viking, \$7.95.

After *The Day of the Jackal* any new book by Frederick Forsyth is likely to come on as a literary conglomerate. Flaunting its paperback and film sales, *Reader's Digest* condensation, etc., *Odessa* does just that. Its list of book clubs reads like the tag end of a distinguished obituary—member of Literary Guild, Saturday Review, Book Find and Playboy. Despite such signs of prosperity, the book is a mixed offering.

Forsyth offers a good deal of thinly disguised journalism (very good) about Odessa, the secret organization set up by the German SS during World War II. In 1945 with millions stolen from Jews and vanquished peoples, Odessa helped SS members to go underground or escape to foreign countries. Later it began to reinfiltrate them into German life, as it plotted a return to power and tried to vitiate SS guilt by encouraging the notion that the whole German people are to blame for the millions of SS murders.

This background slowly blends with two creaking plots. One involves a 1964 SS plan to install teleguidance systems for some German rockets based at Helwan in Nasser's Egypt. The second sends a brash young German reporter searching for a former SS captain and war criminal who turns up alive and devilishly deep in West German industry and the rocket caper.

Forsyth has enormous trouble getting all this together and rumbling down the runway fast enough for takeoff. But finally, on page 189, the reporter's search turns into a good, old-fashioned chase, with the bad SS guys hop-skiping along after him trying to head him off or do him in.

Forsyth's skillful set-piece description of how to make a bomb and attach it to a Jaguar XK 150S (using five rubber erasers and a broken hacksaw blade) is a model of worldly efficiency. But he is also capable of howlingly unintentional humor. After pages and pages recalling the ferocity of the SS, a Jewish survivor warns the young reporter: "Do be careful. These men can be dangerous."

■ Timothy Foote

The easy to use fine camera. For Niagara Falls, Grand Canyon, Chinatown



and Sesame Street.

A Minolta SR-T 101 makes it easy to get a little creative between vacations.

To set shutter speed and lens opening, simply align two indicators in the viewfinder. You frame, focus, and adjust exposure so fast, your subject will never know when the camera monster strikes.

For illustrated literature, write to Minolta Corporation, 200 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Limited, P.Q.



Minolta

When identified by a factory-sealed "M" tag, Minolta 35mm reflex cameras are warranted by Minolta Corporation against defects in workmanship and materials for two years from date of purchase, excluding user-inflicted damage. The camera will be serviced at no charge provided it is returned within the warranty period, postpaid, securely packaged and including \$2.00 for mailing, handling and insurance.

Try Rum and Maple straight. Or try it as a mixer. But either way, try it on the house.



You can smoke Original Rum and Maple Pipe Mixture any way but you'll never smoke it for any less. Send for your free sampler today.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Rum and Maple
P.O. Box 3-AC(T),
Richmond, Virginia 23217

Offer void where prohibited. Good only in U.S.A.

THE THEATER

In the Mind's I

ACT WITHOUT WORDS
KRAPP'S LAST TAPE
HAPPY DAYS
NOT I
by SAMUEL BECKETT

The characters in Samuel Beckett's plays are continually drawing their next-to-last breath of life. Thus it is fitting that three old playlets of his—*Act Without Words* (1957), *Krapp's Last Tape* (1958), *Happy Days* (1961)—and one new one, *Not I*, are currently on view at the Forum, little sister to the Vivian Beaumont Theater at Manhattan's Lincoln Center. Thanks to a fiscally inept board of directors, the Forum is drawing its last foreseeable breath with the Beckett quartet.

Beckett's terrain is the skull; drama's terrain is society. Aristotle defined tragedy as the imitation of an action; Beckett's quasi-tragedies are imitations of non-action. Drama thrives on characters; Beckett's work contains no characters, only the solitary vagrant thoughts of an agonized brain. Why, then, should such an antitheatrical playwright be touted as a master? One may only speculate that a despairing age simply mistakes his statements of paralysis, alienation and isolation for some sort of apocalyptic wisdom.

All of the people in these playlets

wish that they could drop dead. Some of them talk us to death first, as the monologue happens to be Beckett's favorite mode of speech. To Beckett, the other person exists only in the mind's I, and not as a separate entity. For Winnie (Jessica Tandy), who is buried up to the waist in Act I of *Happy Days* and up to the neck in Act II, life is a slow, garrulous leak into the sands of death. The trivia of her handbag and stray threads of memory sustain her, together with a fossil of a husband who is scarcely seen and seldom heard. In *Krapp's Last Tape*, the dialogue is incestuous. A 69-year-old man (Hume Cronyn) communes with his recorded self of earlier birthdays and indulges a ravenous appetite for bananas. Krapp is another of Beckett's incorrigible gasbags, an amusing aspect of a playwright who has been so widely heralded for the austerity of his prose.

Speech is frustrated in *Act Without Words*, in which Cronyn mimes the frustrations of a man lost in the desert who is variously tempted by water bottles that elude his grasp and ropes that foil his attempts to hang himself. The character is a kind of vaudeville Sisyphus, and one can thank Beckett for the small favor that the playlet lasts only ten minutes. *Not I* lasts 15. It is the seemingly final verbal spasm of a woman of 70 (Tandy) who recounts fragments of her life and concludes that even her suffering does not add up to much of anything. Only the woman's spotlighted mouth can be seen, along with a huge, silent druidic figure who flaps his arms from time to time in what may be compassionate annoyance.

Despite a querulous vocal pitch, Jessica Tandy endows these tiny marine skeletons of drama with shimmering glints of life, and Hume Cronyn brings a gusto to his roles that adds flesh to their bones. But their admirable efforts are largely wasted. Life is a rum show, Beckett keeps on telling us. So, alas, are his plays.

■ T.E. Kolem

Adam and Evil

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD AND OTHER BUSINESS

by ARTHUR MILLER

When a mature dramatist of international distinction writes a feeble, pointless play, a feeling of sadness and embarrassment clings to the event. Is it, one asks, a temporary lapse, or is it evidence of declining powers? Whichever it is, Arthur Miller has come a cropper in *The Creation of the World and Other Business*.

For the first two acts, the most conscientious playgoer will be hard put to discern any guiding purpose in the play. It follows the *Book of Genesis* straightforwardly, except for the injection of



GRIZZARD & CALDWELL IN "CREATION"
Tampering with innocence.

delicateness humor. This is unfortunate on two counts. For one, Broadwayese does not mesh properly with the King James English that is infectiously present in the text. More important, Miller is leading from weakness; humor has never been his forte.

Cosmic Pater. By Act III, Adam and Eve have been expelled from the Garden of Eden and Miller gets to the point that he presumably wants to make. It concerns the slaying of Abel by Cain, seen as the harbinger of man's unbroken fratricide through all succeeding ages. In Miller's version, Lucifer incites Cain in the hope of establishing dominion over men on earth, comparable to God's rule in heaven. Thus man is in perpetual thrall to a power struggle between God and the Angel of Darkness, or to the conflicting forces of good and evil within himself.

The reasoning is somewhat muddled in that Lucifer has also been presented as a kind of Prometheus who wants to free men from God. The play is further clouded by Lucifer's suggestion that man, by his own will, has cut himself loose from the authority of both God and the Devil and is condemned to the lonely task of fashioning his own heaven and his own hell.

The cast does everything it possibly can to buoy things up. Stephen Elliott's God is a bull-roaring cosmic paterfamilias and Bob Dishy as Adam is playfully endearing as a man whose innocence has been tampered with. As Eve, Australian-born Zoe Caldwell suffers from an imperial sibilance in her delivery, which somehow implies that the Garden of Eden was the first British colony. George Grizzard's Lucifer is best of all, a celestial Richard III combining a ravenous appetite for power with silky glints of mischief.

No one who is remotely fond of drama would want Arthur Miller to stop writing plays, but it would have been a blessing if someone—either God or the Devil—had stopped him from indulging in *Creation*.

■ T.E.K.



TANDY IN "HAPPY DAYS"
Agonizing over trivia.

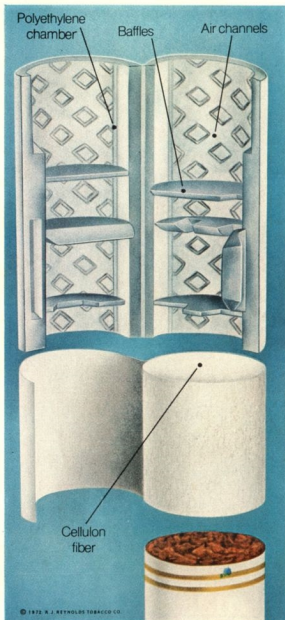
Cutty Sark at Christmas.

Cutty Sark Scots Whisky. The only gift of its kind.



How does your cigarette stack up against Doral...

the cigarette low "tar" & nicotine smokers swear by.



Compare the filter. Only Doral has cellulon fiber to reduce "tar" and nicotine plus a strange-looking polyethylene chamber with baffles and air channels. Then compare the taste and you'll agree — Doral comes out on top.

"I swear
you can really
taste me."



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '72.